

Prologue

Datong Dynasty, Emperor Jing Zong*, 5 Years

The Datong Dynasty had ruled for 300 years. Half of these 300 years was marked by peace and wealth, and ever since Datong's Emperor Jing Zong began his reign at age 20, economic prosperity had flourished more than ever before. The people's lives were serene. The nation could be epitomised by cheerful songs and calm dances. As such, the job of the emperor had become effortless to say the least.

And of course the current ruler had to be the fun-loving and vivacious type, never to be trapped in that cage of a palace, so this sort of situation would often occur:

Xiao Guizi*, hard-working and hard-wrought, enters the imperial bedchamber, as usual, after the bell chimed 5:00 am to help the emperor through the morning routine of brushing and washing.

However, on that nanmu* desk, a paper scroll laid spread out, with large, prancing, flying strokes, written:

"I, the emperor, have travelled to Jiangnan*, and plan to return in at the least 2 month and at the most half a year. Court and the usual will be taken care of by Duke Tongxin. Thus decreed."*

"Good heavens! The emperor ran away again!"

Xiao Guizi ran pell-mell towards the central administration room, making a ruckus all the way—immediately, the entire imperial bedchamber resonated with his wolfish cries of panic.

"Stop making such a big deal of it! It's not like it's the first time," the administer yawned, irritated.

This Emperor Jing Zong had reigned for five whole years, and had escaped a total of ten times, according to records. The only reason the state had *not* collapsed so far was all thanks to that heroic genius and miraculous saviour Duke Tongxin, who served with the utmost loyalty. No one really knew what the old emperor was thinking! Giving the weight of the nation to a prince who only wanted to indulge himself carelessly in pleasure...

The administer muttered to himself .

Ah...so sleepy...

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1. Please note that Datong 大同 is a made-up dynasty and Jing Zong 静宗 is the title of the emperor, not his actual name.
2. Xiao Guizi- 小桂子 (Little Laurel). A common name for eunuchs. Eunuchs were used as man-servants in the royal palace. For some reason, this name has been popularized by ancient Chinese dramas as a common name for the eunuch who tends specifically to the emperor (the one that stays by his side and follows him around everywhere).
3. Phoebe nanmu (oliv.)- A type of Asian olive tree. Usu. a burgundy shade. Extremely rare and expensive. I believe (read this somewhere? Not sure where) it's gone into extinction because of the ancient Chinese love of cutting down trees and turning them into intricately-carved bed frames and tables, etc.
4. I, the emperor- The actual writing was only "I" but I added "the emperor" as a distinction. Know that whenever the emperor refers to himself, he uses a special word 朕 (zhen, imperial I/me) instead of 我(wo, I/me) to denote his identity as the emperor. Only the emperor is allowed to refer to himself in this way, so know that when the emperor speaks (as the emperor and not in disguise), he refers to himself distinctively.
5. Jiangnan 江南- region of China famous for its wealth, beauty, and romance (around Hangzhou and that general area south of Yangtze). It's where many, many, *many* romance stories in Chinese novels/stories take place (people find it sort of mysterious and tantalising).

Chapter 1

The Foolish Bandit Captures His Bride

June. A portrait of southern heaven.

The thriving East Lake of Hangzhou, a finely-crafted, Oriental, wood ferry sailed, the sound of slender bamboo dispersing with the gentle lake wind. The fragrance seeming to intoxicate each and every traveller.

But today, the softly swaying lilies and lotuses floating elegantly upon the lake surface failed to capture the attention of the passersby rushing to and fro. No, today, all attention was on the young, scholarly man, donned in robes of white, perched on the bow of the ferry.

There was a quality of indescribably romantic grace about his figure, the white, fine-spun Confucian robe* undulating against the breeze. His long, black hair, loose and unfastened, waterfalled down to his waist, billowing in the wind along with the white robe. It was a sort of careless magnificence beyond the capability of words, as if his entire person held on to an aura that descended from the heavens above. The commoners on the boat passing by stared, wide-eyed and dumbfounded.

But he had long since accustomed himself to being the centre of attention. And so he perched, not allowing the gazes of the crowd to faze his carefree yet polished poise. He only cared to mind the conversation he was holding with attendant standing behind.

“I must say, Xiao Yue*, the Swaying Step that Teacher* taught me is quite amazing. I’ve been standing on this boat’s bow for an hour and I haven’t wavered an inch!”

Seemingly satisfied, he turned around and fixed the attendant with a subtle smile...

For a moment, even the god-like beauty of East Lake was drained of its colour.

“Waah!!!” His smile might not have meant much, but a scream suddenly rang out from the adjacent boat...

As it turned out, a fat bloke had greedily delighted in too much beauty, and tumbled headfirst into the water, initiating ripples of commiserating laughter.

“As of today, I finally understand why the Emperor of Han* went so far as to present his male concubine with land and riches. So men whose beauty could corrupt cities and destroy states really *do* exist,” a man dressed as a scholar sighed to his friend.

But an icy glare suddenly frightened him into silence.

“Insolence!” Before he could pinpoint where the voice came from, a shadow had already leapt into the air.

In a split second, the hair worn in a bun on top of the scholar’s head was already gone. Whipping around, the man found his hair dangling in the hands of the fair, young guard named Xiao Yue.

“Ahhh~” the crowd exclaimed. They immediately shut up about seductive male beauty and whatnot.

The beautiful man waved his sleeve. “Xiao Yue, come back in the ferry—throw that repugnant thing away at once.”

The moment he finished talking, Xiao Yue’s silhouette was no longer on the bow, but, with a flash, back in front of the ferry’s open cabin.

Flinging the hair into the water, Xiao Yue glowered threateningly all around him, until all had settled into absolute stillness. Only then did he turn away coldly and proceed into the cabin.

“Ah...” The crowd sighed in disappointment. There was no longer any male beauties to see. They could only watch helplessly as the ferry sailed away at a startling speed.

“Xiao Yue, what other fun, new things are there?”

Seeing that Xiao Yue had returned to the cabin, the beautiful man reclined lazily on the wooden couch* as he spoke. His voice was pure and piercing. It was as if the heavens had spoiled him with every detail of perfection.

“Your Majesty, according to the plans for this trip, the criteria of ‘doing heroic deeds*’ has not yet been fulfilled,” Xiao Yue bowed, answering with the utmost respect.

That’s right—this man, whose fair face shocked and made one tremble, was the very emperor who resided in the capital city—His Majesty Emperor Jing Zong. Because of his exceptional beauty, he always presided over court with a veil between him and his subjects, so there weren’t any strange rumours that escaped the royal capital.

And this guard he called Xiao Yue was his trusted military commander, coincidentally also his senior and fellow apprentice under the same martial arts master—The Protector of the Nation Mu Yue.

“Heroic deeds, huh? What should we do, then?” Deeply pondering, Xuan Yuan Jing soon grew tempted to endeavour in said ‘heroism’.

Mu Yue, who was standing to one side, began to speak. “Your Majesty, your humble subject* have heard that recently, Mt. Lu Cang, located in the outskirts of Hangzhou, have been wracked by disappearances of beautiful, young girls. I wonder if Your Majesty...” Tentatively glancing towards that resplendently god-like face, Mu Yue noted, though not to his surprise, the piqued expression that it displayed.

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Afternoon, the foot of Mt. Lu Cang.

Layers of foliage, thickets, and trees concealed the two young women treading the mountain path within. The slightly taller damsel wore a silk veil over her face, obscuring her visage. The slightly thinner and shorter girl to the side, meanwhile, had fair, bright eyes and long, neat brows, donning a colourful, pink, long skirt*.

“Aiya~ Yue Er*, why must the weather be so hot? When can we reach the city?” A high-pitched, feminine voice—the girl who had spoken wore a sweeping dress of deep azure, her figure majestic, but perhaps a little too tall. She traipsed daintily, her steps gentle and swaying: the very embodiment of a young lady raised in seclusion and wealth.

“Mi’lady, we’ll be there soon.” The girl she had called Yue Er wore a gloomy expression.

The two continued side by side, up the uneven mountain pass.

That’s right. These two gentle ladies were Xuan Yuan Jing* and Mu Yue from the ferry on East Lake. By Xuan Yuan Jing’s suggestion, the two instantaneously went and changed into women’s clothing the moment they got off the boat, then immediately rushed over to Mt. Lu Cang.

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What Mu Yue didn't understand was this: His Majesty could dress up like a lady all he wanted, but why coerce him, Mu Yue, to follow suit...

"Why are you so stupid?" Jing, seeing through Mu Yue's thoughts, reached out and smacked his head forcefully. "If there's a man following me around, the bandits wouldn't come! And then what would we do?"

Mu Yue recoiled a little as he was struck. Though he grew irritated, he could only store his annoyance inside. As his expression betrayed, he dared not cross the line. All he could do was obediently lend his arm to "the lady" as they proceeded down the path.

Another half li* later...

The foolish bandits finally appeared, just as they expected.

"Where are you headed, miss?" Muscular and tall, the two men blocking their path wore odd grins, appearing bandit-like with a single glance.

How cliché—can't you think of a more creative pickup line?

Even as Jing cursed them inside his head, he put on an act of naiveté and answered effeminately, "Excuse me, sirs. I am only heading for the city to visit my relatives. But unfortunately, I've lost all the money for the journey, so I can't but take to walking to the city with my maid."

As he finished speaking, he feigned a sorrowful gesture, unassumingly lifting up the veil to wipe away fake tears, all the while revealing his unparalleled beauty to the two bandits.

"Waaah!!! What a beauty!!!" As he had predicted, the two bandits exclaimed in shock at his astounding magnificence.

"No, no. How can this face of mine, plain as common grass, be fit for such compliments, good sirs?" Jing had grown up in the back court*, brimming with beautiful women, so cross-dressing and playing the role of a woman was, for him, quite literally a piece of cake.

"Ah, ah, ah...how would Miss like to take a trip up the mountain with us?" The bandits tried their hardest to seem as if their coercion was an invite.

"For what purpose, big brother*?" Jing was still acting like a delicate and shy little beauty. As he stole a glance at Mu Yue from the corner of his eye, he was met with a "I'm about to puke" sort of expression. Jing rolled his eyes.

"To become the Lady of the Stronghold* of course!" Who said mountain bandits seemed much lazier? Just watch! They kidnapped *two* people the moment they appear!

"Ah!!! Help! Help! Somebody save me!!!"

Jing and Mu Yue quickly pretended to scream for help and struggle for their lives, but took care not to use their actual strength. They didn't put up much of a fight before they were thrown over the two bandits' shoulders, heading towards the deepest abode of the mountain, shrouded by layer after layer of clouds...

After about an hour, Jing observed that the wooded mountain path had suddenly widened, the thickets of green giving in to an enormous, mighty structure, which hugged the crooked slope as if the edifice itself climbed the mountain. At the entrance, there stood a high, overarching gate, the banner hanging atop reading "Mt. Lu Cang Stronghold," four powerful, large words.

"Big brother, why did you take me and my maid to this place?" Jing asked the bandit carrying him, pretending to be petrified yet still every bit as effete.

Though Jing wasn't obese by any standard, he was still a full-blown man, thus reducing the bandit to exhausted gasps. "You're in luck, girl!" he huffed, "Our King* is coincidentally in need of a Lady of the Stronghold! It all depends on your luck. If he likes you, then it's your extremely good fortune!"

The bandit's cheerful tone made Mu Yue tremendously indignant. "Who the hell is your Leader? And what 'extremely good fortune' will it bring if he likes us?"

"Oi, little girl, what do you know?" The bandit was very displeased with Mu Yue's degrading remarks. "Our King is renown throughout all of mainland* wulin*, 'the Eagle' Lu Cang*! He earned his fame at a young age, a great hero indeed! None of the women that we, his brothers*, have found so far satisfy him...ah...he's really worried us brothers to death!" The more he talked, the more exasperated he became.

"Wh-what about the kidnapped women?" Jing hurriedly inquired.

"If our King doesn't want them, then of course they're enjoyed by us brothers!!" The bandit's laughter rang out; he appeared exceptionally lecherous.

Jing frowned to himself—*this Lu Cang doesn't seem like anything good, giving up the women he doesn't want into the hands of these dirty scoundrels...truly deserving of punishment!!*

Xuan Yuan Jing couldn't help but secretly decide to make this wicked man called "the Eagle" suffer a well-learned lesson!

In the blink of an eye, they had reached the entrance of the front hall.

The bandit threw their two captives on the floor, then turned and screamed, "Big brother, big brother!!! Look at the goods that we brought back!!!"

The assembly of men in the hall were gathered around in a circle, seemingly deep in discussion about something. Hearing the shout, they set down the paper scroll in their hands and walked over.

The one leading the group was a man dressed in grey. Tall, slender, but still very well-built, with long, sword-like eyebrows resting over dark eyes that had in them a spark of starlight. Tremendously handsome, but there was an indescribable sort of ego between his brows.

Ah, so this is "the Eagle," Jing thought quietly to himself.

Well, he was much more attractive than originally expected, but that pride between his brows was truly a nuisance.

"The Eagle" walked over to the two fallen "ladies" on the floor. Through the veil, Jing could see that "the Eagle's" eyebrows were pushed together in a frown. "Women again?" A tone of superiority, cold and hard.

"Big brother, these two are first-rate goods—guaranteed to be well-kept beauties!" their two captors quickly explained with care.

"Beauties?" Lu Cang shot Mu Yue a sideways glance, doubt surfacing in his countenance. Mu Yue seethed in rage.

"No, this one." Their captor hurriedly pointed to Jing, who was sitting to one side.

"Really?" Lu Cang's brows furrowed a little, nonchalantly flipping up Xuan Yuan Jing's veil—

"Waaahhhh~" A resounding cry began to emanate through the hall. Quite evidently, everyone was awestruck by Jing's unearthly beauty.

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Lu Cang , the first one to be blinded by the grandiose light, stared into Jing's dazzling, bottomless eyes, mind-boggled and overwhelmed. It was a long while before he could speak again.

"Big brother?" Witnessing Lu Cang's reaction, the two captors knew that Lu Cang had already been swayed. Then again, anyone who *wasn't* swayed by this kind of astounding beauty was most probably not a man.

A wave of his hand. Lu Cang's gaze still failed to leave that stunning face. His voice was a bit shaky as he spoke, "Reward!"

Someone from behind him automatically fished out some loose pieces of gold for the two bandits. The two expressed their intense gratification and left.

The great hall suddenly erupted in din.

"Wah! Congratulations, big brother, on receiving such a stunning beauty..."

"I, Lu Cang, *must* take you as the Lady of the Stronghold! It has to be you, no one else..."

Immediately, the great hall was filled with a chorus of congratulations. Lu Cang only cared to seize Jing's hand, gazing into his two poignant eyes, as if hypnotised.

"Quick! Quick! Go prepare the wedding!! Big brother is getting married tonight!" All of Lu Cang's loyal brothers knew what he was thinking, thus directly ordered the henchmen to go make preparations.

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The moonlight enveloped Mt. Lu Cang.

But the typically discreet Lu Cang Stronghold was quite the opposite of its usual tranquillity, the cacophony ringing out like its daytime riots.

In the great hall, over a hundred tables of feast. The great gathering of bandits crowded around the table, chewing with zeal, looks of unanticipated and immense joy on their faces.

"Did you know? Big brother's wife is a stunning beauty. I heard that when big brother saw her, his eyes were glued to her for so long he couldn't look away!" After satisfying their cravings for wine* and food, the bandits naturally began on the topic of the wedding.

Someone to the side chimed in, "That's right, that's right! Big brother used to never touch women, I thought that there was something wrong with him..."

As if he suddenly realised the dangerous nature of this topic, the one who spoke immediately shut himself up. Everyone around began to laugh sympathetically.

The centre of the hall, in the host's seat.

Lu Cang's normally expressionless face also carried faint wisps of red, a hint of a smile playing on the corner of his mouth as he drank.

"Big brother, the golden night of a marriage* is priceless—I think it's best you retire to the bedchamber, or the bride will grow impatient," the strategist of the bandits Liu Cuo leaned over and whispered in Lu Cang's ear.

Upon this, Lu Cang's face grew even redder. He didn't refuse, but silently stood up. "Well, then, I'll be off. Please enjoy yourselves, everyone!"

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Watching Lu Cang retreat to the bedchamber in the inner yard, Liu Cuo smiled in relief—Lu Cang's marriage had been a heavy rock in the hearts of these brothers. Seeing as today their leader finally obtained nuptial happiness, they could finally set down that rock.

Throwing the chaos in the great hall behind, Lu Cang felt as if the closer he approached the bedroom, the faster his heart raced.

He had originally thought that there was no hope of finding his destined partner for life, but today, the heavens had really sent him that person he kept in his heart! How could he *not* be jumping for joy?

Inside the bedroom, shadows cast by the dimmed candlelight. On the edge of the bed decorated with red silk, quietly sat the bride, the red veil concealing her face.

Lu Cang approached the edge of the bed, but caught a glimpse of that sliver of white under the red sheets. He flushed red in spite of himself. Tonight, this silk bed will become the home of him and this godly beauty's warm dream...

"My wife..." With a low call, Lu Cang reached out and lifted away that bothersome veil. Jing's vibrant splendour that overshadowed the whole world was truly shocking under the light of the candles. Lu Cang's heartbeat lost itself to insanity.

"When I first saw you today in the great hall, I knew in my heart that you're the one destined for me in this life..." Feeling the sappiness of his words, Lu Cang blushed an even darker shade of red. "My wife, you're so beautiful..."

Unable to control the desire deeply-nested in his heart, he cautiously leaned in to kiss that soft cheek. A fragrant breath invaded his senses. His heart swayed even wilder.

"My bride, it is late. Let us rest..."

As he finished in a quivering, gentle voice, Lu Cang carefully extended a hand over towards that tender beauty...

But abruptly, he was seized!

Xuan Yuan Jing gazed frigidly into Lu Cang's eyes— full of flickering doubt— and forcefully arresting his captive's left wrist. With a shove, he pressed Lu Cang down onto the bed.

The fluxing candlelight by the bed illuminated Lu Cang's dashing contours and rousing, brilliant eyes. They were filled with thirst and desire, but at this moment, because of Jing's strange actions, had begun to waver.

"Huh! Pretty good-looking!" Xuan Yuan Jing forgot to use his fake, falsetto voice. The clear, stirring, male mid-tone resonated within the cosy atmosphere of the bedroom.

As his voice resounded in Lu Cang's ears...startled! This voice definitely belonged to a man!

"Who are you- ah!- what're you doing?!" Before Lu Cang could ask questions, his hands had already been violently pulled towards the head of the bed. In spite of himself, Lu Cang let out a yell of surprise.

"Who-who are you? What're you doing?" he demanded in alarm, almost in hysterical panic as Xuan Yuan Jing ripped off his clothes layer by layer.

Jing smiled. "Baby, isn't it obvious? We're going to consummate our marriage!"

Burying his head into that neck soft as sweet rice candy, Xuan Yuan Jing felt a powerful, vigorous, burning rise out of the deepest abode of his body. Originally, he had only planned on punishing this person by

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making him get a taste of his own medicine, but as Jing came into contact with Lu Cang's resilient and rapturous skin, he was suddenly tempted to do it for *real*.

Frightened by his behaviour, Lu Cang screamed, "You-you- Oi, I'm a man!!" He was scared to the point couldn't even speak clearly.

"I'm a man, too! So I think you know very well what I'm about to do, right?" Prompted by the need to find an exit for the mounting heat in his body, Jing aggressively pressed himself down on the Lu Cang below him. Feeling the heated hardness against his body, Lu Cang unmistakably understood what the man weighing down on top of him wanted to do. He felt his heart, brimming with fear, begin to tremble.

"Nononononono!!!!" Shaking his head as though insane, Lu Cang struggled desperately to free himself. But Jing's strength was greater than his. Lu Cang was completely trapped under Jing's body, which was not so much bigger than his, just stronger.

Lu Cang's senseless struggling only made Jing's desire to conquer burn even more powerfully. Sucking viciously at the body beneath him, Jing made a trail all the way down to his waist.

"No, don't—"Sensing those hands that reached towards the sash that held up his trousers, Lu Cang screamed in fear. But Jing completely ignored him, ripping open the loose sash fiercely.

The trousers slid down his legs with a slight shuffle. Lu Cang's entire body was exposed under Jing's wild gaze. That honey-coloured skin was smooth as silk cloth. Jing sighed at the touch, knowing that even *he* was inferior to such suppleness.

"Who knew...that mountain bandits can have such beautiful bodies..." Deviously chuckling, Jing snaked his hand towards the most secretive part of Lu Cang's body.

Forcibly holding back his tears, Lu Cang still refused to give up his struggle. But under the confinement of the said-to-be "number one in the world*" Jing, Lu Cang had exactly no chance of escape. He can only helplessly endure as Jing played brutally and mercilessly with his body...

A while later...

Even as Lu Cang cried and screamed like an injured animal, his originally unwilling length couldn't withstand Jing's clever rubbing and kneading, and, after a few jerks, it finally released itself into those flawless hands...

Staring at the thick, white secretion on Jing's hands, Lu Cang felt so humiliated he would rather run into a wall and die! He...he couldn't believe that he...by a man...!!!!

Good heavens!

But he didn't have time to drown in self-pity. What Jing did next almost made Lu Cang bite off his own tongue in an attempted suicide*.

"What're you doing?! What're you doing?!? *Get away!!!!*" He screamed with every fibre of his strength, but he could do nothing at all to stop that nimble hand from creeping towards *that* place which hasn't been touched since he had been born.

The hand covered in his own fluids penetrated the depth of his body, pressing on the soft, heated inner walls, seeking to relax the muscles inside.

"Hurts..." The moment it felt like his body was about to split open, a greater force invaded his inside...

Jing ruthlessly thrust himself into Lu Cang's untainted backside. The tight, strained, but cushioned sensation made an enthralled exclamation rise from Jing's throat.

“What a wonderful feeling!” Hearing such a carnal, lascivious phrase ringing in his ear, Lu Cang suddenly had a powerful wish to die, right then and there. After being *used* for something like *this*, what self-respect had he left to be the King of this manor?

Hopelessness seized his heart, but the physical pain failed to diminish. Not one bit.

“See if you still dare kidnap women next time!” Jing said with no good intention. Wearing down Lu Cang’s already broken spirit, he began to rock his waist back and forth.

He drilled into the deepest part of Lu Cang’s body, rubbing hungrily against the exceedingly thin and nerve-filled inner wall. Lu Cang couldn’t help but feel the strange excitement that surged forward along with the agony.

“Ah! Spare me, spare me...I won’t do it again! I won’t do it again!”

Jing’s movements gradually sped up. Lu Cang couldn’t endure the torment of having his insides so violently stirred, and, no longer caring for his dignity as the King of the bandits, began to sharply scream and cry.

But how could Jing, who was on the cusp of fervid excitement, let Lu Cang go? Instead, he strengthened his plunging and thrusting...

The place that was forced open by the entrance ripped apart. Crimson blood flowed, down along Lu Cang’s pale thigh, falling upon the flawless, fine, white silk sheets.

“Spare me...spare me...Heavens save me...”

Already so pained he could barely lift his voice, Lu Cang couldn’t help the tears from filling his eyes. He ducked his head, and the tears rolled drop by drop onto that red silk pillow, leaving wet tear marks one after the other.

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The faraway henchmen house.

Hearing Lu Cang’s sharp cries, the henchmen all shared looks of doubt.

Finally, one person began in a trembling voice, “What a feisty bride. It seems as if the King’s so thrilled he might die...”

But that hellish deed was not over yet. Jing, whose superhuman endurance allowed him to come five times already inside Lu Cang, finally pulled himself out.

Lu Cang laid on the silk-covered bed like a broken rag doll. The white sheets, originally intended to test his “bride’s” virginity*, was now seeped in blood-red, piercing the eye like red flowers blooming on a field of snow.

Seeing that arrogant face of Lu Cang’s reduced to a trail of tears and fate-bound helplessness, Jing broke into a sweet smile. To Lu Cang, that unearthly beauty seemed more frightening than the Demon King sitting on hell’s throne.

Searching the handsome, faultless body lying beneath him, Jing was determined to find some sort of secret birthmark or mole to leave proof of this thrilling affair. But he was disappointed.

Nothing? Frowning as he pondered in disappointment, Jing was abruptly struck by an idea. He fished around in his clothes that were discarded on the floor, then retrieved from inside his robe a miniscule, golden stamp*.

Fear surfaced once again in Lu Cang's heart as he watched Jing pass the golden stamp over the candle fire. With his voice hoarse from crying, Lu Cang managed, "You- What're you doing?"

Before he could finish his question, Jing, with a devilish smile playing on his face, already neared the root of his inner thigh with the gold stamp. Unable to control himself, Lu Cang screamed in hysteria with the last ounce of his strength, "No, no!!! Don't!!!!"

After a moment of hissing as skin scorched, Jing observed in full satisfaction the burn mark that nestled in Lu Cang's most secretive place—a secret he could never tell.

"Now, you belong to me forever!"

Not waiting to rest, he retrieved another decorated box from inside his robe, taking out a small, round pill from within.

Lu Cang had no energy left to struggle. He watched helplessly as Jing sent the round pill into his backside. Meeting the heat inside, the pill quickly melted into his body.

"If you don't want to be a knave who needs more than ten men to bang you here every day," –Jing poked his finger in again on purpose, his voice of the calm that Lu Cang loathed with every fibre in his body—, "on the fifteenth of next month, come to the Yue Long Bridge in the capital city for the cure."

Without glancing to see Lu Cang's reaction, Jing rose with a smile, dressed, and, in the blink of an eye, had already glided away.

The following day.

The morning sun spilled into the bedroom.

Lu Cang, who hadn't slept a wink the whole night, struggled to climb off the muddled bed, retrieving his ripped up clothes with trembling hands...

Gathering footsteps outside the door. He swiftly pulled the clothes over his bottom half, covered in blood and who-knew-whose white fluids.

The second-in-command strode into the room, spirited and refreshed. His eyes immediately landed on the bloodied white bed sheets.

"Wow, congratulations, big brother! She's a legitimate good, isn't she*?"

"Get out! Get out, all of you!!"

Lu Cang bellowed with his low, hoarse voice. Swiping a large, porcelain vase off the bedside table, he blindly threw it towards his congratulators.

The men who came to give their congratulations quickly retreated out the room, not knowing what to do. Meanwhile, Lu Cang sat pitifully in a huddle on the floor. He hadn't even the strength left to stand.

Carelessly grabbing a relatively clean piece of clothing to the side, Lu Cang covered his miserably-bruised chest. And just like that, sitting beside the bed, he began to cry in earnest anguish...

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1. **Confucian robes** - type of robes worn by scholars in ancient China
2. **Xiao Yue (小月)** - Literal meaning of this name is Little Moon, Xiao being little. It's a nickname, since Chinese people commonly add Xiao to a word from someone's name to abbreviate it, for example Xiao X (or we add 儿 to the end of a word, for example X Er).
3. **Teacher (师傅/shifu)** - same idea as sensei or master (as used by martial artists and apprentices of any trade). This is what Po calls the red panda kung-fu master in Kung-fu Panda (he calls him Master Shifu, which technically would be Master 'Master' if you translate the Shifu part literally).
4. **Emperor of Han** - refers to an emperor of the Han dynasty, not Jing (the current emperor).
5. **Wooden couch** - common piece of furniture in ancient China. It was basically a long (and usually wider in width than your average TV sofa) couch, but they don't make it out of mattress and pillows but intricately-carved and ridiculously expensive wood. A cotton mat of sorts is usually laid out on top for comfortable sitting/lying down. Such a couch can be used for sleeping, reclining, sitting, etc. (Oftentimes as a makeshift bed in rooms not meant to be bedrooms)
6. **Doing heroic deeds** - such a phrase, 行侠仗义 (xing xia zhang yi), is often used in the Chinese language to describe the role of a traditional Chinese hero—someone who has a strong sense of justice and loyalty, and very randomly helps people in need and do good whenever they see trouble. The author uses it here in jest, since the Emperor is very obviously bored and just wants entertain himself.
7. **Your humble subject** - Mu Yue is referring to himself. In Chinese, we have a habit of replacing "I" and "me" with different (usually modest) titles/names for ourselves (for example, a maid commonly refers to herself as "maidservant" and a young girl may refer to herself as "damsel") When a government official speaks to the emperor he always refers to himself as "subject (臣/chen, only used for government people)," which would make no grammatical sense in English, so I altered it to both express the implied meaning and also make grammatical sense.
8. Traditional Chinese women's clothing are robe-form skirts/dresses that drape down to the feet.
9. **Yue Er-** as mentioned earlier, we add Er to the end of a character of someone's name to abbreviate/make it a nickname (usu. for females).
10. **Xuan Yuan Jing** - making a note here, Xuan Yuan is Jing's surname. Yes, there are double-worded surnames in Chinese (though rare), such as Ou Yang or Mu Rong.
11. **One li** = approximately half a kilometre (500 metres).
12. **Back court** - the Chinese court/royal palace is split up into front and back, the front being the political court and the back being the domestic, with concubines and children and lots of maids and eunuchs, etc. *Technically*, the back court is not allowed to get involved with politics but...ha...
13. **Big brother (大哥)** - Chinese people commonly address strangers such as "teacher/sensei," "big brother," or "grandmother" depending on your age and appearance as a form of respect. Of course, you would also call your actual big brother "big brother"...xD
14. **Lady of the Stronghold** - meaning, wife of the bandit leader. The Stronghold is basically their mountain headquarters.
15. **King** - he's the literal king of the mountain, leader of the bandits. But his relationship with his followers is a gang brotherhood instead of a king-subordinate relationship.
16. **Mainland** - refers to China. In ancient China, mainland China doesn't include Mongolia, Tibet, Xinjiang, or Manchuria.
17. **Wulin (武林)** - Wu, meaning martial arts/war, and lin, meaning woods, refers to the Chinese kung-fu community. It consists of many, many, *many* different branches and clans (some of the most famous few being Shaolin, Emei, and Wudang), and basically anyone who is concerned with/involved in/travels Jianghu (江湖, a term used interchangeably with wulin. The "world" of martial artists) and knows kung-fu/kung-fu related skills such as medicine, disguise, projectile/weaponry, etc. belongs in this community. They can be monks, nuns, Daoists, llamas, old men, little children, etc. They have their own rules and their own moral code, loyalty and abiding by one's words being generally accepted as being the two most important. Note that the people of Jianghu/wulin are commonly juxtaposed against people of government and the court. They generally dislike each other.

18. **Lu Cang (路苍)** - I would like to make a note here that the mountain Mt. Lu Cang (露苍山) is not named after Lu Cang the character. The surname Lu and Lu in Mt. Lu Cang are DIFFERENT CHARACTERS. It is unclear whether or not Lu Cang the person is named after the mountain, since it is quite possible his name is an intended homonym of the mountain's name. Chinese people *love* homonyms (I mean, LOVE).
19. **Brothers** - they're not real brothers, but sworn brothers. This is common among really good friends or comrades in a close-knit organisation (esp. gangs).
20. **Wine** - rice wine. It's clear in colour, quite strong in most cases, and smells really, really good. Whenever there's a reference to wine, it's rice wine.
21. **Chinese marriages** - I will hereby explain traditional ancient Chinese marriages. First of all, they decorate the place of marriage to be red. Like, red drapes, red words on the wall, red lanterns, red everything. The bride and groom both wear red (just think very red...). After the ceremonial three bows, which indicates marriage, (Bow to parents, bow to heaven, bow to each other) is over, everyone gathers for a feast, except for the bride. She, through the entire ceremony, has a red veil over her face, and waits in the bedroom for her husband through the entire feast (I know right, why no feast?!), and when he comes in (after drinking and talking with his guests) he takes off her veil and they consummate their marriage. That's what Liu Cuo was referring to when he said the "golden night of marriage."
22. **Number one in the world**- refers to number one kung-fu skills in the world.
23. **Bite...suicide** - in China, it is traditionally believed that one could commit suicide by biting off one's own tongue.
24. **Testing his "bride's" virginity** - the original meaning here is actually a reference to testing 落红, which literally means "fall red." During a girl's first time, oftentimes she may bleed a little, but if she doesn't, that doesn't automatically mean she's not a virgin. So, basically, the author is being morbidly ironic by describing the sheets as originally intended to test the virginity of his bride.
25. **Chinese stamps** - stamps in China hold much more private significance than in the West. A usual Chinese stamp is carved on the bottom of a small, rectangular block of jade. Commoners usu. get their names carved (like moi), but people with prestigious titles get their titles carved, also. So, more decoration and titles you have, the more stamps you would have (for example, you could get one carved for "Military General of X" and at the same time "Earl of Y", etc.). This stamp is usu. used in place of a signature.
26. He's congratulating her because he thought that she was a virgin (because of the blood).

*****Translator's note*****

Haha, one down, like...19 to go. I'm going to tell you straight out that yes, the rest of the novel will be this graphic. It's not the sex that most people would find disturbing, but it's like sex+gore at the same time. And I'm also going to tell you that, yes, these are very flawed characters. Both Jing and Lu Cang have their fatal flaws, and you might come to hate Jing, but please bear with it. I promise you many twists and turns. I know for a fact that some people will end up not liking this novel, but some people will end up liking it a LOT (like me). So give it a chance! Comments, questions, concerns, etc, all welcome! But no spoilers, guys.

Chapter 2 part.1

Moonlit Night in the Grand Capital

Hangzhou has always been a city of scholars and learned men. It didn't matter whether they were talented or mediocre, old or young. All of them sought a place by East Lake to reside. The rich ones built vacation homes and the poor ones built cottages. It wasn't so uncouth that it would offend their titles of "educated men," and at the same time, they could borrow the believed-to-be supernatural atmosphere of East Lake to realise their dreams of fame and fortune.

Situated amongst the big and small residences of well-read though miserly Confucian scholars, at the head of the broken bridge, the master of Baiwen School Bai Xu was a man of slightly notable fame. The Baiwen Society of Poetry headed by said man was the laudably the largest poetry society in all of Jiangnan. Besides the Society, Bai Xu was thoroughly learned in music, chess, calligraphy, and painting([1]), and his pretentious fame from his expertise in engraving([2]) was not subordinate to the fame of contemporarily renowned poetry and literature.

On this fine day, Bai Xu, as usual, ended his class at noon to return to his home by East Lake—The House of Bai.

The moment he stepped through his door, his apprentice([3]) Bai Yuan rushed over. "Teacher, there are guests in the greeting hall waiting for you."

Bai Xu automatically assumed that his guests were here to ask for instruction on literature, so dismissed indifferently, "Tell them to wait. I'll be down right after I change."

But Bai Yuan didn't nod and leave. Instead, he stared back with fright in his eyes.

"What is it? Why don't you go to send on my word?" Bai Xu asked, slightly puzzled.

Bai Yuan quietly leaned over and whispered in his teacher's ear, "Teacher, please hurry to greet the guests. They've been waiting for the entire morning, and their tempers are quite big..."

Seeing that Bai Xu still wore an expression of unwillingness, Bai Yuan added in a low voice, "The guests all have weapons..."

The colour instantaneously drained from Bai Xu's face. Though he had gained slight fame, he was far below the high standing of Hangzhou's wealthy elitists, nor did he have any deeply vengeful enemies lying in wait. He really couldn't imagine what these armed people would be here for.

Then, quickly hiding his shock, he said to Bai Yuan, "Come with me to the greeting hall."

Hurrying to the greeting hall, Bai Xu made out the figures of three tall, well-built men with unpleasant expressions, standing or sitting down. A young man donned in robes of fine, grey silk with a long sword strapped to his waist sat upright in the guest's seat. To his left stood a middle-aged man dressed as a strategic advisor([4]), and there was also a servant around eighteen or nineteen standing behind the young man—quite obviously a follower.

Seeing Bai Xu rushing over in hurried steps, the young man rose to his feet, and the man dressed as an advisor followed suit. Bai Xu was ascertained of his presumption—this young man was to be his main guest today.

The moment he reached the main hall, the young man came up to greet him. “Teacher([5]) Bai, please don’t be alarmed by our arrival. We simply took the liberty of visiting.”

Only upon close encounter did Bai Xu discover that this young man was actually exceptionally handsome. Oval face, and underneath two long eyebrows that neared his temple, a pair of spirited, large eyes that seemed to dance with bright sparks. The sword strapped to his strong, slender figure was clearly one above normal worth. *Ah, so this must be what is called “the wulin hero”,* Bai Xu thought.

Returning his greeting with a nod, Bai Xu sat down in the host’s seat and turned to Bai Yuan. “Why haven’t you gone to pour some tea-”

But before he could finish, he was interrupted by the young man. “Teacher Bai, there’s no need. I’m here today because there’s something I need to ask of you...”

Bai Xu’s brows furrowed at the interruption. *This person is so lacking in manners, even though he has something to ask of me!*

The young man did not fail to detect the small wavering in Bai Xu’s countenance. A surge of pride surfaced between his brows as he uttered coldly, “I won’t try to hide it from Teacher. We three hail from Mt. Lu Cang, so it’s truly not convenient for us to stay long in the city. Please be considerate, Teacher!” Though he used the word “considerate,” his expression was not so. His followers standing behind him also placed a ready hand on the hilt of their swords.

The moment Bai Xu heard “Mt. Lu Cang”, an involuntary shudder travelled down his spine. Mt. Lu Cang was a mountain inhabited by bandits, located right outside of the city of Hangzhou. These bandits frequently robbed the rich and wealthy, and have never failed once. They could be considered quite famous in the region of Jiangnan, but Bai Xu never would’ve guessed that today, they’d come to visit his own home.

Bai Xu was a pure scholar through and through. How could he have expected a situation like this? As panic rose in his heart, his manners also grew moderated. “Apologies, apologies, I truly do not know...do not know...” He was lost for words.

Seeing through the meaning behind his stuttering, the young man gave a carefree, “Do not be alarmed, Teacher. We are not here for Teacher’s money today. We are here for your help, really.”

Bai Xu calmed down a little after hearing him speak thus, but still could not think of a reason for a bandit gang to visit his residence. He began, a bit troubled, “I’m not sure what I could do to help...”

Apparently impatient with Bai Xu’s flowery, “sophisticated”([6]) way of speaking, the young man said with a wave of the hand, “Don’t be too worried, Teacher...I wonder if there’s a secret chamber here?”

“Secret chamber?” Bai Xu frowned slightly. He was only a white-robed scholar. How would he have a secret chamber built into his house?”

The young man saw his hesitation and suggested, “It’s alright if there’s no secret chamber. Please bring me to Teacher’s bedroom then.”

Bai Xu was dumbstruck by his demand. *Why would this mountain bandit want to enter my bedroom? Don’t tell me there’s some treasure I don’t know about in there!*

Bai Xu was still shifting back and forth in uncertainty, but the young man soon grew irritated. “Teacher, there isn’t anything that’s inconvenient is there?”

“Ah...ah, ah...” Bai Xu was finally dragged out of his train of thought. Wearing a gloomy expression, he quickly said, “It’s fine, it’s fine. Quite convenient, quite convenient.”

At this, the young man's brows unfurled slightly and then, waving to the two behind him, said, "Wait here. If I'm not back in two hours..." He gave Bai Xu a threatening glare, then admired the satisfactory effect of fear on Bai Xu's face.

"This way, please, guest([7])." Knowing that he couldn't afford to offend this mafia boss, Bai Xu's attitude soon grew courteous and polite.

The two continued towards the back yard([8]) through the hallway, Bai Xu leading the way. He glimpsed from the corner of his eye the grave expression on the young man's face, as if there was a severe emergency locked within that frown of his.

In a few moments, they arrived at Bai Xu's own bedroom, hidden amongst a small, green bamboo grove.

Leading the young man into the inner chamber, Bai Xu watched as he closed the door, then cautiously locked it as well. Bai Xu couldn't help but feel a bit jumpy on the inside, not knowing what he was about to do.

"What do you exactly want me to help you with..." Bai Xu casually asked as he mindlessly pulled off his outer robe and threw it on the bed. But, as he turned around, the scene that met his eyes gave him an instantaneous scare.

The young man had already unstrapped his sword and thrown his outer robe onto the chair to the side, and was currently concentrated on untying the belt that held up his trousers...

"Ah!...Guest, you...what're you doing..." Suddenly shocked, Bai Xu let out an involuntary cry.

But the young man didn't respond. Instead, he took off his pants, then untied his under robe and set it aside. Subtly gesturing to the root of his thigh, he said, "Teacher, please look at this for me..."

Bai Xu, trembling with terror, traced with his eyes in the direction the young man's finger was pointing in...He immediately felt as if he was about to faint. He was a man thoroughly read in all kinds of poetry and literature, and had indeed read of certain abnormal individuals who enjoyed exposing themselves in front of others, especially their private parts...but he didn't expect there would be types who specially *chose* victims for them to...look!

Bai Xu instantly averted his eyes, his voice beginning to quiver, "Guest, you...you're joking with me. I, I'm not a young woman..."

"What young woman? What're you talking about? Why would I want a young woman to see? I'm here to have you help me look at..." He treaded towards Bai Xu as he spoke.

Not waiting for him to finish, Bai Xu already began to exclaim in distress, Guest...Guest...you've got the wrong person! I do not have the habit of cut sleeve([9])...I do not like this practice..." In a startled jump, Bai Xu fell unsteadily to sit on the edge of the bed, frightfully curling into a ball, terrified of the horrible misfortunes he will have to bear...

"What 'habit of cut sleeve'...what're you talking about?" The young man stopped in front of him with a demeanour of perplexity. "I only want you to help me identify the characters([10]) in this seal's branding."

"Ah?..." Bai Xu slowly allowed the hands shielding his head to slide down. Then, still only half-convinced of the truth, he looked to the crevice at the root of the young man's thigh, which was held slightly ajar. Sure enough, by the weak candlelight, Bai Xu made out a miniscule brand hidden in the honey-coloured skin.

"You're...you're asking me to read the engraving?" Bai Xu let out a long sigh of relief, but was still a bit unsettled.

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“Well, what did you *think* I wanted you to do?” The young man frowned in irritation. The mien upon his brows was a little scary.

“Oh...” Bai Xu finally settled his fears, and continued, “So that’s how it is...” As he spoke, he reached over to touch the small branding to make out the engraved words.

“What’re you doing?!” At his touch, the young man immediately leapt backwards. Then he seemed to notice his betrayal of emotions and hurriedly added, “I’ll do it myself.”

Blood flushing his cheeks, he gently stretched out the skin around the minute branding and scooted a bit closer. “I shall trouble Teacher to look at this for me.”

Though it was something that Bai Xu had himself, but he still found observing *that* place at such a close proximity quite startling. What was unusual was that, on that place which never one saw the sun were scattered, round bruises one after another, as if something had cruelly bitten into it. Bai Xu glimpsed the young man’s loathing glower from the corner of his eye, and could only choose to act as if he saw nothing, repressing the odd feeling that arose in his chest. Closely examining that tiny branding, he found that the words were written in Xiaozhuan([11]), and were awfully complex. It would be a true challenge for those who weren’t learned in the art of seal-engraving to discern the words—he finally began to understand why this mountain thief came to find him, an expert in the field of stone engraving, to distinguish this seal brand.

When he finally raised his head, the young man swiftly asked, “Teacher, did you see clearly what the words are?”

Bai Xu’s expression was a bit complicated. Slowly, he answered, “From what I know, that branding is the two words ‘Jing Xi’.”

Before he was finished, a bearing of total epiphany struck the young man. Then, a faint notion of bloodthirstiness surfaced between his brows. “So that bastard’s name is Jing Xi!!” he growled maliciously.

Glancing towards Bai Xu, the young man saw that there seemed to be something else Bai Xu wanted to say. The young man’s face suddenly became a bit terrifying. “If you speak one word of what happened here today, I’ll make sure that not a single chicken or dog in this house gets out alive!” After he finished making his threat, he didn’t look at Bai Xu again. He only minded to walk over to the chair and redressed himself with the discarded clothing, then stalked with mighty grace out the bedroom.

Bai Xu watched his proud, retreating figure and shook his head. He was just about to tell him that in the language of seals, “xi([12])” was a word specifically used to refer to seals reserved for the use of royal family. And furthermore, wasn’t the current emperor...wasn’t his forbidden name([13]) “Jing”?

But...it’s not like he had a moral responsibility to tell him in the first place.

Feeling a bit pleased that with himself for using an indirect trick in revenge of the young man’s rude behaviour, Bai Xu smiled secretly to himself.

But of course, the young man knew nothing of the Bai Xu’s secret musings. With the joy of triumphing over one great mystery in his heart, he returned to the greeting hall, and, called out to his followers, left the Bai household.

On the returning trip, he made a weighty oath to himself: *Oh, Jing Xi, Jing Xi, you atrocious rapist, if I don’t personally end your life by my sword, I, Lu Cang, swear that I’ll never step into Jianghu([14]) again for the rest of my life!*

Needless to say, this young man was the horribly unfortunate mountain bandit king who was forcibly taken by the coercive emperor Jing cross-dressed as a woman, Lu Cang. Ever since he was humiliated by Jing, there hasn’t been a single moment he didn’t spend plotting his revenge.

He wanted to find out the name of his enemy from the seal brand between his legs, so he spent all his days trying to read the branding by propping a mirror between his legs. But to conquer that twisted, elaborate calligraphy was essentially impossible for a martial artist like him, who only knew just enough to pass as literate. On the cusp of desperation, he could only act on such an underhanded scheme: ask for the help of the famous engravings master of Hangzhou Bai Xu. And in the end, he finally had his way.

But why? Why do I have to do something so humiliating as this—going to the house of someone I don't know to make a stranger look at the most secretive part of my body?! Oh, the rage!!! The more Lu Cang thought, the angrier he became. He felt a slight wetness surge to the edge of his eye.

Every day for the past ten days, it was as if he was being burned by the hatred that clogged up his heart. Each day was living hell. The place that had been forcibly penetrated was severely ripped and bled profusely. Because of the endless bruising that dotted his body, he could only go to the lake in the mountain in the middle of the night to bathe. The place that had been branded was constantly ablaze with unbearable pain. And in spite of all this, he still had to continuously look at his own private place with a mirror to try and discern the words in the brand like some sort of mutant freak! But this wasn't the worst part. There was still something even more tragic.

After his manhood had been touched by that freakish male beauty, it seemed to have become limp and powerless...To think that, because he wanted to prove he was completely healthy and normal, he sought out a famous Jiangnan prostitute, but in the end he recalled the horrid memories of *that* day and couldn't do as he intended, and ended up being harshly laughed at...At the thought of this, he nearly had the impulse of tearing up!

The entirety of all this was the doing of that freakishly mutated beast! Lu Cang chewed his tongue with an entire chest full of abhorrence and loathing, enveloped by the thrill of imagining his own revenge...*Now, to wait until the fifteenth of this month to avenge myself of this hatred beyond the knowledge of man!*

June 15, night of full moon.

Like every other imperial dynasty that upheld a prosperous golden age, Datong also situated its capital in Chang'an([15]), but changed the name of the city to Tong'an. Yue Long Bridge([16]) was juxtaposed right where the southern central imperial city and the outer ring of the city connected.

It was already midnight. The street was silent. Not a single human silhouette along its path. The chaste splendour of the moon spilled frigidly onto Yue Long Bridge. But there was a long shadow, a blurred figure, perched upright on the bridge.

Needless to say, this was the fellow who travelled a thousand miles from Hangzhou to Tong'an to obtain an antidote, the dastardly unfortunate Mt. Lu Cang...No, no, no, he was the glorious mountain king, the one that everyone of Jianghu called "the Eagle," Lu Cang.

But today, Lu Cang wasn't here for the cure...He secretly pulled out a sharp-edged dagger from inside his sleeve([17]). The moment he imagined putting this dagger against that beautifully-shaped neck, he couldn't help the laughter that rose from inside his chest.

The night was cold as water.

The stuffy, hot air of the day seemed to melt into strokes of refreshing cool during the night, and brought with it a sort of hidden fragrance floating and swaying so lightly that it was barely detectable.

Wait...hidden fragrance?

Lu Cang, abruptly struck awake, instantaneously spun around. And of course, at the north end of the bridge stood a white-robed figure—the very man he had been waiting for.

Though he had rid himself of women's clothing, the white Confucian robes added a dash of aura exceeding the mundane world to his magnificent beauty. *Why are the features of the perfect beauty of my*

dreams on the face of this unpardonably wicked man who wouldn't hesitate to commit any and a;; inconceivable crimes?! Completely unable to defend himself against the exquisiteness of that face, Lu Cang could only choose to look away, his heart aching on the inside all the while.

“What, aren't you happy to see me?” Jing smiled lightly as he asked, the sound of his voice ever the more pure in the soundlessness colours of night. It seemed to ignite a certain excitement in the hearts of all who listened.

Lu Cang was still too afraid to turn his head back to stare into that face which was 100% effective in seducing him. He could only look down and say, “Where's the antidote? Give it to me quickly.” His voice was low and heavy, with an inkling of dejection.

Jing smiled, and walked to stand in front of Lu Cang. The two, whose heights were pretty much exactly the same, immediately met each others' gazes straight on. Looked on by those eyes of beauty unparalleled in the whole universe, Lu Cang's heart began to race to the point of insanity. He hastily forced himself to repress his heartbeat.

“You want me to give it to you here?” There was a dash of teasing in Jing's voice. Edging closer so they were pressed upon each other, Jing wrapped one arm round his waist, while the other hand reached down to give his buttocks a hard wrench.

Suddenly remembering how the pill entered his body, Lu Cang couldn't control himself as his face flushed crimson. But he who loved his reputation too much still forced himself to act unperturbed. “Then, then...do you have a place?”

Sensing Lu Cang's panic, Jing, much to Lu Cang's horror, laughed. Seeing the fury and detestation that surged upon that handsome brow, Jing quickly withdrew his laughter. “Come with me,” he said. And, not waiting for Lu Cang's answer, already unfolded his air kung-fu([18]) and flew swiftly towards the north outer ring of the city.

Lu Cang hurriedly followed suit, unfolding his own footwork to catch up. The reason he was called “the Eagle” was *because* his air kung-fu was exceptional. Now that he had an opportunity to display his kung-fu skills, there was no way he would allow himself to show any weakness. And so he proceeded, “flying” as if it were for his life.

Once again, the truth gave him a huge disappointment. Lu Cang was already using his full strength, but Jing was still three steps ahead, steadily leading with completely zero hint that he was going to be passed.

Is he really better than me at everything? A wave of tragic grief began to rise up from the depth of Lu Cang's heart. He instinctively gripped the dagger inside his sleeve once again, as if he was drawing from it more strength.

Jing finally slowed to a stop in front of a small citizen's residence. This was an ordinary four-sided courtyard house([19]), but the yard was arranged with exceptional elegance. A bright light seeped out from behind the fancy silk paper window([20]), making the house markedly noticeable in the deep, vacant night.

Following Jing into the room, the first and most alarming thing that met Lu Cang's eye was that bed...that bed which was much wider than the average measurements, with a brocaded, fine, red silk mattress and the covers made from rare, white satin cloth, embroidered with an extravaganza of a hundred flowers. Red and white complemented, appearing especially striking under the luminous glow.

He took a step back in spite of himself. Lu Cang was a bit uncomfortable sharing the same space *this* man when a bed was before his very eyes.

“Can you give me the antidote now?” Lu Cang didn't sense it, but his tone had begun to grow involuntarily soft and sapped of strength.

Once again, Jing displayed that smile that Lu Cang reviled, and said, “Take off your clothes and come on the bed. I’ll give you the antidote.”

(Cont in next post)

[1] Music, chess, calligraphy, painting (琴棋书画)- these are the four fundamental elements of an ancient Chinese artistic education. If you master these four, then you’re really awesome. Music usually refers to the zither, chess usu. Go, calligraphy is calligraphy, and painting is traditional Chinese-style painting. Technically, they don’t get you anywhere in life (unless you’re a prostitute, then you earn money...) and are “refined hobbies” that gentlemen and ladies alike enjoy in their spare time, and practically all but “chess” are marketable skills.

[2] Engraving expertise (金石学)- an ancient Chinese skill/study that consists of recognizing and analysing engravings on different mediums, including but not limited to bronze and stone mediums.

[3] Apprentice- I translated this as “apprentice” for lack of a better word. 书童 (Shu Tong) are boys serving in a scholar’s study. They’re not really servants, but certainly not respected as an actual student of the school.

[4] Advisor/strategist/counselor (军师)- in China, this is traditionally a government position (or if you’re a rebel army or something), so I’m sort of confused as to why the author used this term in reference to a gang of bandits. But the literal meaning is “military advisor.”

[5] Teacher/Mister(先生)- here, it actually should be “teacher” although the words for mister and teacher are the same. In ancient China,先生 is a gender neutral word used to address teachers whereas today 先生 means “sir” or “mister.”

[6] Bai Xu’s way of speaking- In ancient China, the difference of how an educated person and an uneducated speaks exhibits quite a great gap. Bai Xu, a 100% stereotypical Chinese scholar, talks in an extremely polite, mannered, humble, and “decorous” fashion that typifies your average “learned person” in China (I’m not going to lie, the humbleness and floweriness of it pisses me off sometimes, too). Meanwhile, Lu Cang has no patience for such manners, and speaks straight and to-the-point. The funny thing is that Jing actually never speaks in the “learned fashion” through the book (though I’m sure he does when he discusses politics or something), since he’s quite careless about what comes out of his mouth xDDD

[7] Guest- It’s common to address your guest as “guest” if you don’t know them that well (in ancient China). I know it sounds strange.

[8] Chinese houses- In ancient China, homes (of moderately wealthy to wealthy people) were built in a “yard” style instead of as an entire edifice. They would have many separate houses, each being one or two rooms, separated by garden and yard. The hallways are outside, though roofed (it’s like a super extended gazebo), and different sections of the house, say the master’s bedroom and the servant’s quarters, are walled off from each other and connected through doors. So basically, a huge yard with separate little houses and pretty Fengshui ponds and whatnot.

[9] The habit of cut sleeves- “Cut sleeve” is a scholarly euphemism for male homosexuality. The origin of the phrase comes from an incident with the Emperor of Han, Han Aidi (汉哀帝). Han Aidi had a male lover Dong Xian(懂贤), whom he favoured very much. The story goes that one day, when Han Aidi woke up in the morning, Dong Xian was still asleep beside him, and was lying on the Emperor’s sleeve. Han Aidi couldn’t bring himself to wake up Dong Xian, so instead, he cut his sleeve loose. And so, the “habit of cut sleeve” became an implied reference to homosexual relationships. But, such euphemisms were only understood by those who were well-read, so most common people don’t understand the implied meaning.

[10] Identify the characters- No, Lu Cang is not illiterate. Chinese calligraphy is extremely complex, and consists of many different styles and ways of writing, which vary partially on the era in which each style was

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created. As you can imagine, it's hard to read artistic calligraphy (usu. seals are carved artistically) unless you're an expert.

[11] 小篆 (Xiaozhuan)- the type of calligraphy used by Qin Shi Huangdi (秦始皇) to standardise written language in China (221 BC). It's quite ancient and twisty. (Google it and you'll know what I mean).

[12] 玺 (xi)- it usually refers to THE royal seal, like that REALLY big and heavy one(no seriously it's this huge hulking block of jade...) that the emperor uses to approve all the petitions and whatnot. But technically, any seal used by the emperor is called "xi"...including a mini version xD

[13] Forbidden name- the emperor's given name is also known as his "forbidden name" since it's such a severe offence it's pretty much considered illegal to call the emperor by his name, unless you're his mother. (No, seriously. Only his mother, because his father the last emperor is dead, for the exception of like that one Qing emperor Qianlong, and everyone else has to call him "emperor" or "your majesty" unless he allows otherwise).

[14] Jianghu 江湖- literally, "river lake" and synonymous with wulin. Refers to the "world" of the kung-fu community and martial artists in ancient China. See Chapter 1 footnotes for more in-depth description of wulin/Jianghu.

[15] Chang'an (长安)- historical Chinese capital city. The capital was at Chang'an until the Mongols moved it in the Yuan Dynasty to Dadu, or the Beijing of today. Chang'an (now, Xi'an, yes where all the terracotta soldiers are, plus a bunch of emperors' graves) was the capital of China for more than millennia...yeah, a goddamn long time.

[16] Yue Long Bridge (月龙桥)- Yue=Moon, long=dragon. 'Nough said.

[17] Inside his sleeve- ancient Chinese people kept things in their sleeves...no seriously, like money and food (you could wrap some buns in a napkin and put it in your sleeve) and medicine and apparently tiny seals...And they kept extremely important things in their front chest cloth. Who needs pockets when you have sleeves, am'right? xD

[18] Air kung-fu (qing gong/轻功)- literally, "light kung-fu". It's one of the essential elements of Chinese kung-fu (note: this is not real, only in stories). Air kung-fu is a direct display of the martial artist's agility and speed, and does not necessarily require a deep qi base. It allows the martial artist to propel him or herself forward a relatively long distance with a relatively small amount of solid base (to propel off of, for example the ground). The better your air kung-fu the farther you can jump (and higher) and the faster you can run and the more balance you have while running on roofs or climbing bamboo or whatever stuff they do. The idea is that if you become a master of air kung-fu you can propel yourself off of almost nothing and begin to "fly." For example, running on water and running on the tip of prairie grass, etc, etc. Air kung-fu doesn't belong to a specific kung-fu family (like say Shaolin or Wudang), but instead is a kung-fu essential that is usually included in all kung-fu families and branches, though obviously some emphasise it more than others depending on the style of kung-fu practiced. If you watch some wuxia dramas, you'll know immediately what I mean.

[19] Four-sided courtyard house- if you know anything about traditional Chinese architecture, the most standard, common house in ancient China is the four-sided courtyard house, which literally consists of a courtyard in the middle and all the rooms built on its four sides.

[20] Paper window- Chinese people invented many things, but they failed to discover glass...so ancient Chinese windows are all paper.

Chapter 2 part.2

“What?!” Lu Cang jumped in shock. “You, you, you, that’s going too far...” Under panic and anger, he was already unable to muster anything intelligible.

“If you don’t take off the clothes, how can I give you the antidote? Just wait until your insides itch to the point of insanity, making you go around begging men to penetrate up your arse for relief!” Though the vulgar words he spoke did not match his refined beauty at all, Jing still held a completely relaxed, tranquil countenance..

Lu Cang stood dumbstruck, not knowing whether he should leave heroically or endure humiliation to obtain the antidote.

Sensing his hesitation, Jing stood up and walked over, then reached out and pulled Lu Cang into his arms. “Aiya, a true man doesn’t suffer an obvious loss([1]). Just bear with it for now. After you get the antidote, you can act like it didn’t happen([2]) or kill me in cold revenge. I’ll leave that up to you...” As his mouth spoke, his hands didn’t stop either. Wherever his hands passed, Lu Cang’s clothing fell piece by piece. Not long after, there was only an under robe left, with more than half his smooth, honey-like skin exposed to the air.

Being embraced by him at such a close proximity, Lu Cang’s eyes were overflowing with his unparalleled beauty (which just so happens to be the sort he’s absolutely defenceless against). The fragrance of the incense at his nose was a type he knew not of, but it was nonetheless intoxicating. Combined with the threat of the lascivious drug, Lu Cang was rendered absolutely powerless. The last piece of clothing, the innermost robe, fell. He was pressed down onto that luxurious and lecherous bed.

As Jing’s scorching lips sucked at his chest, Lu Cang felt all notions of resistance melt into Jing’s body heat and soften, bubbling up to the surface and evaporating into thin air. The place that was clearly useless with women stood up with a stroke of Jing’s hand, as if it was bewitched.

Amused by Lu Cang’s conflicting words and reaction, Jing cruelly strengthened his hold, rubbing and kneading even harder than before. Lu Cang felt an uncontrollable surge of hot blood to his head, and hurriedly clasped his hand over his mouth, afraid that he would let out a disgraceful scream.

“Don’t cover your mouth!” Jing ordered oppressively, seizing Lu Cang’s hand and vehemently pressed it down. Then, he released his right hand that firmly gripped Lu Cang’s length, instead using his own length to slide roughly against Lu Cang. His empty hand reached wickedly inside Lu Cang’s from the back, vigorously pushing and pulling his fingers back and forth. Abruptly, his fingers stopped at that vital region on the inside and pressed down...

Under such ruthless stimulation, Lu Cang lost all sense of embarrassment, screaming out helplessly, “Ah, ah, no, no!!!! Ah, there, ah, no, no- don’t, don’t! Spare me...I beg you spare me...no more, no more...” Lu Cang was almost overwhelmed to the point of not being able to speak by the excitement. In the end, he could only plead loudly for mercy.

Having grown up in the royal palace, such bedroom play was like ordinary fare to Jing. Of course he knew very well that Lu Cang’s so-called “no” was really the reaction to being overcome with sexual thrill. As for himself, hearing Lu Cang calling out so painfully only turned him on even more. He gave that vital region inside a nimble pinch. Sure enough, Lu Cang let out an irrepressible scream, gave a violent tremble that shook his entire body, then immediately released...

“This fast?” A devilish, taunting smile bloomed on Jing’s face as he intentionally refused to look at Lu Cang’s post-ejaculatory expression of agony and shame. Instead, he only minded to reach under Lu Cang’s body, lifting him up and flipping him around.

“What, what are you doing—” Completely powerless and vulnerable after climaxing, Lu Cang could only allow Jing to do what he wished. Constrained upon his stomach on the satin bed coverings, his position was pitiful and humiliating. “What are you doing—”

Jing pulled up on his waist, lifting his lower torso upwards. Lu Cang felt his lower body being seized once again, and shut his eyes in helpless fear—after going through last time, he already knew that though they were both men, there were also plenty of ways to be degraded...

But what followed was not the frightening agony like last time, but a sudden burst of freshness into his back side. Sent with that warm finger into his body was, much to Lu Cang’s own disbelief, a soft and soothing lubricant.

“Sshhh, don’t speak.” Fingers rotating gently inside his body, Jing seemed to be deciding whether or not the lubricant had already covered every corner of the inside.

Feeling the muscles under his fingers relax and fully open...Jing penetrated without warning. By the moist lubricant’s smoothness, he had reached the depth of the xxx([31])—swollen by last time’s savage invasion—within the next second.

“Ah—” Though it was already *much* more bearable compared to last time, Lu Cang was still unable to completely endure that thick, large xxx’s torture and cried out. His xxx immediately tensed, muscles contracting from the pain.

“What’re you doing! Stop squeezing!” Jing gave Lu Cang’s arse a few, hard slaps, almost unable to contain himself from the contractions inside his body. He angrily forced Lu Cang to relax the muscles inside.

“Hurts—” A deep, strained groan forced out from his throat. Lu Cang felt Jing begin to rock back and forth inside. The end of his intestines, unable to withstand the continuous striking of the hard length, also began to throe with vehemence.

Jing had already lost himself as he thrust violently into the body below him. As the imperial ruler, he had bedded countless people. Even the finest, most enticing men legendary for their experience and expert skill in bed had ended up in a huddle on his imperial bed. But Lu Cang was a martial artist, his exquisite muscles and insides untouched, something those other men, who’d been long since “broken in,” could not hope to compare with. Watching the strong, elegant back muscles contract every time he plunged in wildly, the grain-sized beads of sweat seeping through the honey-coloured skin of Lu Cang’s purely masculine body, the sensual odour of love-making steaming in the air...Jing was practically unable to control himself, enthrallment rising from the depth of his heart.

“You—you’re terrifying—” Jing, Lu Cang noticed, had an astounding endurance that put all other men to shame. Reminded of the chagrin that he himself couldn’t last half as long as Jing in bed, Lu Cang couldn’t help the surge of jealousy that rose up from the pit of his stomach.

“Really—” Jing, who was panting in elation, suddenly sped up the rhythm of his thrusting. “It seems as if you still have energy left to speak—huh? Isn’t that right!”

“Ah—Ah—” Lu Cang was truly helpless against the intensity of his thrusting. The arm that was supporting his entire body trembled dangerously. His innards were turned and stirred to the point that his heart and lungs ached fully with agony. But Jing had his vital front in a deathly-tight grip, and was also brutally provoking one nipple with merciless methods. The cries that came out from Lu Cang’s throat were now close to being shrill screeches.

“Let go!! Let go!!! I can’t take any more, I can’t take any more!!!!” Lu Cang’s arm couldn’t withstand Jing’s full-on attack; his entire person finally collapsed helplessly onto the bed, tears flowing uncontrollably to fall on the satin bed sheets. But Jing still refused to let go, continuing to thrust back and forth into the man who had crumpled onto the bed. The torture seemed to stretch on to eternity...

After who knew how long, at the precise moment that Lu Cang thought himself about to die, Jing abruptly let out a low cry. A powerful flow of hot fluid gushed out, immediately flooding the entirety of Lu Cang’s inside.

Lu Cang hadn’t even the strength left to scream; he could only allow the disgraceful heat to rush around freely, crimping his insides as if seeking to inundate his whole body.

“Hngh...” After tossing about like this three times in a row, Jing was finally reduced to exhaustion as well.

The two lay haphazardly on the bed, feeble and drained. Jing’s snow-pale body and Lu Cang’s long, trim, honey-complexioned, limbs were entangled, the satin bed sheets also knotted and coiled in a mess. The whole room was filled with a pungent salaciousness that couldn’t be waved away.

“I haven’t asked for your name yet...” It was still Jing who recovered first, propping himself up and peering down at Lu Cang, who was powerlessly languished on the bed.

“Lu...Cang...” The sound of his voice was gentle as a sigh. But at the moment Lu Cang opened his mouth, Jing engaged his lips and tongue. After an impassioned tangling of lips and teeth, Jing concentrated his gaze upon Lu Cang’s pair of misted eyes. “Call me Jing.”

“Jing—” Lu Cang struggled to open his eyes, but found that he had already left the bed, and was swiftly dressing himself.

Lu Cang was abruptly awoken from his trance, and rushed in, “Ah, the antidote—you didn’t give me the antidote yet!” Fear made him jump up from the bed, glaring at the male beauty who, once again, succeeded in humiliating him.

“Antidote? Didn’t I already give you the antidote?” Jing only minded to put on his robes— finely-detailed embroidery on white.

Lu Cang was in no mood to admire his beautiful clothes. He dragged himself off the bed, not even caring when the white satin bed sheet slid off his body. “You –you! Don’t joke around! When did you give me—” He wanted to approach Jing, but his two pulp-like legs could no longer support him and gave in against his will. He fell to sit on the ground.

Jing smiled mildly, and reached his hand into the place that was in contact with himself for half the night, gave a forcible dig, withdrew his hand covered with sticky body fluid, then waved it in front of Lu Cang’s face for him to see. “Isn’t this the antidote? What? You still think it’s not enough? I already gave you this much...”

“What...what kind of antidote is this?!” Staring unbelievably at the fluid on Jing’s fingers, Lu Cang’s eyes widened as if he were fighting for his life. “You...you...” So enraged he was no longer able to speak, he propped himself up against his body’s protests, wanting to coerce himself into standing up.

“You don’t believe me? Then, fine,”—Jing reached into the front of his robe and retrieved another green pill, just as the one last time, and threw it in front of Lu Cang—“This was secretly made within the royal palace; it’s really quite precious. But, never mind that, I’ll give you one. Go try it on a dog or something and you’ll know.”

“On the fifteenth of next month, come wait for me here again,” he said coldly as he tightened the last belt.

Lu Cang literally could not believe his ears. “What did you say? Wasn’t this curable by just this one time?”

Looking back pitifully at Lu Cang as if gazing at someone ignorant, Jing said, “How could that be? Didn’t I tell you this drug is precious?”

“But...but...” Lu Cang was so panicked he couldn’t speak clearly. “I live in Hangzhou! You expect me to spend ten days every month to travel to Tong’an from Hangzhou, and then spend another ten days from Tong’an back?! Just for...just for...to come to the capital for you to...for you to...”

“For me to fuck,”—Jing gave a frigid smile, his countenance unchanged— “That’s your problem. But it’s your choice.” Wiping his dirtied fingers on Lu Cang’s face, he gave a great leap and disappeared outside the window.....

Lu Cang was left sapped and on the verge of tears, clutching the pill helplessly, pitifully collapsed on the floor by the bed. All that remained were those words that humiliated him beyond thought, swirling inside his head:

Go try it on a dog or something...

Come on the fifteenth of every month for me to...

Good heavens!!!!

[1] A true man doesn’t suffer an obvious loss (好汉不吃眼前亏)- frequently-used Chinese phrase, meaning “don’t be so stubborn that you suffer a loss right in front of your eyes.”

[2] Act like it didn’t happen- the literal translation of what he said here (摆豆腐架子) is “build yourself a tofu frame,” which basically means to put on a false act. In Chinese, we often use “tofu” to describe anything that’s fragile or vulnerable, so he’s saying “to put on a vulnerable act” because it’ll be...well, untrue. Quite coincidentally, 豆腐架子 can also mean tofu shelf, which is used for the professional making of tofu...

[3] Xxx- no this is not my censorship. It’s in the original text. Most hardcore Chinese authors chose to use this. It has more than one meaning (obviously, a number of things...), but you should be able to guess from the context. xD that’s all I will say....

*****Translator’s Note*****

So, finally done with this chapter! That was hard work... I will hereby apologise for the delay. Tests and papers got the better of me. Sorry! I’m aiming at two-week releases. And also, if you find the paragraphing strange, I paragraphed everything according to the original, and Chinese grammar is a bit different. The only reason I didn’t English-fy it is because I feel like it actually makes more sense (at least for me) in the original Chinese formatting. Another thing, the author is a bit inconsistent with her use of ancient Chinese-ish language and modern language (she randomly has some modern slang show up, and when the characters speak humorously, it’s always in modern speak. Lastly, yes, I decided to change the original translation of “flying kung-fu” to “air kung-fu” because it seems more accurate. “Flying” is a bit misleading.

Chapter 3

The Sound of Bamboo Flute Through the Rainy Night

The noisiness of Tong'an's mornings was not second to that of Hangzhou's. Because the inn that he had selected was situated right by the street, Lu Cang, woken up from his dreams in early morning, became at once deeply-acquainted with the prosperity of this Datong imperial city.

Rubbing his tired eyes, Lu Cang draped some garments over his shoulder and went to stand at a window overlooking the street. Below was a food market, the streets filled tightly with wives who woke up early to purchase groceries and grocers setting down baskets of vegetables, hollering out to buyers with the northern dialect^[1] that Lu Cang only roughly understood. Wave after wave of breakfast foods' heavy fragrances floated to his nose from the stalls across the street

But this scene of a sunny, happy, everyday life was, nevertheless, unable to lift the spirits of a Lu Cang whose chest was filled to the top with gloom.

Yesterday, in a small house in this strange city, a type of bodily contact that could be described as cruel occurred once again between he and that super male beauty whom he didn't even know the full name of—in a more crude manner of speaking, Lu Cang, for the second time, was brutally and forcibly xxx^[2]-ed by the same man...

Unbelievably, things like this were occurring again and again t *him*, an outlaws' overlord who could be said to be renowned in all of southern wulin^[3]. It was no wonder that Lu Cang, who had always had quite a high opinion of himself, was, from the very bottom of his heart, having a difficult time accepting this.

But despite his inability to wrap his mind around everything, he was still not brave enough to leave for the thousand-mile distant Hangzhou on a spontaneous burst of heroism without ensuring first that the drug that freakish man used on him was a fluke.

Reaching into the folds of his clothes, his hand came into contact with the fancily-adorned box containing the pill*Maybe it's best to go try out the drug...*

nbsp; *What if it's fake...?*

The more he thought about it, the more he felt that the possibility was greater. Lu Cang seemed to already see a spark of hope rising into a flame before his eyes. After contemplating the behaviour of that freakish male beauty for a moment, it seemed perfectly possible that man had found some strange, random pill to use as a trick.

The thought of the fact that he was trembling from the effects of a sex drug while that shameless man was hiding somewhere, secretly laughing, made a blast of rage swiftly dominate the entirety of Lu Cang's mind.

Calm down...calm down.. he told himself obsessively as he made a silent decision:

It's better to just quickly find some dog and try out the drug. If it's fake then it's better for me; I could quickly escape this self-deprecating place and return to the mountain.

After making his decision, he no longer hesitated. He hurriedly finished his morning routine then left the inn to find the ideal "drug trial subject."

Only when leisurely turning through Tong'an's alleyways did Lu Cang find that his flawless plan seemed to have some holes. Despite Tong'an's magnificent size, there were rarely any dogs that appeared on the

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streets. Even the occasional two dogs were led around on a leash by servants. Though he had full confidence that he could deal with these commoners who knew no martial arts, but robbing “commoners’ dogs” under the sun was really something that Lu Cang’s pride could not swallow.

After going in a few more circles with no avail, he finally gave in to impatience. He pulled over a random old man strolling by.

“Old sir, can you tell me why, though Tong’an is so large, I see no cats or dogs and the like?”

The old man asked, scrutinising Lu Cang, “Sir, you are not from here are you?”

“I just arrived from Hangzhou yesterday.”

“Then no wonder...last month, the emperor issued a decree. For the sake of Tong’an’s sanitation, families without servants specifically dedicated to taking care of dogs are not allowed to raise them...” Judging from the old man’s expression, he seemed to be in full agreement with Emperor Jing Zong’s decree.

“What?” Lu Cang cried, unable to control himself. His poor soul, which he considered fragile at this point, was nearly unable to withstand these continuous attacks.

After bidding the old man farewell, he walked back towards the inn, hopelessly hanging his head, sighing at his recent ill fortune from the innermost vicinity of his heart.

As he cut through a narrow valley, his eye was suddenly caught by a ball of something brownish-cinnamon in colour...

That...that...isn’t that what he had been searching for the entire morning without finding the slightest trace of...a dog?! And it had a fine appearance, too; its hide was smooth and shiny like water, clearly not a typical wild hound. But the most miraculous part was that it had no servant following it around. A flame lit up Lu Cang’s eyes in an instant, joy leaping to his face.

It was too perfect!!

Lu Cang, in a wild burst of delight, upfront tackled the dog. Though this dog could be considered as exceptionally menacing, how could it possibly defend against Lu Cang’s kung-fu skills? Only with two or three moves, it was tamed, suspending from Lu Cang’s hand as it was brought towards the inn.

Lu Cang only cared to be pleased with himself, but completely overlooked the fact that, on the head of the door near the extremely long walls fencing in the yard of the house from which he had just “picked up” the dog hung a grand banner with gold bronzing, on it written four large words “Tongxin Ducal Manor[4].”

That’s right, this beloved dog Fuqi just so happened to belong to the resident of this manor, the rich and powerful man “under one and above all others[5],” the royal younger brother of the current emperor himself. Relying on the fact that no one had the nerve to touch Tongxin’s family dog, the servant in charge of it had allowed the dog to freely roam about. However, it was merrily “picked up” and taken home by Lu Cang, who had not only just arrived but also mistook it for an offhanded blessing from heaven...

Naturally, the nearby commoners recognised Tongxin’s royal dog. So, seeing Lu Cang swaggering through the streets with Fuqi in his hands, there were obviously busybodies who ran pell-mell to the ducal manor for some reward.

Not knowing any of this, Lu Cang continued on his way back to the inn with the “blessing” hanging in his hand, as he headed straight for his own room and closed the door.

Lu Cang strapped the dog messily on the desk, then stuffed a piece of cloth in the mouth of the canine, which was barking like mad. Watching the dog struggling like crazy, he clapped his hands together in satisfaction. “Ah, doggie, doggie, it’s not that I want to do this to you. Blame that whatever freak Jing Xi...”

Taking out the jade-green pill from within his clothes, Lu Cang scooted closer to the dog...

The dog also seemed to know he meant harm, unexpectedly displaying an expression of fear. By now, Lu Cang seriously had no heart left to sympathise with the dog. He sucked in a deep breath and began shoving the pill into the dog's *that* lace...

There was great resistance from the very beginning. The narrowness of the dog's "channel" wasn't something that Lu Cang's human hand could easily enter. But since Lu Cang had already come this far, it was too late to turn back, and could only depend on that one bold inhale of air as he pushed his finger further in.

Lu Cang felt the dog's body trembling under his hold. If its mouth hadn't been sealed, it would probably be barking so chaotically the sky would collapse. Lu Cang also felt as if he ate a pile of rotten mud—uncomfortable as hell.

"Wretched man, go die! I hate you to death—going as far as forcing me to do this!" Not only were the dog's big, watery eyes filled with tears caused by extreme agony, but even Lu Cang himself was almost on the verge of crying.

hy[6]...why...In Lu Cang's twenty-one years on the road of life, he had only ever heard the laudatory cheers of heroism. From the time when he was seventeen and committed the biggest robbery in all of Jiangnan, he had always been the icon of "the outlaw hero[7]" in the eyes of the public. Why is it that in spite of all this, he was here, doing *this* f thing *today*?!

His throat full of anger from his own uselessness in this situation, Lu Cang, powered by his rage, pushed his finger in a huge length. Feeling the pill melting, he hurriedly began to pull his finger out *What a freakish drug, just like its owner—melts just as it hits the spot!*

But in the next moment, Lu Cang's face was drained of all colour: the finger he had shoved inside with great difficulty...was stuck.

The channel, strained to its absolute limit, expanded and contracted tensely, tightly binding onto Lu Cang's finger. Though he could pull his finger out using brute force, but if he did that, then the dog would surely die. Then wouldn't a whole morning's efforts be for naught?

Thinking of this, he tried his best to cleverly slide his hand out, but no matter how many attempts he made, the hand remained tightly stuck in an awkward position, unable to go in or come out.

Noisy shouting rose from outside the door, as if there was a large troop of people coming upstairs *They wouldn't be here for me, would they?*

Though the thought flew through his head, he was still frantically trying to quickly pull out the finger. But the more panicked he was the more disastrous it became; it was completely impossible to move a single inch.

The saying goes that "when you're unfortunate, even cold water gets stuck in your teeth." Right now, Lu Cang was definitely in that kind of situation. And what's more, the irritating but undying noise stopped right outside his door. Then, with a "clang!" as the door was knocked over, the people outside abruptly came face to face with the man inside...

Instantaneously, all voices froze. For the first time in his life, Lu Cang had the desire to evaporate into thin air. At that moment, his face was unquestionably uglier than a dead person's. Judging from the expression of the young man wearing luxurious clothing in the lead, Lu Cang could be sure that the scene before the young man's eyes had scared him.

"You...What're you doing..." The young man finally spoke after what seemed like ten thousand years, his voice wavering disbelievingly.

“Ah...ah...I was just...just...” Lu Cang seemed to have contracted a horrible stammer, and was unable to muster a single intelligible sentence no matter what

“Damned freak! How dare you steal mi’lord’s beloved dog?!” A servant jumped out from behind the young man in a flash, and, seizing Lu Cang’s hand, tried to pull it out. “Pull out your dirty hand!”

So, it was the dog’s owner that had arrived...Judging from the man’s upright, dignified figure and aristocratic aura, he was probably some sort of royalty or nobleman...The servant seemed to have called him “lord...”

The servant attempted to coercively yank out the hand, but with what little strength he had, how could he have succeeded? Seeing the situation as it was, the young man’s brows knitted tightly into a frown. “Quickly tie him up and bring him back to the manor! We can take our time there. Don’t embarrass me out here...”

“Aiya, what’re you doing? I’m just...just...” Glancing at the crowd of people large enough to drown him flowing into the room, Lu Cang struggled desperately for his life. However, two fists could never trump four hands, not to mention he was up against around ten highly-trained Imperial Guards[8]. No need to say, he ended up getting tied up like a solid dumpling.

“Put him in the palanquin[9]! Don’t let anyone on the streets see him!” the young man ordered as he turned to go downstairs. Lu Cang was pushed and shoved into following.

Stuffed in the palanquin and carried along the bumpy road all the way to the ducal manor, Lu Cang was dragged out the moment the palanquin was set on the ground, then tied to a pillar, hands and feet and all. A sorry state indeed.

“Mi’lord, how should he be punished?” The guard asked after tying up the unfortunate prisoner.

Zheng frowned as he scrutinised the man reduced to a muddle in front of him. The man’s eyes and brows were handsome, and his figure well-proportioned...not much like the appearance of a villain...

But when Zheng glimpsed the hand sank deeply inside his beloved dog, he decided to take back that previous statement.

“Mi’lord, mi’lord!” A guard suddenly rushed and tumbled into the room, and reported a few whispered words to Duke Tongxin[10]. Tongxin’s expression made an instantaneous and dramatic change.

“Keep a good eye on him,” he hurriedly ordered, then sped out the auxiliary hall.

Sprinting towards the inner chamber, Tongxin began calling out from a good distance away, “Big Brother[11], Big Brother!”

Barging into the room excitedly, he finally laid eyes on the unparalleled beauty that sat upright before the long desk. And who but the big brother he had missed and yearned for in the past few months?

“Big Brother, you’re back?” Affectionately leaning forward, Tongxin’s whole face glowed with love and admiration.

Jing smiled. His younger twin had always loved and relied on him ever since they were little, and as of today, though they were both past twenty, nothing had really changed.

Putting his arm around the shoulders that leaned towards him for an embrace, Jing asked, “I heard you just nobly captured a dog thief?”

“How did Big Brother know?” Zheng peaked out from Jing’s embrace, then continued angrily, “That thief is such a freak! He actually put his hand into the place where Fuqi does his business and then couldn’t get it out! It’s a pity for his tolerable looks!”

“Really?” An inkling of a smile leapt across Jing’s face. “Let me go see him.”

“Why would Big Brother want to see a freak like him...?” But, before he could finish his sentence, Zheng, receiving a stern look from Jing, quickly corrected himself, “I tied him up in the auxiliary hall. I’ll bring you there.”

.....

Following behind Zheng in the long hallway[12] leading to the auxiliary hall, Jing spotted a helpless silhouette faraway...It was really him! A single undetectable trace of a smile flashed across the corner of his mouth. “Give that man to Big Brother, alright?” he asked of his twin gently, in return receiving an I-have-no-idea-what-you’re-thinking[13] stare from Zheng.

“Big Brother, why would you need someone like this...” Seeing Jing’s frown reappear, Zheng immediately shut his mouth.

“Tell all the guards to leave, and don’t come in yourself either,” Jing commanded, watching in satisfaction as Zheng, though still wearing a puzzled expression, wave away the guards stationed outside the auxiliary hall.

Jing abruptly leapt away, his voice already suspended in midair, resounding, “I owe you one. Tomorrow morning, write me a petition[14]. You can ask for anything...”

Tracing his brother’s elegant figure traipsing towards the auxiliary hall, Zheng felt infinite disappointment and resentment rise from the pit of his stomach. Big Brother knew exactly what he wanted....but cruelly pretends to be oblivious...

As expected from the coldblooded, heartless, genius emperor material since childhood!

As Jing leapt gracefully into the auxiliary hall from the window, Lu Cang was vigorously contemplating a plan of escape. The sound of wind breaking in caught his ear, and he raised his head just in time to see Jing jump over the edge.

“You—!!!” His eyes widening in disbelief, Lu Cang was dumbstruck.

Fixing his eyes on the place where Lu Cang’s fingers and the dog connected, Jing couldn’t help the laughter that escaped his lips. Lu Cang immediately felt as if his blood had suddenly reversed its direction of flow. His recent luck was even worse than being drenched in black dog’s blood[15]. Being seen by Jing in such a horrendous state, Lu Cang really had the notion of giving up on such a miserable existence...

However, Jing smilingly approached, put a hand upon the dog, searched its belly for a short while, and held down on a pressure point—miraculously, that tightly-contracted channel magically loosened.

“Pull your hand out!” Jing ordered. Lu Cang did as was told, and the finger that had been struggling for an entire morning actually came out!

“Heavens!” Staring at his own hand in disbelief, Lu Cang didn’t even have time to bother with the nasty odour it emitted.

“We’ll do the same if I put it in and couldn’t get it out next time...” Jing was, once again, saying with a straight face, perverted things that Lu Cang couldn’t stand.

Noticing the rage flash across Lu Cang’s eyes, Jing quickly changed to a more serious tone of voice, “Hey, you owe me a favour...”

Lu Cang, whose sorriest state had been exposed to Jing, was no longer able to stay in his high chair. He could only hang his head and respond helplessly, “Thanks...I’ll definitely return your favour.”

“Then...” Leaning his lips near Lu Cang’s ear, Jing whispered, “Better earlier than later. Wait for me at that house at sunset...”

All of Lu Cang’s nerves abruptly tightened. He knew from the beginning that this evil demon couldn’t have had any good intentions...Lu Cang turned to toss him a loath-filled glare, but found that, just like how he disappeared every time after they did *that*, Jing was standing next to the window, ready to leave.

Then, as if remembering something, he suddenly turned his head and smiled lightly, “You can just leave like this. No one will stop you. Remember, wait for me in that house...”

nbsp; Once again, Lu Cang was stunned by his otherworldly beauty. Lu Cang looked down, and when he raised his head again, Jing was gone without a trace.

Struggling to his feet, Lu Cang was just about to leave when a sudden thought struck him, and he picked up the unconscious Fuqi on the floor *Hmph!! Damned dog, making me go through all that hell! Just you wait! I’ll take real good care of you when we get back...and find another male dog to fuck you to death!*

Just as that freak had said, it was still as death all the way to the door: there wasn’t a single man around. Lu Cang escaped the Tongxin Ducal Manor very smoothly. And now he perched at a street intersection, hesitating, for a moment, on where to go.

After letting people see him like that, there was no way he could return to the inn. But if he went to wait in that house like that freak wanted, what awaited him was definitely *that* sort of revolting thing...

But they often say “even bandits have virtue[16].” Keeping the honourable word[17] as the most important to a man, after all.

Lu Cang felt his head beginning to hurt as a mental battle commenced. After all the pushing and pulling, it was the deeply-rooted idea of preserving reputation that won.

Godammit!! It’s just getting my arsehole poked a few times, not like I would die! It’s better than ruining my honourable credibility.

Poor Lu Cang, under the impression that it was all for the heroic doctrine of adhering to the code of honour even if you bleed, began to take the dauntless steps of no return[18] towards the house.

[1] Chinese dialects- unless you’re Chinese, you probably don’t know this, but there are countless dialects, which makes communication quite difficult between people from different parts of China. For instance, Lu Cang is from Hangzhou, which is like upper-south and far east. I’ve been there, and their dialect is...alright. Tong’an is the same as Chang’an, which is nowadays known as Xi’an, and their dialect is, at least for me, a bit more daunting.

[2] Xxx- once again, the x’s aren’t my censorship. They were in the original, which could either be the Chinese government’s censorship or the author’s own censorship.

[3] Wulin- see chapter 1 and 2 footnotes (synonymous with jianghu).

[4] Tongxin Ducal Manor (同心王府)- I know I translated it as Duke Tongxin Manor in the manga/manhua, but it’s actually more accurate as “ducal manor.”

[5] Under one and above all others (一人之下，万人之上)- phrase often used to refer to a seat of power in the government who was above all others except for the emperor himself.

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[6] Why- it would be more accurately translated as “whereby” but that sounds quite Shakespearian and purple patchy so I just went with “why” like I did in the manga/manhua...

[7] The outlaw hero- a loose Chinese concept, sort of like Robinhood, of people from jianghu aka kung-fu people/martial artists who rob the rich and are kind to the poor. Lu Cang does exactly this, so no, he is not a purely “bad” person.

[8] The Imperial Guard- the Imperial Guards are royal bodyguard troops that eventually developed into a paramilitary protection squad that were also involved in things like capturing S class criminals, etc, etc. Basically, they do whatever the emperor/people in charge wants them to do within the spectrum of the capital

[9] Palanquin (轿子)- It's a type of four-man, box-shaped litter (a type of vehicle carried by people).

[10] Tongxin- I know this is confusing how the author uses it, but Zheng and Tongxin are the same person. Tongxin is his title. If you read some old British literature, you'd often see stuff like Duke of York or Earl of Salisbury, which are all their titles. But in the case of Chinese nobility, their titles aren't always named after their piece of land, since, like in this case, not all Chinese nobility are designated a fief.

[11] Big brother (皇兄)- a more accurate translation would be “imperial big brother,” since 皇 means “imperial” whereas 兄 is “older brother.” But putting that in would be awkward.

[12] Chinese hallways- note, all Chinese hallways are outside (there's a roof and railings and everything. It's like a super-extended gazebo).

[13] I-have-no-idea-what-you're-thinking- I took advantage of the common “using hyphens to connecting everything as a comedic adjective” approach, but the original description used here is “丈二和尚摸不着头脑,” which roughly translates to “one zhang two monk whose head is unreachable” (that makes very little sense to you right now, just bear with me). So in ancient China, the average person's height is about 8 chi (1 chi=1/3 of a metre) and if the average man were to raise their arm straight up, they'd reach to about 1 zhang (1 zhang=3 1/3 metres) tall. However, for some reason, the average height of monks was around 1 zhang and 2 chi (be a monk=be taller?), so the average person would not be able to reach the top of a monk's head. After going through all that explanation, the implied meaning of this silly idiom is that you aren't able to understand what the other person is thinking.

[14] 奏折 zou zhe: Petition/report)- It's the main way officials report to the emperor, give advice, request stuff, etc. A major portion of the emperor's job (like, the most headache-inducing part) is to go through all the zou zhe that all the officials hand in each morning (it's basically like a huge pile each day. *shivers in fear* No wonder Jing is so pissed off and runs away all the time xD).

[15] Purse of black dog's blood- According to Chinese superstitions, it's believed that you can curse someone by pouring dog's blood (black because it's cursed) on them.

[16] ven bandits have virtue (盗亦有道)- Chinese saying that means exactly what it sounds like, but here it's used as a half-joke, since Lu Cang is ACTUALLY a bandit. xDDD

[17] Keeping your word- for people of Jianghu, keeping your word is one of the near-sacred virtues of the unspoken Jianghu code of chivalry. Lu Cang is a stereotypical adherer to Jianghu code of chivalry (okay, so his fellow brothers kidnap women. Admittedly, that is not very chivalrous, but the Jianghu code applies to both “good” and “bad” people so nowhere in it does it say you have to be nice to girls. Since this isn't a kung-fu novel, I won't go into specifics about the Jianghu code of honour)

[18] Countless steps of no return- the original description used here is “易水寒壮士不返”, which is a slightly inaccurate and altered reference to the famous line “风萧萧兮 易水寒, 壮士一去兮 不复还,” which is the first line of a two-line son 《易水寒》 composed in the Warring States era. The song is written in honour of a failed assassination of the King of Qin (later Qin Shihuang 秦始皇 first emperor of China). The line laments the

death of the assassin, who is a fallen hero to his country. A rough translation of this famous line is “the wind cools the waters of Yi, the warrior leaves and never returns.” And yes, Lu Cang is being overdramatic.

~~&&~~

He sat in the bedroom of the small house for a good few hours. Rain began to fall from the sky all of a sudden.

Lu Cang stiffly listened to the sound of rain drumming on the roof tiles. The ideals of heroism that had spurred his courage a while ago had, with time, drained away until there wasn't much left. Gazing out at the dank, dark sky outside the window, the wretched images of him screaming and crying beneath that freak seemed to emerge before his eyes again.

Lu Cang suddenly sprang to his feet—*if it's this sort of heroism, I think I'll pass!*

A swift escape was best!

Only when he rushed to the door did he discover that the rainstorm was frightfully big, so he began to search the room for an umbrella. After finally locating a worn down umbrella, just when he was about to step out the door...

Reality once again gave proof to Lu Cang's unluckiness...

In the courtyard outside, that celestial-like figure robed in white stood in the rain...and who but Jing? He didn't carry an umbrella. All around him floated a wondrous, invisible field of qi[1]. The raindrops slid down before they could touch his clothes, almost as if he were the mythological god of rain[2] that had come to visit the human world...

Jing strode in leisure, his long hair flowing in the rain, until he came face to face with Lu Cang.

Seeing Lu Cang staring tongue-tied at himself, Jing began to laugh again. “Idiot, what're you staring for...”

“Ah! Ah...ah...sit...sit, sit...” Lu Cang was already unable to form an intelligible sentence. Under the potency of Jing's intimidation, he stepped backward again and again, and was thus forced to sit on the edge of the bed.

“Inviting me to sit? It should be ‘push me down’.” Jing beamed, the dark pupils under his long lashes just like the world's rarest gems, shining in the dimness of the bedroom. Enraptured by a pair of eyes like these, Lu Cang was unable to utter a single word, and could only be dumbly pushed down.

Pieces of clothing were stripped off one by one to reveal the strong, smooth, honey-coloured body.

Jing's right hand gently caressed Lu Cang's sensitive neck, chest, sliding all the way down to the centre of his body.

“Ah—!” The moment Jing tightened his grip, Lu Cang threw his head back uncontrollably as a moan rose up from the pit of his stomach.

“What a sweet sound.” Jing's voice was also so sweet that Lu Cang's heart gave a wrench.

Jing wore no underclothes beneath the white, middle layer, which fell to the floor along with the long outer robe sewn with exquisite peonies. He picked Lu Cang up, and soon the two were entangled together, naked and bare.

Haphazard positions. Jing sat kneeling while Lu Cang, sitting in lap, wrapped his own two legs around Jing's waist. Sensing Jing's powerful desire swelling up underneath him, Lu Cang felt a surge of heat rush to his head as well...

Jing held Lu Cang tightly in his arms, feeling that soft, smooth body rub against his own. An uncontrollable, animalistic instinct rose. Aggressively holding down the well-built body beneath him, he ruthlessly bit into Lu Cang's tight, muscular shoulder...

"You're mad!" Lu Cang cried in shock, trying to pry Jing off of himself but completely unable to defend against Jing's terrifying strength. The sharp teeth sank painfully deeply into his flesh. Hot tears welled up in his eyes.

"Ha...the body of a trained fighter really does have more bite!" Lifting his head up from Lu Cang's shoulder, Jing, after examining the startling damage that he did, unexpectedly uttered a sentence that almost made Lu Cang hurl blood.

"You're really not a normal freak...wah...ah...hng..." Before he could curse at Jing, Jing had already begun attempting to enter his body in that very position.

It did not go smoothly in the beginning. Lu Cang's tense muscles guarded that small crevice as if for its life, not allowing any foreign object to enter. The impatient Jing pulled the two halves of Lu Cang's buttocks apart with his hands, and just like that, began to enter through brute force.

"Hurts...hurts so much...don't use this position..." That large xxx seemed to penetrate straight to the centre of his body, reaching into a deep, never-before-touched part of Lu Cang's body. Lu Cang began to wail like a ghost from the agony.

"Don't yell! What're you yelling for...I'm hurting too..." Jing, who was also gritting and grinding his teeth from the pain, repeatedly slapped Lu Cang, trying to make him relax.

Jing had fixed Lu Cang upon his lap using pure strength. Lu Cang's body weight sank him downwards, making him more and more scared. Scared that he'd be penetrated through to the intestine just like this. With this chilling thought in mind, he hung on to Jing's neck for his life, and just like that, brought Jing down with him. Jing had now ended up lying on top of him.

"You were the one who said not to use this position..." Jing frowned.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah...do whatever you want. Just don't... ah, I'm about to be penetrated through..." Lu Cang muttered repeatedly, only wishing for Jing to stop invading from the back. However, he didn't notice the suspicious hint of a smile that flitted across the corner of Jing's beautiful mouth.

With a vehement evulsion, Jing pulled out his unfulfilled desire from inside Lu Cang, catching Lu Cang unawares, which naturally came with a burst of wild screams. But the real attack with Jing's next move.

Jing reached out his hand and stuffed his fingers inside Lu Cang's mouth to pry it open.

"What...what're you doing..." Lu Cang exclaimed, feeling Jing's body slide upwards along his own to rest above his head as Jing's two legs trapping his head in between.

"Didn't you tell me I could do whatever I want..." Much to Lu Cang's irritation, Jing's voice was calm, completely mismatched with that eager, restless thing between his legs.

Under the strong restraint of Jing's legs, Lu Cang's twisted and turned his head furiously. In this position, the lewd sight of Jing's erection filled his vision. He was so shamed, so degraded, that he almost began to cry.

"No...don't..." Feeling Jing's erection upon his lip, Lu Cang all of a sudden realised, in horrified alarm, what Jing was about to do. Distress almost brimmed over in his heart and head at once.

“You...if you dare...dare come in...I definitely...definitely...will bite it off!” Lu Cang squeezed out his voice, afraid to open his mouth as he scrambled to express his feelings of deep disgust and hopelessness towards Jing’s abominable intentions.

Jing once again revealed that smile Lu Cang loathed to absolute extremes. “Really? Then...thank you for reminding me!”

In the most elegant of gestures, Jing moved his hand over Lu Cang’s vital shoulder pressure points[3]. It was only a light push, but Lu Cang’s intense struggles quieted at once, only leaving a pair of mortified, large eyes staring at those exquisitely-shaped and exceptionally refined hands seizing onto the lower jaw. Then followed a blunt, crisp “crack.” The sound of his jawbone being dislocated from his skull resounding inside Lu Cang’s head, at this moment, was nothing short of the sky breaking and collapsing.

Lu Cang’s mouth hung tragically, wide open. He could only watch as Jing inserted that large, pink, rod straight into the depth of his mouth.

“Oof—” The merciless thing stuck all the way up to Lu Cang’s throat, causing a bout of rough, vomiting noises. However, Jing failed to sympathise with Lu Cang, for whom it was first time using this approach. Jing refused to use the beginner’s method of sequential and gradual entrances, but instead shoved himself deep into Lu Cang’s completely defenceless throat.

“It’s even wetter and hotter than a woman’s...” Teasingly uttering those demeaning words, Jing watched, without much surprise, two trails of hot tears rolling down the pair of tightly-shut, big eyes...

It wasn’t the first time that Lu Cang was reduced to tears by Jing in bed. Pretty much after their first encounter, tears would always imbue their intercourse with a layer of rich voluptuousness. But Emperor Xuan Yuan Jing, who had become numb to the usual ways of lovemaking, seemed to take a liking to this kind of abnormal situation, which was also the most basic reason he bedded the unfortunate Lu Cang again and again in spite of his frivolous nature. In front of the Lu Cang who had no idea who he really was, he could fully indulge in his vicious and insolent search for queer lust and desire.

With only his head able to move freely, Lu Cang lay miserably on the spacious, brocaded, satin bed. Jing was situated above his head with knees firmly set on the bed, holding Lu Cang’s head up with both hands to tightly press the head to his lower body, fitting his thick, large rod straight into Lu Cang’s mouth.

Jing exercised all his hip strength into a full-on invasion. That enormous, fiery thing went back and forth into Lu Cang’s fine, slender oesophagus, every push stirring Lu Cang’s stomach into an unbearable state. Lu Cang’s hair, which had long since been pulled loose, fell like a long, black waterfall sinking into the bed, shivering with Jing’s every ferocious push.

“Ugh...hng...hng...” His mouth blocked, Lu Cang could only moan in wordless silence. The only passage for breathing, his nostrils, was also obstructed due to the crying. During this long, long torture, he had already fainted a handful of times, but was always instantly awoken by the savage shocks...

I can’t breathe...I’m about to die...

The horror of being completely unable to breathe stifled Lu Cang’s heart, which had seized into a crumpled ball from the misery of his current predicament.

Feeling the thing inside his mouth swiftly expand and jerk sporadically...Lu Cang, also being a man, obviously understood that this was the portent to climax...

“Nngh—Nngh—!” Lu Cang wriggled his head violently, the only thing that Lu Cang, rendered inaudible, could do to prevent the man above him from committing this sort of utmost evil on himself.

However, Jing was not about to give Lu Cang the chance to have his final blow. Holding on even tighter to secure the chaotically-struggling head, Jing sped up the rhythm of thrusting into that soft, wonderful, heated wetness as he prepared to welcome the arrival of pleasure's peak...

Sensing Jing's wicked intentions, Lu Cang's eyes widened in terror; alarm, abhorrence, agony, and hopelessness twisted into one big mess in his dark eyes...

It's better to just die...It's better to just die right now...

Cries of anguish emanating from the depth of his heart, Lu Cang's consciousness was near the edge of complete breakdown.

As if in a kind of response, Jing's rod began dancing with even more animation at this very moment. The fiery upsurge of brimming fervour spurted out. The bitter, viscous fluid flowed from Lu Cang's throat down into the depth of Lu Cang's body. Even the inside of his mouth was immersed with the hot fluid carrying Jing's body heat, flooding the whole of the spaces between lip and teeth...

Jing let out a long, relieved sigh. Preserving the position of insertion, he thrust back and forth a few more times in at a slightly slower speed, enjoying the aftershock of climax, then began to retreat outward...

Feeling Jing draw out the thing that was gradually cooling, Lu Cang barely managed to keep his muscles from making swallowing lurches to avoid ingesting any more of Jing's fluids...

But in the next second, this thought was proved to be a product of Lu Cang's narrow and poor understanding of Jing.

Jing withdrew himself from Lu Cang's mouth. His next move was to reach out and reconnect the jawbone that had been barbarically removed. As his skilled hand pushed up on the seam of the bone, it made a minor adjustment, and so...

With a "plop," that mouthful of degradation's proof swiftly slid down Lu Cang's oesophagus. Not a single drop left.

Biting down so hard he was on the brink of breaking a mouthful of steely teeth, Lu Cang used up all the lethal maliciousness he could muster into the glare he fixed on Jing. But Jing was not threatened, flashing a sweet, beautiful smile as he carelessly undid the pressure points.

Jing originally thought that Lu Cang would directly attack him in a desperate fight to the death, but instead, Lu Cang sprang off the bed, yanking up the robe thrown on the floor beside the bed as he flew out the door.

It's pouring outside right now...where's he going?

Jing, a bit afraid that Lu Cang was going to commit suicide, also rushed to throw some outer garments on himself and followed Lu Cang outside.

After only the first step out the door, Jing saw Lu Cang pitifully crouching in the hallway outside, hanging onto the pillar desperately as he vomited. The unbelted, long robe slid down his shoulders, revealing the honey-coloured sleekness, the well-muscled, sensuous body half-hidden by the open robe. However, Lu Cang seemed to be completely oblivious to the fact that his behaviour was exceedingly alluring to the villainous Jing.

Though the filth was quickly washed away by the heavy downpour, Jing still clearly saw that, mixed with the food Lu Cang hurled out, was the white body fluid. An uncanny smile lit up his face. This strong man before his eyes had completely surrendered to him. He had been pried open by him and conceded to a sort of unsightly vulnerability...

This was the man with whom he had the most intimate bodily contact...and his body's secretion was like the deepest scar, acutely marking this man's every organ and every cell...

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This hallway enveloped in the great downpour of flourishing summer...the air was somehow filled with the light fragrance of lotus flowers. Jing, in all his unrivalled beauty, silently stood beside the hall's pillar, watching that man, who had not a pint of heroism left, vomiting out his heart and lungs...

.....

The rain gradually ceased.

"Monster...monster..."

After all that, Jing had coerced Lu Cang into intercourse two more times. Now, as he muttered curses under his breath, Lu Cang slowly woke from semi-unconsciousness in the hallway.

But all that was before his eyes were the roof's eaves dripping with sparkling, crystal raindrops. That demon who had brought about his destruction was nowhere to be found...

No!

I'll definitely die if it goes on like this... Lu Cang lay grievously on the hallway floor, not an ounce of strength left in his body. He could only repeat to himself over and over again his doomed fate.

When will days like this come to an end...

[1] Invisible field of qi- alright, this part probably sounds really weird and magical to you guys, so allow me to explain. Qi is a fundamental element of the kung-fu genre (which this novel slightly dabbles in). It's actually an invisible flow of some force that travels in complex routes all over your body, passing through all the acupoints/pressure points, and it also maintains the balance between yin (cold, weak, feminine) and yang (hot, strong, male). According to kungfu novels, which is a stand-alone genre because it speaks an entire language (full of jargon like qi, etc) of its own, someone who has mastered their qi (qi is what they call inner kung-fu. External kung-fu would be all the moves and stuff) to a certain level is able to manipulate it to form a sort of force field outside their body. Yes, this is an extreme exaggeration by kung fu novelists, but it's goddamn cool. If you read more into kung-fu novels, there's a lot of stuff like honing qi to a certain part of your body or sword qi and qi's relation to murderous intent...etc. On another note, I have no idea how an emperor had the time to become a highly-skilled kung fu master, but he did...

[2] God of Rain- I'm not sure if this pun was implied, but the Chinese God of Rain is the dragon, and the emperor's symbol is the dragon...

[3] Pressure points- taking advantage of pressure points, or striking them, is another fundamental part of martial arts. The basic idea of striking pressure points is to alter and/or obstruct the flow of qi in a certain way. Different combinations of pressure points can have different effects, such as uncontrolled laughter, unconsciousness, or even death. The most common usage of pressure points in kung fu novels, though, is to paralysis and sometimes muteness on top of that

Chapter 4

Chaotic Flowers Confuse the Eye

Though located in the north, Tong'an's summers were, surprisingly, frequented by rain.

Lu Cang sat in front of the desk in the four-sided courtyard house, watching the drip-dropping eaves. His mood had pretty much hit rock-bottom. He had already stayed in Tong'an for more than two months. When he had first arrived in Tong'an from Hangzhou, he had never imagined he would stay for so long, so he hadn't much money on his person.

As of now, he had already written to Hangzhou telling them to bring him money, but meanwhile, before the money arrived, it was still prudent to spend a bit thriftier.

Because of this, Lu Cang had moved to the house near Yue Long Bridge. However, though he saved the inn money...

Living here...

Horrid memories were everywhere. That bed needn't be mentioned; but why, even while strolling along the halls, gazing at the flowers, trees, and grass in yard, and sitting in the western auxiliary hall used for dining, were those filthy, depraved images emerging in his mind?

All this... could only be blamed on that freakish man's extreme state of mutation! Remembering how last time, when the two of them ate together, Jing suddenly unleashed a surge of savage instinct and pressed him flat onto the table, Lu Cang's face, once again, uncontrollably flushed red...

The only place left was the study...

He gave a bitter, humourless laugh at the fact that he slept on the floor though there was a bed (that bed would make him develop insomnia) and ate out instead of using the kitchen (though he had little money). This only served to darken his gloomy mood.

So bored...

Seemingly the heavens' response to Lu Cang's silent cries, the "knock knock" sound of someone rapping on the door broke through the quiet courtyard's atmosphere out of the blue.

Lu Cang rose to his feet, puzzled. Jing never knocked when he visited...

Who could it be?

Lu Cang cautiously opened the door, and upon the sight of the man standing outside, all of his gloom immediately spread into a smile.

"Third Brother!"

He quickly caught the visitor in an embrace. The excitement of seeing one of his brothers from the mountain made Lu Cang forget that his visitor was wearing a straw rain cape dripping with water. When he released his Third Brother, his own robes had also been soaked through.

But Lu Cang didn't think much of it. He let go of his exhausted sworn brother and helped him lead his horse into the yard.

"Third Brother, how come it's you who came? It would've been fine to just have sent Xiao Sang." Xiao Sang was Lu Cang's personal attendant. Lu Cang, who was ever so intent on preserving his reputation, feared Xiao Sang would find out about the embarrassing situation between him and Jing, so he didn't bring Xiao Sang with him to Tong'an.

This Mt. Lu Cang's third-in-command was named Cao Xin, third in order of seniority, though he was really three years older than Big Brother Lu Cang. He was forthright in conduct, valued loyalty, and got along with Lu Cang the best out of all the others.

Seeing Lu Cang's extreme excitement upon seeing him, Cao Xin flashed a sincere smile. "Big Brother hasn't been back to the Stronghold for these past few months. You've made us really worried, so Second Brother told me to come see Big Brother in the capital and help out where I can..."

"Hehe..." After taking care of the horse, Cao Xin took off the rain cape, sat down in the study, and laughed stupidly before speaking. "Actually, it's also because I've long since heard of the capital's grandeur and wanted to come enjoy myself."

"Hehehe..." He laughed dumbly a few more times, but Cao Xin soon found that after the initial thrill, Lu Cang had since then kept to a silent frown. Thinking Lu Cang was displeased that he was staying so long, the smile instantly disappeared from Cao Xin's face. "Big Brother, is it inconvenient for me to stay..."

"No, no...what're you talking about..." Lu Cang quickly mustered a smile and continued, "I was just lost in a moment of homesickness and got a bit melancholy. That's all..." He looked down a slight bit, images of the glorious days being King at Mt. Lu Cang flashing through his head. Then, thinking of the tragic misfortunes in the capital, unavoidable sentimentality spouted up in his stomach.

Seeing that Lu Cang spoke endearingly, Cao Xin was also able to put down a huge boulder that had weighed down his heart. He had originally thought Big Brother was enjoying himself so much in the capital that Big Brother didn't miss home at all. However, now it seemed as if it was only business that tripped him up; he really did want to return to the Stronghold after all.

"You haven't eaten yet, have you, Third Brother?" Lu Cang stood up and asked, sensing that the atmosphere was growing a bit emotional.

"Ah...no need, Big Brother...I brought provisions..." Cao Xin hurriedly rose to his feet, afraid of troubling his Big Brother.

"How could I let you eat that stuff? Come, come, come, my treat. Let us go to the capital's number one restaurant for a drink!" When Lu Cang considered how he had been in the capital for more than two months and hadn't even a good tour around the city, he decided that this was a good opportunity for him to go out and escape some of the gloom. And thus, his spirits were also aroused.

At this, Cao Xin began to smile. The smile turned into bashfulness, which appeared exceedingly queer on that large, rough face.

Noticing Cao Xin's strange expression, Lu Cang promptly asked, "What's wrong, Third Brother? Is there somewhere else you want to go?"

"Hehehe..." He pulled another bout of his trademark laughter, then said, "I've long since heard of the astounding beauty of the girls from the capital's Tonghua House. This time, coming to the capital...hehehe...I sort of wanted an eye-opener..."

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Ah, so he wanted to visit the capital's prostitutes... Lu Cang's brows knitted into a frown. His brothers from Mt. Lu Cang had always been indulgent in women. They even went as far as to capturing potential Ladies of the Stronghold from the foot of the mountain day in and day out for the Big Brother whom they thought disliked women.

And the results... drum roll! Helped him captured the God of Misfortune.

Truth be told, it wasn't that he didn't like beautiful women; his expectations were just a tad higher. Seeing that it was difficult for Third Brother to come to the capital this once, Lu Cang found it truly hard to deny him this one favour. So, he could only sigh and say, "Then I'll listen to you. We'll eat at Tonghua Tower, then afterwards we'll go to Tonghua House!"

"Yay! Big Brother is so awesome!" Cao Xin laughed like a child, and even pulled Lu Cang into a bear hug.

Lu Cang smiled helplessly. In actuality, Lu Cang was a little tired. One time, after an episode of intense intimacy, Jing had forced him to accept the so-called "three rules of contract," one of which was he couldn't play with women.

Lu Cang's rebellious side had once again begun to stir, and his interest in this little adventure along with it.

Fuck him! Who was that pig anyway?! Why should I listen to him?!

I'd rather take my chances and if my luck is really that bad! So bad that I'll meet that ever-present ghost of a freak even if it's to see some prostitutes!

I—just—don't—believe—it!!!

With the intention in mind to challenge Jing's authority, which had been indestructible so far, Lu Cang led Cao Xin in the direction of Tonghua House agitatedly.

Speaking of Tonghua Tower, now that's a place *no one* in the capital doesn't know about.

As the entertainment centre for government and palace officials, it not only offered all the services of a restaurant, opera house, brothel, circus, cabaret, bathhouse, and other similar amusements, it even offered stadiums for poem competitions, martial arts contests, and the like.

Of course, the most famous of all this was still Tonghua House, rumoured to have three thousand beautiful prostitutes. It was said that not only the honoured chief prostitutes, the Twelve Celestial Flowers (all twelve equally goddess-like), but even each and every one of the most unpopular and low-tiered Flower Maidens were worth seeing.

Though Lu Cang was already mentally prepared, after eating with Cao Xin and as he stood in front the Tonghua House building modelled after the imperial palace's spaciousness and luxury, he still suffered a tremendous shock.

What kind of brothel was this? It was quite clearly a ducal manor! It seemed as if the rumour that the behind-the-scenes owner of Tonghua Tower was the man who had enough power to sway the whole nation, Duke Tongxin, might not be just wind from an empty tunnel.

"Two sirs, which floor's room would you like?" The procuress perched near the door, spotting the two's tolerably well-dressed appearance, eagerly came up to greet them.

When they were dining a moment ago, Cao Xin had told Lu Cang that this time he had brought up to the ten thousands of silver liang for Lu Cang. Originally they had thought Lu Cang was in urgent need of money for something important, but who knew that it was only for daily spending.

With ample money in his pockets, Lu Cang's tone grew involuntarily bold.

"Are any of the girls of the Celestial Flowers available..."

The procuress showed a disbelieving expression. "Guest, if you want a Celestial Flower, that's one hundred liang per hour..."

Lu Cang did a rough estimation in his head. *So, having two girls overnight, that would be at most twenty hours. It's difficult to come this once; spending two thousand liang for an eye-opener is reasonable.*

"Pick two pretty ones. We brothers are going to have a great time tonight!" Lu Cang, having done his math, immediately put on the appearance of a particularly wealthy customer as he watched the procuress's face light up and glow.

"Wah, Xiao Lan, Xiao Ju! Quickly come and bring the two high officials to a Celestial Flower Room!" the procuress shouted at the top of her lungs. Sensing the envious gazes all fall on the two of them one by one, Lu Cang finally felt, for the first time in the past two months, as if all his bad luck and misfortune were swept away at once.

Merrily following after Lu Cang into the courtyard decorated so extravagantly it was intimidating, Cao Xin had become so excited he could barely speak. "Big...Big, Big, Big...Brother, spending this much money...this much money...is it really alright? Really alright..."

Annoyed to the point he couldn't bear it anymore, Lu Cang turned around and answered, "Be quiet! This amount of money, what does it matter? Just wait until I get back to Hangzhou...hehe...we'll get it all back in one go!" His eyes glowed in golden resplendence, as if he could already see some Jiangnan tycoon crying and snivelling in agony under his mighty prowess.

But Cao Xin stood there staring, dumbstruck for a moment before he uttered bluntly, "Big, Big, Big...Brother, why is it that this time I come, it seems that you're more...more...you've become...become prettier than before..."

At this, Lu Cang jerked to a stop. Cao Xin was immediately scared into silence, only brave enough to continue hurrying behind Lu Cang, his neck shrunk back in fear.

Lu Cang didn't betray any emotion on the surface, but a sky-crashing tsunami had been triggered by those words. *Pretty? Pretty!*

Me? Me, a black road leader?!

Having been unexpectedly described as such by a subordinate, he really felt as if he was on the brink of tears now. "Handsome" and "capable" were all common words of praise he received, but *pretty?* "Pretty" had always been used to describe women...

Wah! It was definitely that freak's fault! Just why...after he had been topped by that freak, he was being described as *"pretty?"*

He gave Cao Xin a mental roll of the eyes as he followed the two little Flower Servants to a stop in a room decorated like a palace from the heavens.

"Please come in, guests. There will be our big sister Flower Servants taking care of you inside." After an exceedingly polite bow, the two Flower Servants turned and left.

HUA HUA YOU LONG Novel

“The Celestial Yue Wei and Yu Rong are awaiting your honourable arrival!” Two faerie-like beauties floated loftily in from the door, then assumed a respectful posture in invitation—it seemed as if someone had brought the news of the two guests a while ago.

The two swept back their robes, trying their best to appear refined as they followed the two breathtaking beauties into the main hall.

Wah! The Flower Servants were already this beautiful. Who knew how beautiful the Celestial Flowers were?

Hearts filled with thrill, Lu Cang and Cao Xin sat down in the guest hall bedecked like the royal palace of commoners’ imaginations, turned their heads towards the stairs, and awaited the arrival of the beauties.

The Flower Servants brought out tea. The two sipped quite a few mouthfuls before finally hearing the sound of footsteps on the stairs.

In the light, misty fragrance of the room, the two heavenly beauties descended, jade pendants jingling, ribbons of dresses flying. They truly gave the illusion of celestial maidens landing in the world of mundane to their two beholders, who, for a second, forgot to breathe with their mouths hanging open...

“The humble Yue Wei...”

“The humble Yu Rong...”

“Pay our respects to the two young masters!” Even the two beauties’ voices were like orioles emerging from a mountain valley—they definitely had the power to melt souls.

“Quickly, rise! Quickly, rise!” Cao Xin was already so thrilled he forgot to keep up appearances, and could only grin stupidly. “Two little sisters, quickly, sit over here, over here...I’m Cao Xin. This is my big brother Lu Cang...”

“Third Brother...” Lu Cang’s brows furrowed a little. Who talked to prostitutes like he did—like an impatient monkey?

Lu Cang held out his hand charmingly towards the girl wearing purple, and said, “Yue Wei, sit over here.”

Yue Wei’s person was just like her name. Skin white as snow, eyes soft as a feather on water, a mien of pure tenderness, and combined with the violet clothes she wore, she was exactly like the quietly-blooming rose under the moon. She was just the type that Lu Cang liked.

Yue Wei smiled gently at Lu Cang, and shyly went over to sit by him.

“Yu Rong...” Before Cao Xin could finish speaking, Yu Rong had already leaned into his arms. “Aiya, the two young masters look really unfamiliar. Is it your first time?” Compared to Yue Wei’s reserved personality, Yu Rong was a lot livelier.

Cao Xin, dazed by her obsequious and affectionate words, began to speak in a trembling voice, “My Big Brother and I are...are from Hangzhou. It’s my first time in the capital...”

“Aiya...annoying!” Yu Rong scooted closer to him, then threw Lu Cang a flirtatious glance. “You’re clearly older than him, so why would you call him ‘Big Brother’?”

“Because...because Big Brother...because Big Brother is Big Brother!” Cao Xin couldn’t think of an answer on such short notice, so he could only grin.

HUA HUA YOU LONG Novel

Lu Cang frowned again. He had always liked quiet, gentle girls. Girls as overly feisty as Yu Rong were, for him, a bit too much to take. Afraid that if things progressed as they did that Cao Xin might spill their background, Lu Cang pulled the sweetly-smiling Yue Wei a little closer into his arms and changed the subject. “Yue Wei, Yu Rong, ladies, don’t just ask us questions...also tell us a little about yourselves. It seems...Yue Wei, how old are you?”

Yue Wei blushed, then leaned her head on Lu Cang’s shoulder. “I’m eighteen this year. Big Sister Yu Rong is nineteen...”

Lu Cang felt her soft body pressed to his own, the sweet fragrance of warm jade floating into his nose, and was nearly moved to tears. For these past few months, his experiences in the bedroom had been the worst of the worst. It seemed as if today was finally his chance to wash himself clean of all his shame.

He tentatively reached his hand towards Yue Wei’s slightly-risen bosom. Yue Wei flinched slightly under his hand, then immediately succumbed in obedience, allowing him to do as he wanted...

Yu Rong, who saw all of this happen right before her eyes, began to exclaim, “Aiya!! Young Master Lu! You appear so fine and capable. Why are you so perverted?”

Cao Xin gave a light “haha” to the side, then answered for Lu Cang, “Big Brother’s been on some business in the capital for the past two months or so. He probably hasn’t been around women for a while, right?” Fixing Lu Cang with a questioning gaze, he awaited his Big Brother’s word of confirmation.

“Ye...yeah...I haven’t been around “women” for quite a while...”

Damn it! Lu Cang swore to himself as he answered. *This idiot! He just has to mention what needn’t be mentioned!*

Sure I’ve only been around “men” these past two months—but I was forced!

He felt the pit of his stomach begin to ache. The hand that pressed down on Yue Wei’s chest gradually released.

“Then we’ll really have to make Little Sister Yue Wei wait on you well!” Yu Rong smiled delicately to the side, meanwhile exchanging with Yue Wei a “this time you’re doomed” look, then stood up. “It’s difficult for the two young masters to come this once. Let’s not waste a fine spring evening. I think that it’s getting late...”

A grin bloomed on Cao Xin’s face. He was about to spend a spring night together with the beauty of his dreams. How could he not be excited?

Lu Cang was also tremendously eager. He stood up with an arm around Yue Wei, and smiled at Yu Rong, “Thanks for the help.”

Just when he was about to ask Yue Wei which room was theirs, the door sprang open with an enormous bam!, interrupting their conversation.

The procuress stood at the door, looking so panicked as if she didn’t know what to do. She spoke in frenzy, “Yue Wei, Yu Rong, go tell the rest of your sisters to come downstairs and greet our honoured guests...”

Yue Wei and Yu Rong stopped in surprise, then were about to hurry away when Lu Cang caught their arms.

Turning to the procuress, Lu Cang demanded in rage, “What is this about? We’ve already bought out the two girls for today. What ‘greet honoured guests’?”

“Ah...ah...I’m really sorry, our two honoured guests. The Celestial Flowers won’t be taking any more customers today. I must trouble you to come again next time. We will provide our services for free.” The procuress smiled apologetically at Lu Cang and Cao Xin.

Lu Cang’s sword-like eyebrows slanted straight down. “Free services my arse! Your customers are already here and yet you kick them out carelessly! What kind of reasoning is this? Are you looking down on us?!” He reached his hand towards the long sword strapped to his waist, fully exhibiting his intent to use force if there was one word of disagreement.

The procuress frowned and waved the Flower Servants tailing behind her to go upstairs as she explained to Lu Cang, “Guest, you’re probably from out of town, aren’t you? Our Tonghua House is funded by the government. When there are guests from the ducal manors, we’ve always had to clear the house...it’s an old rule!”

“What ‘old rule!’ I’d like to see what great god dare rob women from me, Lu Cang!” Lu Cang’s gathering rage had recently brimmed to the top in his chest. How could his egotistical temper tolerate having to lose face in front of his brother even when visiting the brothel?

He unstrapped his sword and slapped it down on the table, wearing an expression of “I just won’t leave, see if you can do anything about it!”

At this time, the Flower Servants had already called down all the Celestial Flowers from upstairs. The guests in their rooms also helplessly followed them down, and were sent away by the apologetic procuress. However, there wasn’t a single one who expressed his discontent.

Lu Cang also found this a tad odd—were these men really so cowardly or were they just accustomed to this kind of situation?

The procuress, seeing that Lu Cang was bent on staying, also began to show an unpleasant expression. She waved her hand at the guards behind her to throw Lu Cang out. But how could two or three guards defeat Lu Cang? They were thrown to the side after not much of a fight.

Lu Cang sat with one leg crossed over the other. Seeing that every one of the celestial beauties all around had their eyes fixed on him, a sense of heroism long untouched rose up from the depth of his chest. Forcefully dragging Yue Wei to sit on his leg, he felt quite the accomplished man tonight.

“Guest, you really can’t afford to offend this noble man. Please quickly leave. It’ll be easier on us too...” Seeing that Lu Cang did have some skill, the procuress had no choice but to resort to pleading.

Lu Cang shook his head. “Heh...I just don’t believe it. What, does he have three heads and six arms?!”

“Guest...” The procuress wanted to speak further, but a shout from behind cut her off.

“Mother Liu, are the girls all ready?”

The one who spoke was a middle-aged man wearing a grand, red, silk cape with a troop of similarly-dressed followers tailing behind him.

His eyes swept the hall and saw Lu Cang and Cao Xin sitting haughtily in the hall. He frowned a little and said to the procuress, “What’s the deal with these two?”

“Ah, Brother Wu, this guest is a scoundrel. He won’t leave no matter what...”

The man she called Brother Wu frowned at this and, with a wave of his hand, ordered the men behind him, “Drag them out!”

But how could Lu Cang oblige? His sword left its sheath as he was quickly absorbed in a battle with the guards. Sabres came and swords went, and for a moment, it was difficult to tell who had the upper hand.

Just as they were entangled in the fight, a loud command boomed from the direction of the door, “Halt!!”

A man in white entered the great hall flanked by two great rows of fair young men. The guard dressed like he was in charge, the one who had cried “Halt!”, also rushed after that white-robed man.

Captain Wu and the fighting troops all hastily put away their weapons and retreated to one side...

“Respectful greetings to Young Master Jing—” Everyone in the hall sank to their knees. Lu Cang jumped in fear at *that* word, and hastily cast his eyes towards *that* man.

Oh, good heavens...

The moment his gaze met that pair of familiar, beautiful eyes, Lu Cang suddenly heard a thrumming buzz break loose in his head. The sword in his hand fell to the ground with a clang.

That young man with an aura of nobility all around him...and who but the root of all his misfortunes for these past two months? Jing.

Jing had also discovered Lu Cang. A devious smile climbed upon the corners of his mouth. “...Is that really you, Brother Cang?”

Lu Cang felt an icy shiver pass through his body. And yet he couldn’t say a word...

Cao Xin scooted over from beside him. “Big Brother, do you know him?”

“Ah...ah...you could say that...” Sensing Jing walking this way, Lu Cang involuntarily stepped backwards, but was blocked by the chair behind him. Jing gave him a careless shove, and just like that he fell to sit.

“Ah, so this guest is Young Master Jing’s friend? Aiya, why didn’t say so earlier...” The procuress put on her professionally charming smile as she walked over. “Actually, when I saw you earlier, I was sure you weren’t just a layman, which is why I had our best Yue Wei wait on you...”

Lu Cang didn’t know whether to laugh or cry at her dramatic change in attitude, but under the Jing’s piercingly cold scrutiny, he was unable to speak a single sentence.

Cao Xin was born a natural idiot when it comes to reading the atmosphere, and kept adding oil to the fire on the side. “Big Brother, when did you get to know such an exciting character! Quickly introduce him to me...”

Silently cursing Cao Xin’s foolishness, Lu Cang stammered, “This...this is a man I met in the capital...” He abruptly remembered that he didn’t know Jing’s surname altogether. He tossed a “rescue me” look at Jing.

Jing’s smile was still as dazzling as ever. “My humble surname is Yuan...”

“Young Master Yuan, it’s a pleasure!” Cao Xin hurriedly folded his fists in formal greeting. Jing nodded back, then turned to the procuress, “What happened to this brother of mine? How did he get in a fight with Captain Wu and the guards?”

The procuress was also sweating from nervousness. She really couldn’t afford offending one of Jing’s friends. “It was a misunderstanding, misunderstanding...Young Master Jing was coming, so we were clearing out the house. This young master absolutely refused to leave, so he clashed with Captain Wu...I really didn’t know he was Young Master Jing’s friend.”

“Oh? So Brother Cang is here for the prostitutes?” Jing didn’t anger, but smiled instead. In Lu Cang’s eyes, that smile was scarier than a blade at the throat.

“Ah...ah...” Lu Cang truly did not know how to respond, so he could only buy some time with nonsense.

“Big Brother, it’s really cool in here, why are you sweating?” Cao Xin asked another imprudent question. Lu Cang hadn’t even the energy left to curse him.

He had already suffered through Jing’s terrifying punishments more than once. He, who wasn’t afraid of heaven or hell, felt fear for the first time when Jing coerced him to do an oral.

Jing laughed upon hearing Cao Xin’s words, then turned his head towards the line of servants behind. “Young Master Jing is my friend. All of you go wait outside!”

Seeing that Captain Wu and the guards all left, he then turned to the procuress. “Just leave the twelve Celestial Flowers to wait on us. You can go out and rest, too.”

The procuress left and the twelve Celestial Flowers circle around, forming a row and greeted together, “Young Master Jing, a thousand blessings!”

“Rise!” Jing gave a frank wave of the hand, then conveniently pulled Yue Wei into his arms. “Xiao Wei, did you get a bit prettier?”

“Young Master Jing is exaggerating...” Yue Wei was as gentle as autumn water as she leaned into Jing’s arms.

Jing then pretended to have unintentionally pulled Lu Cang to sit on the chair beside him, and said to the rest of the Celestial Flowers, “Sit, beauties!”

He carelessly proceeded to point at two girls. “You two wait on Young Master Lu’s friend.”

Glued onto by two beauties and diverted by a few warm, delicate words, Cao Xin felt as though his bones had gone soft. How could he have noticed that Lu Cang, grabbed on tightly by Jing, wore an unusual countenance?

Lu Cang, seeing Yue Wei smiled as radiantly as the spring winds in Jing’s arms, tasted a feeling he couldn’t put a name to. *Just as thought. With his looks, he’s also really popular among women...*

So why does he always come to bother me?!

Lu Cang was deeply buried in a thousand, ten thousand strands of thought when he suddenly felt a hand lift up the bottom portion of his robe and climb up his thigh.

He glowered furiously at Jing, but Jing had a relaxed expression on his face, holding Yue Wei as the two of them took their time talking and laughing. No one could see his right hand’s little movements below the table.

That nimble hand leapt past the edge of his waist, speedily sliding down to Lu Cang’s sensitive area. Lu Cang instantaneously flushed red as he hurriedly attempted to grab his wildly moving hand.

But Jing wasn’t willing to let him off the hook so easily. Turning around with an expression of poised tranquillity, he seemed remarkably calm and collected. “Brother Cang, how come your spirits are so high today that you remembered to visit Tonghua House?”

Lu Cang was concentrating on holding down Jing’s obscene yet incomparably strong hand. Being questioned out of the blue, he couldn’t help but pause to think, and just when he was about to speak, Cao Xin

took over for him instead. “It’s because I came to visit Big Brother today and wanted him to take me here for an eye-opener.”

Upon hearing this, Lu Cang panicked. If Jing directed all his anger onto Cao Xin, then he, Lu Cang, would have committed a truly wicked sin. “No, no, it’s me who wanted to come. It has nothing to do with Third Brother...” he rushed. He threw an agitated glance towards Jing, but was just in time to clash with Jing gazing back. His heart immediately froze. Jing’s eyes were a lake of calm. It was completely impossible to recognise any wavering of internal emotions. But this was the very expression Lu Cang was most afraid of.

“You and your Third Brother are pretty close, huh? You even visit the brothel together—you sure know how to enjoy life, huh?” Jing’s tone was light. Lu Cang felt his hairs along his spine stand on end.

On the other hand, Cao Xin was still completely oblivious, and answered, “That’s right, that’s right. My Big Brother and I are the closest. Back at the mountain...ahem, Hangzhou, the two of us always go visit the brothel in the city together.”

Lu Cang swore in his head at Cao Xin’s inability to read Fengshui, but he could do nothing but watch as Jing’s face darkened like storm clouds.

All of a sudden, Jing pulled out the hand placed in Lu Cang’s trousers and got to his feet. “It’s already pretty late. How could we waste a fine spring evening? Yu Rong, You Lan, and you, you...” He randomly picked four Celestial Flowers. “The few of you take good care of Young Master Cao tonight...”

Lu Cang clearly saw Jing toss Yu Rong a meaningful look as he spoke, while Yu Rong smiled and nodded in return. He instantly understood that Jing was going to punish Cao Xin. But when he opened his mouth to speak, that idiot Cao Xin was already jittery with excitement beside them, and began to utter words of thanks. “...Ah...ah...I am a modest, plain man. I can’t afford this many beauties...Young Master Yuan is too kind...”

Jing seemed to betray slight impatience, but still managed, “How could I not treat Brother Cang’s friend well? Yu Rong, quickly take Young Master Cao to the first-class guest rooms in the back.”

“Yes.” Yu Rong bowed respectfully, then approached Cao Xin with a delicate and lovely smile. “Young Master Cao, Young Master Jing means well. How could you refuse him? Come, quickly follow me to find pleasure. Don’t delay Young Master Jing and Young Master Lu’s good time...”

“What.....” Lu Cang’s cheeks instantly swelled bright crimson. Just as he was about to stand up, Jing pressed him back down.

“Ah, sorry, sorry, I misspoke. I meant Young Master Jing, Young Master Lu, and my sisters’ good time.” Yu Rong hastily corrected herself, though she secretly wondered at Lu Cang’s overreaction.

Cao Xin having finally been dragged away, only Jing, Lu Cang, and the rest of the Celestial Flowers dressed like goddesses of Yao Chi were left in the grand hall.

Lu Cang found himself unable to bear this tense atmosphere. After waiting for a long while and observing that Jing had no intention to speak, he cautiously and shakily stood up. “I...I’m...leaving first...”

“Sit down!!!” Jing broke out threateningly, shoving him back down on the chair.

“Cui Juan, go clean up the Hua Yue Suite. I’m sleeping there tonight. And the lot of you, go with her.” Choosing three, four girls, Jing watched them go upstairs obediently. Then, with an abrupt, powerful lift, he picked up the Lu Cang who was sitting dumbfounded with a mien devoid of all colour.

“What’re you doing...No! No!” Lu Cang yelled. His legs were held in a tight bind, so all he could do was beat on Jing’s back with his fists.

“Who would’ve thought that Young Master Jing had this type of fetish...” Yue Wei covered her mouth in soft laughter behind the two as she curiously stared at Lu Cang nonstop.

Being humiliated to this extent by Jing in front of the girl he liked, Lu Cang was furious and embarrassed at the same time. At this moment, his eyes came to focus on the dagger at Jing’s waist. A lungful of turbid air rose straight to his head; he could no longer suppress it no matter what. He reached out with one hand and pulled out the dagger.

“Young Master Jing, be careful!” Yue Wei exclaimed.

Hearing her scream, Jing swiftly went to grab Lu Cang’s hand. But Lu Cang’s attack was lightning speed. Though Jing managed to avoid getting injured in his vital areas, the dagger still sliced past his arm. Fresh blood immediately gushed out.

“Don’t come over.” Lu Cang leapt backwards. As he watched the incensed Jing approaching menacingly, the fear that had been wholly absent before suddenly shot up. In the spur of the moment, he flipped over the dagger and placed it against his own neck, cold despair seeping through his voice as he warned, “Don’t come over. If you come over, I’ll cut my own jugular!”

They glared, eyes battling as if it were a cockfight. Lu Cang stumbled backward towards the door, then somersaulted onto the roof beam.

“I’d like to see where you can run.” Jing, with a hand over his bleeding left arm, seized the long sword on the table and flew out the door in an enraged chase.

Lu Cang’s head was a blank sheet of white. He only knew he flew and leapt with all the qi he could muster, though his ear unmistakably detected the sound of Jing’s pursuing robes cutting through the air. He had no other choice, and could only run for his life.

What could he do when his abilities were inferior?

After two li of chase, Lu Cang was finally caught by Jing.

After only a few moves, Lu Cang was robbed of his dagger, his person pressed to the ground, rendered immovable.

“Ever since I was little, there seriously hasn’t been anyone courage enough to hurt me. You really have some fucking nerve!” Jing snarled dangerously as he kneaded Lu Cang’s cheeks between his fingers, grinding his teeth as he did so.

“Kill me, just kill me—don’t torture me anymore...” Lu Cang let out his shouts, unable to stand this kind of mental humiliation.

Jing ignored him. “Dream on! You hurt me, and want to die just like that? There isn’t anything that simple in this world!”

Feeling Jing beginning to rip open the clothes on his body, Lu Cang began to scream uncontrollably. “Stop!! Stop!! You psycho!! Freak!! Go die—go die—fuck you—!!”

He used up just about all the profanity that he knew, but couldn’t halt Jing’s insanity. It was only a brief moment before he was naked on the dirt ground, only able to discern the brilliant moon and the magnificent expanse of stars before him as he was trapped underneath Jing.

Lu Cang continued to scream curses. Jing pinned his wrists down in a death grip, and, completely without foreplay or lubrication, forcefully pushed himself inch by inch into Lu Cang’s body just like that.

Lu Cang was in so much pain his soul nearly diffused. In the beginning, he continued to swear angrily in a quivering voice, but with Jing's continuous penetration, he couldn't even muster a single sound anymore. There was only his hoarse, crude panting left in the air, sweat dripping down his forehead like flowing water.

Jing allowed himself to be controlled solely by rage, and wholly disregarded Lu Cang's twisted expression of agony. He continued to thrust vehemently, pursuing the climax that had become even more alluring with the intensive emotions.

Lu Cang's back side had completely ripped apart, the raw blood rolling along his thigh onto the ground. But Jing was still unwilling to let him go. Again and again he thrust, attempting to pierce into the deepest part of Lu Cang's body that not even he had touched before.

During the process of this terrifying love-making, Lu Cang repeatedly cycled through the process of fainting from pain then being reawakened by sheer agony. When Jing finally escalated to climax and released his passion inside Lu Cang's body, Lu Cang was already in a completely confused state of mind.

"Just see if you dare play with women behind my back next time..." Jing threw down his cruel words, violently pulling himself out from Lu Cang's body.

Crimson blood immediately gushed out like a spring. Jing proceeded to take off his outer robe, and with a lift, picked up Lu Cang, who was limply lying on the ground like a pile of mud, into a bridal carry.

Watching Jing return with a Lu Cang who was paler than a corpse, the small group of prostitutes prudently gave way.

"Come with me to the Hua Yue Suite." Jing bore an aura of murder, a countenance that these women had never witnessed before. The girls all wore frightened faces, and could only carefully follow.

The Hua Yue Suite was the most stunning and luxurious room in Tonghua House, only available when Jing or Tongxin came. This sublime room richly adorned with brocaded satin and furniture made from thousand-year agarwood of the East Sea, with the entrance of Jing and the eight beauties, grew crowded.

"Stand to the side and wait on us." Jing pointed to the carpet by the bed. The girls', seeing his unpleasant expression, all timorously knelt down on the carpet surrounding the bed.

Jing didn't bother with their scared faces either. He only cared to throw the Lu Cang in his arms into the centre of the large bed.

The outer robe covering Lu Cang's body slid away to reveal the scrapes, bite marks, kiss marks, and bruises that on the body inside. Though separated by a light blue, diaphanous veil, that chest and abdomen covered with the deep marks of intercourse still made these girls, who spent long years battling in the realm of lovemaking, suck in a breathe of cold air.

"Give me your belt." Jing reached out his hand towards a girl in pink. The girl hastily took off her belt and handed it to him. Jing agilely tied Lu Cang's hands behind his back, finishing with a dead knot.

Lu Cang finally slowly opened his eyes. His blurry vision met with the blackened image of the girls kneeling by the bed. Though he already suspected Jing was capable of committing any monstrosity, he nevertheless gave a frightened jump at the scene before his eyes.

"You...you're going to...in front of them..." Lu Cang barely had the strength left to speak, just being able to squeeze out the voice in his throat. His hair, long since pulled apart, was a chaotic, black waterfall, spreading itself all around on the pink satin sheets, making his pale face appear as if it contained a few strokes of eroticism.

“That’s right. I’m going to let them see what kind of a wretch you are, and make you too scared to go see another prostitute for the rest of your life.” Jing smiled icily, “And in passing, I’ll also call in your brother over with them to watch your beautiful performance in my bed.”

“You...You dare—if you do that, I’ll definitely...instantly bite my tongue off in suicide—” Lu Cang’s trembling voice, the tears that uncontrollably welled up in his eyes, all gave proof to his earnestness in fulfilling his oath if Jing really did what he said he would.

Jing curled his lips and smiled: he wasn’t tired of this toy at all yet, so he didn’t plan on ending it just like this. He was only scaring Lu Cang a bit, and had no true intention of letting that Cao Xin see Lu Cang’s body, something he viewed as his own private property.

Jing forced open Lu Cang’s two legs until it reached such an angle it could no longer be turned. That feebly dangling secretive area was fully exposed under the swaying light.

The kneeling girls were too scared to take a full breathe. They’ve never seen such a horrifying Jing before. A few timid ones were already so nervous they wouldn’t even raise their heads.

Jing seized Lu Cang’s spiritless rod, then squeezed without warning. Lu Cang instantly let out a hair-raising cry. He could only feel sharp nails deeply digging into the softest part of his body, though his chaotic senses still detected Jing’s cold, light, and aristocratic voice uttering, “You—*belong to me!!!*”

From the box that Cui Juan held up beside the bed, Jing pulled out a roughly two fen wide needle, and just like that pierced it into the narrow opening at the tip of Lu Cang’s rod.

Lu Cang instantaneously howled, his voice bloodcurdling, making those who heard want to cover their ears. But Jing, who had a heart of steel, still pushed the weapon all the way in. Lu Cang’s body rolled and struggled on the bed defencelessly, obviously already pained to extremes.

“Take your time to enjoy. I’ll let you have a taste of the consequences of angering me.” As Jing lightly pinched Lu Cang’s penetrated front, he once again entered him coercively through the back.

The back entrance had already been worn away to the point of numbness, but in coordination with the agony that tore apart his entire consciousness, Lu Cang’s whole person trembled wildly with Jing’s every thrust as sweat soaked through the satin sheets beneath his body. And coupled with the humiliation of having bystanders watching, he had never so yearned after the benevolence of death any other moment in his life.

The prostitutes, despite being widely-experienced in this field, were all stunned and petrified to the point of fainting as they listened to the scene before them—not one had the courage to lift her head to look at Lu Cang’s expression, which was so twisted by pain it was more blood-chilling than a ghost’s.

The following four hours were a hell that the powerless Lu Cang could never erase in his memory for the remainder of his lifetime. Jing used almost all of Tonghua House’s sex toys on him, torturing him again and again. Throughout the whole process, he lost consciousness countless times. The bed was stained with his blood and the two’s bodily fluids, and so was his entire body.

However, even the darkest night had a moment of passing...

When Lu Cang gradually awoke on that extravagantly large bed, the Celestial Flowers had already left. Jing sat by his side, silently gazing down at him. Lu Cang was unable to move his body a single inch; he could only move the muscles on his face a little.

He clearly heard Jing’s horrifying declaration at his ear—a declaration enough to destroy his entire future:

“I want you—you have to stay in the capital by my side until I’m tired of you! Or else I’ll flatten Mt. Lu Cang, not leaving behind a single blade of grass!”

A helpless teardrop rolled down Lu Cang’s cheek—

His future was undoubtedly fated to be ruined in the hands of this man.

[1] Straw rain cape (蓑衣)- a type of cape made of straw or palm bark people back in the day used to wear as a raincoat. Same basic science as a thatched roof.

[2] Sworn brothers- in ancient China, people oftentimes go through a short ceremony with one other person (can be more than one) to become sworn siblings (yes, there are sworn brother-sisters). Sworn siblings aren’t of blood relation, but during the ceremony, sworn siblings kowtow to the heavens and promise to uphold the code of brotherhood (the basic idea of the code is unwavering loyalty and trust). What you usually see in kung-fu dramas, etc, is that they say something like “Though we aren’t born on the same day of the same month of the same year, we wish to die on the same day of the same month of the same year” when they go through the ceremony. Sworn brothers treat each other as if they were real brothers, and sometimes a lot better than real brothers. For someone like Lu Cang, who’s in a gang of brothers, they’re pretty much all ready to throw their lives on the line for each other and remain loyal to each other no matter what happens. It can really be described as a bond thicker than blood.

[3] Provisions (干粮)- the literal translation would be “dry grain.” In ancient China, they usually brought something like (you never would’ve guessed...) dried grain, etc for journeys.

[4] Drum roll- originally, the text here was 锵锵锵 (qiang, qiang ,qiang), the onomatopoeia used for the sound of striking on a cymbal. In traditional Chinese opera/plays they always use the cymbal to signal the entrance of someone or to indicate the rhythm of speech, etc (I’m not really sure, since I’m not that into Chinese opera).

[5][5] God of Misfortune- The original text used here 瘟神 refers to a type of demonic spirit that kills people by spreading plagues. However, it can also be used sarcastically to describe a villainous person (*cough* Jing *cough*).

[6]Liang (两)- Liang, normally in silver (though if you’re super rich you can give someone gold, which is worth a helluvah lot more), was the ancient Chinese unit of monetary measurement. It’s actually a measurement of weight (1 liang=around 50 grams), so 1 silver liang is very different from one gold liang. But when they just say “liang” they mean silver, and 100 silver liang is already a LOT for commoners. Them bandits must be very, very rich... xD

[7] Officials (官人)- right here, she calls them 官人, which usually means government official (or, it’s how some people address their husbands that is clearly not the case here.) During the Song Dynasty, 官人 is also how they addressed men in general, but since the word 大 (big, great) is used here to describe 官人, I’m assuming the author intends it to mean “high official.” This is *not* because she mistakes them for actual government officials, but because in ancient China (actually, it’s also pretty true today, but no one addresses each other this way anymore) government officials were extremely rich and powerful (corruption...), so if you call someone 官人, it’s a way to butter them up. It’s like saying “you’re so wealthy and mighty I bet you’re a high official.” And also, they’re in the capital city, so calling rich people who go to expensive brothels “high official” is probably like a 50-50 hit or miss.

[8] Black road/white road- it's time for...more jianghu jargon! In jianghu, there's a difference between what they call the white road (白道) and the black road (黑道). The white road people are like the "official" sects, as in Shaolin, Wudang, Emei, Kunlun, etc, etc, etc. They *claim* to keep the balance of power and help people in need (but...they don't always do a good job). The black roaders are the shadier bunch, who's usually depicted as selfish, conniving, and without morals. Usual black roaders are described to be devoted to strange, evil martial art techniques, or poison techniques and other cruel things. I actually disagree with how Lu Cang calls himself a "black road leader," since he quite obviously belongs to green woods (绿林), which is the general category for robber/bandit gangs/maybe thieves. The green woods are sort of like...grey area, in my opinion, since quite a lot of those people have a strong sense of justice for the poor.

[9] Young Master (公子)- Polite way of addressing a young man with the appearance of being of middle to upper class.

[10] Yue Wei (月薇)- Yue means moon. Wei is short for qiang wei (蔷薇) a type of flower of the rose family found in warmer places in Asia. Latin name: rosa multiflora

[11] Just has to mention what needn't be mentioned- the original text here was “真是哪壶不开提哪壶”, which literally means “he just has to pick the teapot that doesn't open.” It's a self-explanatory metaphor.

[12] Spring night- in Chinese, depending on the context, “spring” frequently refers to something of sexual nature. For instance, aphrodisiacs in ancient China were called “spring drug/medicine.”

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“Ah, Brother Wu, this guest is a scoundrel. He won't leave no matter what...”

The man she called Brother Wu frowned at this and, with a wave of his hand, ordered the men behind him, “Drag them out!”

But how could Lu Cang oblige? His sword left its sheath as he was quickly absorbed in a battle with the guards. Sabres came and swords went, and for a moment, it was difficult to tell who had the upper hand. Just as they were entangled in the fight, a loud command boomed from the direction of the door, “Halt!!”

A man in white entered the great hall flanked by two great rows of fair young men. The guard dressed like he was in charge, the one who had cried “Halt!”, also rushed after that white-robed man. Captain Wu and the fighting troops all hastily put away their weapons and retreated to one side...

“Respectful greetings to Young Master Jing—” Everyone in the hall sank to their knees. Lu Cang jumped in fear *at that* word, and hastily cast his eyes towards *that* man.

Oh, good heavens...

The moment his gaze met that pair of familiar, beautiful eyes, Lu Cang suddenly heard a thrumming buzz break loose in his head. The sword in his hand fell to the ground with a clang. That young man with an aura of nobility all around him...and who but the root of all his misfortunes for these past two months? Jing.

Jing had also discovered Lu Cang. A devious smile climbed upon the corners of his mouth. “...Is that really you, Brother [1] Cang?”

Lu Cang felt an icy shiver pass through his body. And yet he couldn't say a word...

## HUA HUA YOU LONG Novel

Cao Xin scooted over from beside him. “Big Brother, do you know him?”

“Ah...ah...you could say that...” Sensing Jing walking this way, Lu Cang involuntarily stepped backwards, but was blocked by the chair behind him. Jing gave him a careless shove, and just like that he fell to sit.

“Ah, so this guest is Young Master Jing’s friend? Aiya, why didn’t say so earlier...” The procuress put on her professionally charming smile as she walked over. “Actually, when I saw you earlier, I was sure you weren’t just a layman, which is why I had our best Yue Wei wait on you...”

Lu Cang didn’t know whether to laugh or cry at her dramatic change in attitude, but under the Jing’s piercingly cold scrutiny, he was unable to speak a single sentence.

Cao Xin was born a natural idiot when it comes to reading the atmosphere, and kept adding oil to the fire on the side. “Big Brother, when did you get to know such an exciting character! Quickly introduce him to me...”

Silently cursing Cao Xin’s foolishness, Lu Cang stammered, “This...this is a man I met in the capital...” He abruptly remembered that he didn’t know Jing’s surname altogether. He tossed a “rescue me” look at Jing. Jing’s smile was still as dazzling as ever. “My humble surname is Yuan<sup>[2]</sup>...”

“Young Master Yuan, it’s a pleasure!” Cao Xin hurriedly folded his fists<sup>[3]</sup> in formal greeting. Jing nodded back, then turned to the procuress, “What happened to this brother of mine? How did he get in a fight with Captain Wu and the guards?”

The procuress was also sweating from nervousness. She really couldn’t afford offending one of Jing’s friends. “It was a misunderstanding, misunderstanding...Young Master Jing was coming, so we were clearing out the house. This young master absolutely refused to leave, so he clashed with Captain Wu...I really didn’t know he was Young Master Jing’s friend.”

“Oh? So Brother Cang is here for the prostitutes?” Jing didn’t anger, but smiled instead. In Lu Cang’s eyes, that smile was scarier than a blade at the throat.

“Ah...ah...” Lu Cang truly did not know how to respond, so he could only buy some time with nonsense.

“Big Brother, it’s really cool in here, why are you sweating?” Cao Xin asked another imprudent question. Lu Cang hadn’t even the energy left to curse him.

He had already suffered through Jing’s terrifying punishments more than once. He, who wasn’t afraid of heaven or hell, felt fear for the first time when Jing coerced him to do an oral. Jing laughed upon hearing Cao Xin’s words, then turned his head towards the line of servants behind. “Young Master Jing is my friend. All of you go wait outside!”

Seeing that Captain Wu and the guards all left, he then turned to the procuress. “Just leave the twelve Celestial Flowers to wait on us. You can go out and rest, too.”

The procuress left and the twelve Celestial Flowers circle around, forming a row and greeted together, “Young Master Jing, a thousand blessings!”

“Rise!” Jing gave a frank wave of the hand, then conveniently pulled Yue Wei into his arms. “Xiao Wei, did you get a bit prettier?”

“Young Master Jing is exaggerating...” Yue Wei was as gentle as autumn water<sup>[4]</sup> as she leaned into Jing’s arms.

## HUA HUA YOU LONG Novel

Jing then pretended to have unintentionally pulled Lu Cang to sit on the chair beside him, and said to the rest of the Celestial Flowers, “Sit, beauties!”

He carelessly proceeded to point at two girls. “You two wait on Young Master Lu’s friend.”

Glued onto by two beauties and diverted by a few warm, delicate words, Cao Xin felt as though his bones had gone soft. How could he have noticed that Lu Cang, grabbed on tightly by Jing, wore an unusual countenance? Lu Cang, seeing Yue Wei smiled as radiantly as the spring winds in Jing’s arms, tasted a feeling he couldn’t put a name to. *Just as thought. With his looks, he’s also really popular among women... So why does he always come to bother me?!*

Lu Cang was deeply buried in a thousand, ten thousand strands of thought when he suddenly felt a hand lift up the bottom portion of his robe and climb up his thigh. He glowered furiously at Jing, but Jing had a relaxed expression on his face, holding Yue Wei as the two of them took their time talking and laughing. No one could see his right hand’s little movements below the table.

That nimble hand leapt past the edge of his waist, speedily sliding down to Lu Cang’s sensitive area. Lu Cang instantaneously flushed red as he hurriedly attempted to grab his wildly moving hand. But Jing wasn’t willing to let him off the hook so easily. Turning around with an expression of poised tranquillity, he seemed remarkably calm and collected. “Brother Cang, how come your spirits are so high today that you remembered to visit Tonghua House?”

Lu Cang was concentrating on holding down Jing’s obscene yet incomparably strong hand. Being questioned out of the blue, he couldn’t help but pause to think, and just when he was about to speak, Cao Xin took over for him instead. “It’s because I came to visit Big Brother today and wanted him to take me here for an eye-opener.”

Upon hearing this, Lu Cang panicked. If Jing directed all his anger onto Cao Xin, then he, Lu Cang, would have committed a truly wicked sin. “No, no, it’s me who wanted to come. It has nothing to do with Third Brother...” he rushed.

He threw an agitated glance towards Jing, but was just in time to clash with Jing gazing back. His heart immediately froze. Jing’s eyes were a lake of calm. It was completely impossible to recognise any wavering of internal emotions. But this was the very expression Lu Cang was most afraid of.

“You and your Third Brother are pretty close, huh? You even visit the brothel together—you sure know how to enjoy life, huh?” Jing’s tone was light. Lu Cang felt his hairs along his spine stand on end.

On the other hand, Cao Xin was still completely oblivious, and answered, “That’s right, that’s right. My Big Brother and I are the closest. Back at the mountain...ahem, Hangzhou, the two of us always go visit the brothel in the city together.”

Lu Cang swore in his head at Cao Xin’s inability to read Fengshui<sup>[5]</sup>, but he could do nothing but watch as Jing’s face darkened like storm clouds.

All of a sudden, Jing pulled out the hand placed in Lu Cang’s trousers and got to his feet. “It’s already pretty late. How could we waste a fine spring evening? Yu Rong, You Lan, and you, you...” He randomly picked four Celestial Flowers. “The few of you take good care of Young Master Cao tonight...”

Lu Cang clearly saw Jing toss Yu Rong a meaningful look as he spoke, while Yu Rong smiled and nodded in return. He instantly understood that Jing was going to punish Cao Xin. But when he opened his mouth to speak, that idiot Cao Xin was already jittery with excitement beside them, and began to utter words of thanks. “...Ah...ah...I am a modest, plain man. I can’t afford this many beauties...Young Master Yuan is too kind...”



## HUA HUA YOU LONG Novel

Jing seemed to betray slight impatience, but still managed, “How could I not treat Brother Cang’s friend well? Yu Rong, quickly take Young Master Cao to the first-class guest rooms in the back.”

“Yes.” Yu Rong bowed respectfully, then approached Cao Xin with a delicate and lovely smile. “Young Master Cao, Young Master Jing means well. How could you refuse him? Come, quickly follow me to find pleasure. Don’t delay Young Master Jing and Young Master Lu’s good time...”

“What.....” Lu Cang’s cheeks instantly swelled bright crimson. Just as he was about to stand up, Jing pressed him back down.

“Ah, sorry, sorry, I misspoke. I meant Young Master Jing, Young Master Lu, and my sisters’ good time.” Yu Rong hastily corrected herself, though she secretly wondered at Lu Cang’s overreaction.

Cao Xin having finally been dragged away, only Jing, Lu Cang, and the rest of the Celestial Flowers dressed like goddesses of Yao Chi[6] were left in the grand hall.

Lu Cang found himself unable to bear this tense atmosphere. After waiting for a long while and observing that Jing had no intention to speak, he cautiously and shakily stood up. “I...I’m...leaving first...”

“Sit down!!!” Jing broke out threateningly, shoving him back down on the chair.

“Cui Juan, go clean up the Hua Yue Suite. I’m sleeping there tonight. And the lot of you, go with her.”

Choosing three, four girls, Jing watched them go upstairs obediently. Then, with an abrupt, powerful lift, he picked up the Lu Cang who was sitting dumbfounded with a mien devoid of all colour.

“What’re you doing...No! No!” Lu Cang yelled. His legs were held in a tight bind, so all he could do was beat on Jing’s back with his fists.

“Who would’ve thought that Young Master Jing had this type of fetish...” Yue Wei covered her mouth in soft laughter behind the two as she curiously stared at Lu Cang nonstop.

Being humiliated to this extent by Jing in front of the girl he liked, Lu Cang was furious and embarrassed at the same time. At this moment, his eyes came to focus on the dagger at Jing’s waist. A lungful of turbid air rose straight to his head; he could no longer suppress it no matter what. He reached out with one hand and pulled out the dagger.

“Young Master Jing, be careful!” Yue Wei exclaimed.

Hearing her scream, Jing swiftly went to grab Lu Cang’s hand. But Lu Cang’s attack was lightning speed. Though Jing managed to avoid getting injured in his vital areas, the dagger still sliced past his arm. Fresh blood immediately gushed out.

“Don’t come over.” Lu Cang leapt backwards. As he watched the incensed Jing approaching menacingly, the fear that had been wholly absent before suddenly shot up. In the spur of the moment, he flipped over the dagger and placed it against his own neck, cold despair seeping through his voice as he warned, “Don’t come over. If you come over, I’ll cut my own jugular!”

They glared, eyes battling as if it were a cockfight[7]. Lu Cang stumbled backward towards the door, then somersaulted onto the roof beam.

## HUA HUA YOU LONG Novel

“I’d like to see where you can run.” Jing, with a hand over his bleeding left arm, seized the long sword on the table and flew out the door in an enraged chase.

Lu Cang’s head was a blank sheet of white. He only knew he flew and leapt with all the qi he could muster, though his ear unmistakably detected the sound of Jing’s pursuing robes cutting through the air. He had no other choice, and could only run for his life.

What could he do when his abilities were inferior?

After two li<sup>[8]</sup> of chase, Lu Cang was finally caught by Jing.

After only a few moves, Lu Cang was robbed of his dagger, his person pressed to the ground, rendered immovable.

“Ever since I was little, there seriously hasn’t been anyone courage enough to hurt me. You really have some fucking nerve!” Jing snarled dangerously as he kneaded Lu Cang’s cheeks between his fingers, grinding his teeth as he did so.

“Kill me, just kill me—don’t torture me anymore...” Lu Cang let out his shouts, unable to stand this kind of mental humiliation.

Jing ignored him. “Dream on! You hurt me, and want to die just like that? There isn’t anything that simple in this world!”

Feeling Jing beginning to rip open the clothes on his body, Lu Cang began to scream uncontrollably. “Stop!! Stop!! You psycho!! Freak!! Go die—go die—fuck you—!!”

He used up just about all the profanity that he knew, but couldn’t halt Jing’s insanity. It was only a brief moment before he was naked on the dirt ground, only able to discern the brilliant moon and the magnificent expanse of stars before him as he was trapped underneath Jing.

Lu Cang continued to scream curses. Jing pinned his wrists down in a death grip, and, completely without foreplay or lubrication, forcefully pushed himself inch by inch into Lu Cang’s body just like that. Lu Cang was in so much pain his soul nearly diffused.

In the beginning, he continued to swear angrily in a quivering voice, but with Jing’s continuous penetration, he couldn’t even muster a single sound anymore. There was only his hoarse, crude panting left in the air, sweat dripping down his forehead like flowing water.

Jing allowed himself to be controlled solely by rage, and wholly disregarded Lu Cang’s twisted expression of agony. He continued to thrust vehemently, pursuing the climax that had become even more alluring with the intensive emotions.

Lu Cang’s back side had completely ripped apart, the raw blood rolling along his thigh onto the ground. But Jing was still unwilling to let him go. Again and again he thrust, attempting to pierce into the deepest part of Lu Cang’s body that not even he had touched before.

During the process of this terrifying love-making, Lu Cang repeatedly cycled through the process of fainting from pain then being reawakened by sheer agony. When Jing finally escalated to climax and released his passion inside Lu Cang’s body, Lu Cang was already in a completely confused state of mind.

## HUA HUA YOU LONG Novel

“Just see if you dare play with women behind my back next time...” Jing threw down his cruel words, violently pulling himself out from Lu Cang’s body.

Crimson blood immediately gushed out like a spring. Jing proceeded to take off his outer robe, and with a lift, picked up Lu Cang, who was limply lying on the ground like a pile of mud, into a bridal carry. Watching Jing return with a Lu Cang who was paler than a corpse, the small group of prostitutes prudently gave way.

“Come with me to the Hua Yue Suite.” Jing bore an aura of murder, a countenance that these women had never witnessed before. The girls all wore frightened faces, and could only carefully follow.

The Hua Yue Suite was the most stunning and luxurious room in Tonghua House, only available when Jing or Tongxin came. This sublime room richly adorned with brocaded satin and furniture made from thousand-year agarwood<sup>[9]</sup> of the East Sea, with the entrance of Jing and the eight beauties, grew crowded.

“Stand to the side and wait on us.” Jing pointed to the carpet by the bed. The girls’, seeing his unpleasant expression, all timorously knelt down on the carpet surrounding the bed.

Jing didn’t bother with their scared faces either. He only cared to throw the Lu Cang in his arms into the centre of the large bed.

The outer robe covering Lu Cang’s body slid away to reveal the scrapes, bite marks, kiss marks, and bruises that on the body inside. Though separated by a light blue, diaphanous veil, that chest and abdomen covered with the deep marks of intercourse still made these girls, who spent long years battling in the realm of lovemaking, suck in a breathe of cold air.

“Give me your belt.” Jing reached out his hand towards a girl in pink. The girl hastily took off her belt and handed it to him. Jing agilely tied Lu Cang’s hands behind his back, finishing with a dead knot.

Lu Cang finally slowly opened his eyes. His blurry vision met with the blackened image of the girls kneeling by the bed. Though he already suspected Jing was capable of committing any monstrosity, he nevertheless gave a frightened jump at the scene before his eyes.

“You...you’re going to...in front of them...” Lu Cang barely had the strength left to speak, just being able to squeeze out the voice in his throat. His hair, long since pulled apart, was a chaotic, black waterfall, spreading itself all around on the pink satin sheets, making his pale face appear as if it contained a few strokes of eroticism.

“That’s right. I’m going to let them see what kind of a wretch you are, and make you too scared to go see another prostitute for the rest of your life.” Jing smiled icily, “And in passing, I’ll also call in your brother over with them to watch your beautiful performance in my bed.”

“You...You dare—if you do that, I’ll definitely...instantly bite my tongue off<sup>[10]</sup> in suicide—” Lu Cang’s trembling voice, the tears that uncontrollably welled up in his eyes, all gave proof to his earnestness in fulfilling his oath if Jing really did what he said he would.

Jing curled his lips and smiled: he wasn’t tired of this toy at all yet, so he didn’t plan on ending it just like this. He was only scaring Lu Cang a bit, and had no true intention of letting that Cao Xin see Lu Cang’s body, something he viewed as his own private property.

Jing forced open Lu Cang’s two legs until it reached such an angle it could no longer be turned. That feebly dangling secretive area was fully exposed under the swaying light.

## HUA HUA YOU LONG Novel

The kneeling girls were too scared to take a full breathe. They've never seen such a horrifying Jing before. A few timid ones were already so nervous they wouldn't even raise their heads.

Jing seized Lu Cang's spiritless rod, then squeezed without warning. Lu Cang instantly let out a hair-raising cry. He could only feel sharp nails deeply digging into the softest part of his body, though his chaotic senses still detected Jing's cold, light, and aristocratic voice uttering, "You—*belong to me!!!*"

From the box that Cui Juan held up beside the bed, Jing pulled out a roughly two fen[11] wide needle, and just like that pierced it into the narrow opening at the tip of Lu Cang's rod.

Lu Cang instantaneously howled, his voice bloodcurdling, making those who heard want to cover their ears. But Jing, who had a heart of steel, still pushed the weapon all the way in. Lu Cang's body rolled and struggled on the bed defencelessly, obviously already pained to extremes.

"Take your time to enjoy. I'll let you have a taste of the consequences of angering me." As Jing lightly pinched Lu Cang's penetrated front, he once again entered him coercively through the back.

The back entrance had already been worn away to the point of numbness, but in coordination with the agony that tore apart his entire consciousness, Lu Cang's whole person trembled wildly with Jing's every thrust as sweat soaked through the satin sheets beneath his body. And coupled with the humiliation of having bystanders watching, he had never so yearned after the benevolence of death any other moment in his life.

The prostitutes, despite being widely-experienced in this field, were all stunned and petrified to the point of fainting as they listened to the scene before them—not one had the courage to lift her head to look at Lu Cang's expression, which was so twisted by pain it was more blood-chilling than a ghost's.

The following four hours were a hell that the powerless Lu Cang could never erase in his memory for the remainder of his lifetime. Jing used almost all of Tonghua House's sex toys on him, torturing him again and again. Throughout the whole process, he lost consciousness countless times. The bed was stained with his blood and the two's bodily fluids, and so was his entire body.

However, even the darkest night had a moment of passing...

When Lu Cang gradually awoke on that extravagantly large bed, the Celestial Flowers had already left. Jing sat by his side, silently gazing down at him. Lu Cang was unable to move his body a single inch; he could only move the muscles on his face a little.

He clearly heard Jing's horrifying declaration at his ear—a declaration enough to destroy his entire future: "I want you—you have to stay in the capital by my side until I'm tired of you! Or else I'll flatten Mt. Lu Cang, not leaving behind a single blade of grass!"

A helpless teardrop rolled down Lu Cang's cheek—

His future was undoubtedly fated to be ruined in the hands of this man.

[1] Brother Cang- once again, you can call your good friends “brother.” In this case, he calls Lu Cang “little brother” (弟) because Lu Cang’s younger than him.

[2] My surname is Yuan- In English, it seems as if Jing’s telling this to Lu Cang (because Lu Cang didn’t know his surname), but Jing’s actually introducing himself to Cao Xin (to cover up for Lu Cang). Traditional formalities require you to introduce yourself by surname. It’s your choice whether or not to tell someone your full name, since in Chinese we usually use a title (like “Miss,” “Sir,” “Young Man,” “Uncle,” “Young Master”, “Master,” “Little Brother,” all depending on the appearance of the person your addressing and their age in relation to your own) to address cordial acquaintances. You could probably know someone for quite some time not knowing their full name back in the old days...

[3] Folded his fists- back in ancient China, the way people greeted each other by etiquette is by clenching one hand into a fist and folding/clenching the other hand on top of the fist at chest-height. In Chinese, the term is “抱拳” (literally hug fist) because it looks like you’re hugging one hand with the other. Also, I’m pretty sure that traditional etiquette requires the right hand to form the fist and the left hand to go on top. People greet each other this way when you’re of equal social status or acknowledge each other as equals. If you’re greeting someone above you or you venerate, it’s probably prudent to do a bow plus a fist folding, which is the thing you see on television when all the old men with their long sleeves put their sleeves together and bow (basically, the fist folding is the stuff going on in the sleeves...).

[4] Autumn water (秋水)- it has a double meaning. The literal meaning is autumn water, but it also refers to the translucent eyes of woman.

[5] Fengshui (风水)- Literal meaning is “wind and water.” There’s a lot of misconception for Westerners concerning what Fengshui actually is. Fengshui is, quite simply, the strategic placement of an edifice or the strategic design/placement of furniture in a house to fit Chinese superstitious beliefs (for instance, to avoid bad luck or, even better, for good luck. They have Fengshui experts who come and read the land for them, etc.). For instance, a common reference you see on television is when some rich guy, probably the emperor, wants to build a new palace or something and the Fengshui masters will be like “oh, you should build it here, because the dragon’s vein is right here!” God knows how they could tell xDDD. Anyway, the metaphor here should be pretty clear now. Lu Cang is pretty much saying Cao Xin can’t read the atmosphere.

[6] Yao Chi (瑶池)- The residence of the Jade Emperor’s wife, the Imperial Mother (the empress of all empresses and the mother of all mothers...). It’s said to be on the top of Mt. Kunlun. However, the author’s not saying the girls are like the Empress. The Empress has a lot of different minor goddesses and servants with her who are all supposed to be heavenly and beautiful. The author is comparing the girls to *them*.

[7] Cockfight- if you don’t know what this is...it’s a historically widespread type of entertainment (all over the world). They have two roosters fight each other (TO THE DEATH) and a bunch of people bet on the roosters.

[8] Li (里)- 1 li= ½ km.

[9] Agarwood- a type of heartwood (wood naturally resistant to decay) from central Asia which gives off a lasting aroma.

[10] Bite my tongue off- the Ancient Chinese believed you can commit suicide by biting off your own tongue.

[11] Fen (分)- 1 fen=1/3 cm

## Chapter 6

### *Small Window and Warm Screen*

After a few consecutive days of overcast, Tong'an finally bestowed clear skies. The beautiful sunlight splayed down on every nook and cranny of this ancient city filled with exorbitant and grandiose edifices strewn at random, even further underscoring the city's magnanimity and grace, and at the same time dressing up the small courtyard near Yue Long Bridge in which Lu Cang temporarily resided to be even more elegant and refined.

"Big Brother Lu, are you finished?" Xi Zhen sat upright in the parlour as he called smilingly to Lu Cang, who was changing in the inside chambers.

"Yeah, let's get going now," Lu Cang answered, briskly walking out of the bedroom as he tightened the knots of his outer robe.

Today was the day of the sixth round of the Assembly of Heroes. In other words, as long as he could defeat today's opponent, he could forever escape from the grasp of that freakishly mutated Jing and return to his free life as the king of the mountain bandits in Hangzhou.

Unexpectedly, the pretty youth Xi Zhen he had met only yesterday came early in the morning and said he wanted to go to the Assembly of Heroes together with him, making a few sprouts of pleasantness rise in Lu Cang's chest. On the eve of the match that would determine his fate for next ten years of life, he was immensely nervous. Having someone to accompany him eased his nerves a bit.

"Big Brother Lu..." Flashing Lu Cang an attractive smile, Xi Zhen appeared indescribably innocent and cute.

Way lovelier than a *certain* freak. Grumbling in his mind, Lu Cang and Xi Zhen left the house together, heading towards the contest grounds in eastern Tong'an in quick strides.

"Big Brother Lu, I'm going first. Good luck to you today!" At the arena doors, Xi Zhen waved to Lu Cang. He smiled like a flower, then walked towards the platform for his division.

Lu Cang also gave a slight smile, waved back, and then took wide strides in the opposite direction towards his own division's platform on the other end. Before he could get to the platform, he heard deafening gongs, drums, applause, and cheers emanating over in waves. This platform seemed much livelier than any other.

He squeezed his way to the front of the crowd and looked up onto the stage. On the platform was a middle-aged man perched majestically and imposingly in the centre while a youth with blood trickling down the corner of his mouth lay by the man's foot, obviously injured from receiving defeat in the last round.

“This round’s winner is Tian Nan Sect’s Luo Dong Xia.” The presiding officer’s voice was monotonous yet clear. On the corner of that man’s mouth hung a wisp of a pompous smirk; he was clearly very pleased with his victory. His eyes searched the surrounding audience below, unexpectedly pausing for a few seconds as his they fell coldly on Lu Cang’s face. Before Lu Cang could react, the man had already withdrawn his gaze, leaping off the stage as if nothing had happened and stalked towards the designated area for rest.

The competitions proceeded. Before long, it was Lu Cang’s turn—his first opponent caused a bit of a difficulty, but was evidently a notch below him in skill. After he won an expected victory, he stepped off the stage.

He wiped away the sweat on his forehead as he thought to himself, *if I win just one more round I’ll be able to squeeze into the top one hundred rankings, and then escape that freak’s entanglement.* His worn body seemed to regain the spirit of battle at the very thought. He clenched his fists, telling himself that no matter what, he had to win this fight.

“.....The next round: Tian Nan Sect Luo Dong Xia, Cang Ying Sect Lu Cang.....” hearing his own name, Lu Cang stood up straight away, but saw the middle-aged man jump onto the stage one step ahead of him.

The man scrutinised the Lu Cang perched silently before him for a moment, then suddenly threw his head back and burst into laughter. “Cang Ying Sect? Alright then, Hero Lu from Cang Ying Sect...hahaha...” The people below also exploded into uniform laughter.

Cang Ying Sect was originally Lu Cang’s random creation, but he didn’t expect it to become the butt of his opponent’s joke. He was naturally a bit embarrassed. Forcefully calming himself, he raised his folded fists in respectful greeting. “My name is Lu Cang, please give me instruction, good sir.”

Not wasting another word, he struck the preparatory pose with his sword. Then, a blinding slash of the blade. He attacked.

The middle-aged man chuckled. With a flash, he effortlessly dodged Lu Cang’s offence. His long sword left its sheath, pointing straight for the spot between Lu Cang’s eyebrows.

Lu Cang locked his brows in concentration. This man’s skill was definitely above his own, but not by much.

Evidently there will be an intense and bitter battle today. But no matter what, he *had* to defeat this man and rise to the top one hundred. Since he already made his decision, Lu Cang no longer held back, and unfolded the entirety of his kung-fu, devoting it all to a chance of victory.

“Who did you arrange for?” Jing frowned as he asked General Mu Yue beside him.

“As Your Majesty ordered, I arranged for someone whose kung-fu was only a slight notch above Lu Cang’s, Luo Dong Xia. He’s from South Yard, but no one in Jianghu knows him,” Mu Yue answered respectfully. Though he didn’t agree with Jing spending this much attention on this little plaything, he was not bold enough to disobey the dictatorial Jing.



## HUA HUA YOU LONG Novel

Jing nodded. As he watched Lu Cang gradually become incapable of keeping up with Luo Dong Xia's moves and fall behind, a wisp of a smile floated onto the corners of his mouth.

Lu Cang gritted his teeth, determined to throw off his lagging predicament, and yet his opponent controlled the situation like a cat toying with a mouse. Lu Cang silently mourned his own misfortune. It just so happened that at the most imperative moment, he met such a strong opponent! He was so sapped of hope that he didn't even have the strength to cry.

*If I can't win....if I can't win...doesn't it mean that I'll be trapped in that small room for the rest of my life, waiting for that bastard to mess around with me?!*

Lu Cang tightened his jaw, sweat pouring down like rain, and yet he refused to relent, defending against his competitor with his life.

A streak of iciness abruptly flitted across the middle-aged man's eyes. His form suddenly changed, his figure launching off towards the sky. The sword in his hand became a web of silver wires, instantaneously ensnaring Lu Cang within.

Lu Cang gave a mental cry of alarm—this was definitely this man's exclusive killing attack. It seemed that the man had grown impatient and wanted to speedily finish him off. Lu Cang's chest burned with anxiety. A stream of strength from who knew where lead him to raise his sword, leaping off the ground as if his body had a separate consciousness...

Fly and turn, drive the sword, stir the qi—

That afternoon in the yard, that pair of hands that gripped his own...flew across Lu Cang's mind like lightning. He executed the move that Jing taught him without thinking.

His sword, as if an invincible force, broke into the tight web of sword strokes, and in the instant that Lu Cang lost focus of his senses, victory was sealed. Luo Dong Xia let out a pained scream; his right arm had already been stabbed through by the sword's qi. His own weapon fell to the ground with a clang.

The arena was silent. Nobody could clearly discern how exactly Lu Cang turned defeat into victory, flipping the tables around when all seemed lost.

The presiding officer and Luo Dong Xia's faces were whiter than paper...

“...This round...goes to...goes to Lu Cang...” The officer's voice trembled dangerously, unable to fathom this turn of events. The two's match had been pre-planned; this sort of outcome was unexpected indeed.

Behind the curtains.

A chill flickered across Jing's beautiful, piercing eyes. Yet he suddenly began to laugh, his laughter ringing loudly, completely devoid of any disappointment or failure.

“Your Majesty, your humble servant miscalculated and used an unfitting person—please punish me, Your Majesty...” Mu Yue felt as if his heart froze over with Jing’s laughter, and quickly knelt down to beg his own punishment.

But Jing shook his head.

“Then...how should Luo Dong Xia be punished?” With Jing’s personality, this Luo Dong Xia probably won’t escape with his life.

“Forget it.” Another shocking decision. Mu Yue raised his head, surprised, but found Jing to be all smiles and radiance. “To lose under my sword move, I’d say he’s justified...”

“Ah...” Mu Yue still stood, stunned, while Jing had already floated out into the hall, leaving Mu Yue only an elegant outline of his back.

Jing left the closely-guarded gate tower by himself and squeezed into the crowd...

Across a long distance, the two had an almost telepathic connection. Two pairs of eyes lit by complex emotions clashed in midair.

As Lu Cang focused on that pair of eyes so beautiful no words could describe, pride flashed past his own eyes.

*From now on, I won't be tied down by you anymore...*

Seeing Lu Cang’s expression of pride and relief, Jing once again smiled an unsettling smile. His figure suddenly blurred. In the matter of a breath, had already swept past the people crowding together like bees in a hive, and perched in front of Lu Cang.

“Congratulations!” He smiled sincerely, clouding Lu Cang’s judgment of his true intentions.

“...Wait for me at home...” Jing said once again in a lowered voice, not waiting for Lu Cang’s reply.

Lu Cang was just about to speak, but heard someone calling his name from behind. He turned his head.

He saw Xi Zhen grinning brightly behind him. “Big Brother Lu, you won? Congratulations!” Xi Zhen was still adorable, but Lu Cang didn’t have the attention to spare him right now. However, when he turned around again, that lean, graceful figure had already disappeared. All that was in front of his eyes was an endlessly stirring tide of people...

“Big Brother, what’re you looking for?” Xi Zhen asked him, puzzled.

“No...nothing...” Lu Cang hurriedly covered up his anxiety and shook his head, though incapable of straightening out the trance-like and perplexed thoughts in his head.

*You really think you could escape me this easily...*

Past wave upon wave in the ocean of people, on the not-so-far-away street, a smile with a tinge of demonic flashed upon Jing's lips. He proceeded towards Yue Long Bridge at a leisurely pace, walking towards that small house and yard that was tainted by Lu Cang's and his lust in every corner.

Finally escaping Xi Zhen's enthusiastic clinginess after dinner, Lu Cang dragged his fatigued body back to his temporary house. The second he stepped into the bedroom, Lu Cang saw Jing sitting with his head propped up by the elbow on the edge of the bed. The refined embroidery of plum blossoms on the bed curtains set off his splendid features. It was so sublime a scene that it took away one's breath.

"You've returned?" Hearing the footsteps behind him, Jing turned around, stood up, and advanced towards Lu Cang.

"You won...you're almost free..." Jing had donned a light, watery green robe, which, if nothing, exhibited his extinguished elegance even more. An alluring smile hung on his face as he slowly approached. Because of the shapeless tension that Jing exuded, and also due to of his own exhaustion, Lu Cang involuntarily fell into the chair below the window.

Lu Cang had thought Jing would definitely manoeuvre some sort of scheme to make him stay. He stopped in disbelief, not having expected Jing to keep to his word and not knowing how to react.

"This is the antidote to azure night." Jing reached into his robe, pulling out a crimson pill.

Lu Cang could only stand there and stare dumbly at his nearing figure, still unable to muster an appropriate reply.

Jing came to a stop in front of him and suddenly smiled—a smile like the oblivion of a fallen immortal floating down to the clouds, smashing down on Lu Cang's chest like a heavy hammer.

*Could I really leave? Could I really stop being this man's sex slave and pursue my own happiness?*

Lu Cang couldn't believe that he could have this kind of good luck. It was hard to believe, and at the same time there was an indefinable sort of emotion coiling up in his chest, making his heartstrings surge and fold like a thousand waves, perplexing to the extremes.

"What? So elated you forgot how to speak?" On the other hand, Jing was as mischievous as usual, and began to tease Lu Cang again.

"What're you blabbering about? Quick, give me the antidote." Lu Cang swiftly pushed away the strange brew of emotions, put on a serious face, and reached out his hand for the antidote.

Jing pulled back his hand out of Lu Cang's reach all of a sudden. "What're you doing..." Lu Cang grumbled discontentedly. But the next second, Jing open his mouth and stuff the antidote inside.

"You..." Lu Cang knew that Jing wouldn't just hand him the antidote so easily, but this sort of expected slyness still incensed him nonetheless.

“If you want it, come get it yourself!” With the antidote in his mouth, Jing’s words were a bit slurred, but Lu Cang still managed to make out his meaning.

“Impudent!” Though he had done every humiliating thing possible with Jing, Lu Cang still ended up flustered and blushing at Jing’s brazenness.

“Then you really don’t want it...” Jing pretended to turn around and leave. Lu Cang grabbed him right away...

Steeling his nerves, Lu Cang thought, *I’ve already been done in by you, what does a kiss matter?*

Pressing down on Jing’s shoulders, Lu Cang leaned his lips in with his jaws locked.

Their lips touched. The soft and subtle sensation accompanied a burst of warm, gentle fragrance that passed from Jing to Lu Cang. Lu Cang’s consciousness swayed slightly. He scrambled to withdraw his breath, warning himself not to grow soft-hearted.

Jing continued staring with those sparkling, gem-like eyes wide open, vaguely smiling at Lu Cang’s conflicted countenance. Yet he still artfully refused to open his mouth.

Lu Cang secretly gritted his teeth, then reached out his tongue, attempting to pry open this man’s cursed mouth.

But Jing still stubbornly held his ground, allowing Lu Cang to lick at his lips in frustration as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

“I’m not playing anymore...” Having his embarrassing, voluntary kisses kept out by Jing, Lu Cang, in infinite irritation, decided to give up. But Jing suddenly opened his lips and entwined Lu Cang’s tongue with his own, naughtily playing with that slippery warmth, guiding Lu Cang deeper into his mouth...

“You...” Unable to defend against Jing’s high-skilled teasing, Lu Cang felt his knees let him down and begin to shake. The protest that was about to leave his mouth disappeared once again inside Jing’s nimbly manoeuvring tongue’s turning and stirring. He gradually weakened under Jing’s imposing vigour and was pressed onto the chair. Jing pushed him even further and slid between his legs, holding down Lu Cang as he fiercely robbed Lu Cang of the fluid in his mouth.

Lu Cang held his mouth open blankly, his face inflated red due to lack of oxygen, allowing Jing to mess around as he wished. One bitter flow after another passed into Lu Cang’s mouth from the two’s bound tongues, reminding him of the original purpose of this kiss. He had just wanted to get his antidote, that was all, and yet it resulted in this sexually-charged and prolonged kiss.

Sensing Jing’s body pressed against his own gradually heat up with the deepening of the kiss, Lu Cang grew slightly alarmed. He tried to twist away from Jing’s embrace, but Jing clasped onto him securely, refusing to let him move.

“It’s the last time...you won’t succumb to me just this once?” Jing loosened his hold a bit and gazed deeply into Lu Cang’s eyes, his voice so light it was barely audible.

Perhaps it was an illusion, but Lu Cang somehow saw a flash of hurt in Jing’s eyes. After all, it was still an intimate relationship that continued for months; Lu Cang softened, and though he said nothing, he stopped struggling so violently.

How could someone as clever as Jing not notice the subtle change in Lu Cang’s behaviour? He pressed his lips onto Lu Cang’s once again and stole his hand adroitly inside Lu Cang’s clothes...

“Hng...” Lu Cang couldn’t help but let out a moan, his body, vulnerable to Jing’s hands, quivered underneath. His lean chest was provoked by Jing’s agile fingers again and again. The uncontrollable flood of heat gushed up straight from his abdomen. An unintentional shiver passed through his body.

Sensing Lu Cang’s response, Jing worked even harder to stimulate his partner’s aroused nerves. His tongue curled up onto the roof of Lu Cang’s mouth, flitting over that sensitive, thin wall. Meanwhile to the side, his hand peeled off the robes that had fallen off Lu Cang’s shoulder.

Lu Cang had been kissed and caressed to the point of having his senses flipped upside down. His body was sapped of energy as he leaned back into Jing’s arms; once again, he had completely lost the will to resist.

Jing’s sharp nails dug hard into Lu Cang’s smooth back. “Ah...” Lu Cang, intoxicated in the sexual thrill, abruptly felt the pain and let out a startled scream.

“Are you mad?!” He glared furiously at the grinning Jing. However, the passion just a moment before had brought tears to Lu Cang’s eyes and flushed his cheeks. Though he now wore an expression of anger, it only brought out his alluring charm even more, much to his disadvantage.

“Someone who reacts like *this* to my kiss still dares to pretend he wholeheartedly wants to leave me?” A suspicious smile hung upon Jing’s lips. One hand all of a sudden pressed onto Lu Cang’s lower half, which had grown tight, and gave a hard squeeze. As expected, Lu Cang let out a shrill scream.

Lu Cang could also guess what he looked like about right now. His hair had been pulled loose by Jing during the previous make out session, and the long strands fell disorganised behind him. His upper body had been stripped of clothing and his robe hung at his waist, his exposed, naked, upper half speckled by Jing’s kiss marks and finger marks. The worst of it was that his thin trousers could not conceal his obvious desire. Lu Cang was completely incapable of pretending he didn’t want Jing.

Lu Cang hung his head. It was true. He couldn’t resist Jing when it came to sexual play, and yet his heart stubbornly refused to drown in the lofty, careless life Jing offered up. A thread-like light of resolve flickered across the pair of eyes blurred by desire.

“It’s the last time...be a bit more docile, alright?” Jing leaned in and whispered in his ear, seeming to have seen through his thoughts.

Lu Cang also had the same trait men shared by all men, which was vulnerability to placid words and gentle persuasion. Softened, he began to be swayed once again. It wasn't as if he wasn't attracted to Jing, and with the impending farewell, Lu Cang was much less resistive to the whole "getting into bed with Jing" predicament.

Of course, Jing also knew how to take advantage of the situation. With a single lift, he hoisted Lu Cang up from the chair to a full bridal carry and took large strides towards the bed.

And of course, Lu Cang knew what he was about to do. Leaning in Jing's arms, his afflicted heart rushed back and forth, debating whether or not he should go forth with this farewell love-making with Jing. Meanwhile, he failed to notice how intimate the two of them were at this very moment.

Carefully setting Lu Cang down on the bed that was a wide expanse of silken embroidery, Jing didn't throw himself onto Lu Cang immediately like usual, but instead sat by the bed, silently watching Lu Cang for a few moments.

Lu Cang lay there quietly (a rare phenomenon), returning Jing's gaze. Under the flickering candlelight, Jing's hair was silk and his starry eyes were water, so bewitching that Lu Cang could not pull his eyes away.

"....." Jing sighed soundlessly, then spontaneously leaned down. Lu Cang thought he was going to kiss his lips and hurriedly turned his head to the side, but instead felt that pair of soft lips falling on his neck.

The moist lips trailed down to his chest and loitered, not taking leave for a long time. Lu Cang pressed down on Jing's head buried in his chest, gazing straight at the exquisite embroidery on the bed curtains.

"Ah..." Jing's tongue agilely curled upon his nipple, once in a while giving a light nip with the teeth. It was as if there was a burning torch inside Lu Cang's body. He shifted impatiently, an uncontrollable moan spilling over his lips.

Jing seemed to be bent on deepening the torture. He refused to touch the place where Lu Cang most lusted after his fingers, his hands roving over the arms, the abdomen, and the inner thigh. Somehow completely nude since who knows when, he lay down on top of Lu Cang and moved lightly, rubbing against Lu Cang's excited desire.

This kind of torture stretched on for what seemed like eternity, consisting of Jing's caresses and kisses. He had pretty much kissed every inch of Lu Cang's skin, yet still pretended not to notice the erection, only wanting to carry on with this agonising foreplay to infinity.

"How long, exactly, are you going to drag this on..." Lu Cang felt as if his whole body was on fire. All his blood was pretty much gathered in that dizzy head of his. He didn't know how to think anymore, and only knew that his desire had been boiled up to the highest extremity.

"Can't take it anymore?" Jing began to smile, but nevertheless ignored him, even when his own desire also stood upright between his legs, rubbing lightly against Lu Cang's.

“You’re an evil pig...” Clinging onto the body with durable muscles which weren’t obvious to the eye, Lu Cang felt the sweat roll down his sides, seeping into the pure silk bed sheets.

Jing was also a sight of dripping sweat. He made great efforts to control his own breathing, attempting to prolong foreplay to its furthest point. The moment he could no longer endure, he abruptly bit hard into Lu Cang’s shoulder. Lu Cang, who huffing unsteady breaths, didn’t even have the energy for an exclamation, letting out only a dull “hngh...”

“Raise your legs...” The sound of Jing’s voice had a certain, subdued, erotic ring. Lu Cang’s body trembled slightly and obediently opened his legs.

“...Put them around my waist...” Jing demanded greedily as he watched Lu Cang’s face swell crimson.

“It’s the last...” Knowing that Jing was about to say that overused excuse again, Lu Cang stopped him with a glare, yet still lifted his two legs and circle them around Jing’s waist despite the embarrassment it caused him.

It’s the last time. Such shameful actions seemed to become justified under the cover of this phrase...

“Hngh...” When Jing entered him, Lu Cang still quivered in pain. Jing was prolonging the foreplay on purpose; even the entrance became slower than usual. That thick erection was pushed into Lu Cang’s body bit by bit, and Jing had even swelled up larger and hotter than usual.

It was difficult to bear for Lu Cang, fingernails digging deep into Jing’s back as his insides endured an invasion beyond its capacity. The legs wrapped around Jing shook uncontrollably. This agony was truly endless. Lu Cang tried his hardest to control the urge to puke as he allowed Jing to slowly enter his body.

Feeling the hot tip pushed up to the deepest part of his body, Lu Cang was nevertheless too afraid to take a big breath. His deep insides were sensitive and soft, no match for Jing’s hard rod. Even when Jing wasn’t moving, they began to waver, bringing bouts of pain mixed with indescribable excitement.

“Your insides are so hot...so tight...” Jing also wore an expression of frowning agony as he felt Lu Cang’s insides pulsate. Even if he wasn’t moving, there was still constant stimulation that passed over his rod.

“You...deserve to die...” Lu Cang could only manage to squeeze out a sound from his throat, not really knowing what nonsense he was sputing in the first place. “Quickly, end it...” He shut his eyes, once again on the verge of tears. He held them back at the last minute and avoided humiliating himself again.

Jing suddenly felt his heart ache a little at the sight of Lu Cang sweating in pain, but of course, he wouldn’t give up this rare opportunity, what with Lu Cang being so obedient and all. After much afflicted reconsideration, he began to move without a sound.

“Ah...ah...” With their parting at hand, Lu Cang let himself become crazier, no longer concealing his desire but instead following Jing’s every thrust and releasing his voice. His body, soaked in sweat, seemed to be rising and falling intensely on the crest of a wave.



Jing's attacking stamina was scary. Lu Cang's inner channel couldn't take Jing's nonstop swelling and expanding, and contracted. But it was completely unable to expel this large, foreign object, and could only light gust after gust of blazing, painful, seizures.

"Ah...ah...you...you..." Lu Cang couldn't endure this kind of torture anymore and began to cry out in insanity. However, Jing held onto him with a death grip, letting Lu Cang wipe all his tears on his chest while continuing the rhythmic, upward thrusts. The two were tightly stuck together from head to heel, especially the lower body, where Lu Cang's stimulated body fluids glued them together firmly.

"Don't loosen your legs..." sensing Lu Cang loosening his legs and letting them fall to the side, Jing warned him in a low voice, meanwhile pushing even deeper into this captivating body.

Outside, the moon had already risen to its peak. The cold moon shone in from the window onto the two's passionate entanglement, and even the icy moonlight seemed to grow fiery. The whole of the room permeated with the colours of spring. Even the lotus flower embroidered on the screen in the room hid its pinkish face in embarrassment.

"...Ah..." Jing let out a low sound out of the blue, then swore an unimaginably vulgar curse word. Lu Cang stopped short. A gush of feverish heat burst forth from Jing, filling up his insides. Lu Cang immediately became tongue-tied, fight for words.

"You—!" Pulled back to his senses with much struggle and just when he wanted to release his anger, Jing covered his mouth.

"Good Lu Cang, it's the last time...can't you be obedient just this once..." It was still the same four words, yet they once again successfully mollified Lu Cang.

*That's right, it was the last time. Just take it as a dog bit you,* Lu Cang consoled himself, though there was an emotion he couldn't put a finger on that gushed up woefully, rendering him unable to speak for a while.

.....

But a second later, he regretted being so submissive.

"Do you have a fucking limit?!" Lu Cang shouted in irritation as he clenched his fists. It times that he had been pressed beneath Jing had become countless.

Jing ignored him, doing intense bed work the way he liked. This time they were using the down-facing position, which was especially humiliating for Lu Cang. It was no wonder that he was protesting so loudly.

Lu Cang was furious, but was stuck and couldn't move. His arms supporting his body shook dangerously, so he just decided to hold himself up with his head pushed up against the bed. He covered his ears, hoping to block off the sounds of that perverted Jing's lower abdomen striking against his own butt.

The hole to his back chamber had grown numb with pain and the muscles inside had long since loosened up enough to hold in Jing's coarseness. Without the physical agony, the stimulation was like a wildfire

on a dry savannah. He had already lost count of how many times he climaxed, only knowing that he bordered on madness.

“Will you miss me in the future?” Lu Cang had already been fucked so hard he had no strength left to speak, but Jing didn’t have mercy on him. Instead, he asked some very provocative questions.

“Miss...miss you, like hell!” Lu Cang gathered up all the strength in his body to muster a response. He was panting so hard he could barely hang on.

“You’re already spent?” Jing continued to taunt him.

For some reason, Lu Cang was suddenly ticked off. “I’m done...” He struggled to flip around, but because Jing was on top of him, only succeeded in turning awkwardly onto his side. He could only prop himself up with his arms and crawl away, attempting to pull himself out from under Jing.

How could Jing allow him to escape? A strong arm caught him by the waist. One hand twisted his erection, and Lu Cang grew limp and powerless at once. Jing took advantage of this and thrust himself back inside aggressively.

The side position put Lu Cang in so much pain his sense of sight fell to blackness. Jing still continued to thrust in and out without any hint of developing compassion or mercy. The ceaseless arousal accompanied by acute aching tossed and tumbled upwards. Lu Cang’s eyes rolled back, his physical energy at last drained dry, and fainted on the spot...

Who knew how long later, Lu Cang finally regained consciousness.

The single light in the room was the size of a bean. The only thing left was a body covered in bruises, frightful to his eye. The sheets were kneaded into a messy muddle. The entire room was wreathed in the smell of too much love-making—yet Jing had long since gone off somewhere unknown to him...

Jing came without explanation and left without explanation. Although his disappearance was what he had been praying for day and night, Lu Cang had the empty sensation of something having been whirled away. Melancholy flooded his heart and spirit...

Pressing down on Jing’s shoulders, Lu Cang leaned his lips in with his jaws locked. Their lips touched. The soft and subtle sensation accompanied a burst of warm, gentle fragrance that passed from Jing to Lu Cang. Lu Cang’s consciousness swayed slightly. He scrambled to withdraw his breath, warning himself not to grow soft-hearted.

Jing continued staring with those sparkling, gem-like eyes wide open, vaguely smiling at Lu Cang’s conflicted countenance. Yet he still artfully refused to open his mouth. Lu Cang secretly gritted his teeth, then reached out his tongue, attempting to pry open this man’s cursed mouth. But Jing still stubbornly held his ground, allowing Lu Cang to lick at his lips in frustration as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

“I’m not playing anymore...” Having his embarrassing, voluntary kisses kept out by Jing, Lu Cang, in infinite irritation, decided to give up. But Jing suddenly opened his lips and entwined Lu Cang’s tongue with his own, naughtily playing with that slippery warmth, guiding Lu Cang deeper into his mouth...

“You...” Unable to defend against Jing’s high-skilled teasing, Lu Cang felt his knees let him down and begin to shake.

The protest that was about to leave his mouth disappeared once again inside Jing’s nimbly manoeuvring tongue’s turning and stirring. He gradually weakened under Jing’s imposing vigour and was pressed onto the chair. Jing pushed him even further and slid between his legs, holding down Lu Cang as he fiercely robbed Lu Cang of the fluid in his mouth.

Lu Cang held his mouth open blankly, his face inflated red due to lack of oxygen, allowing Jing to mess around as he wished. One bitter flow after another passed into Lu Cang’s mouth from the two’s bound tongues, reminding him of the original purpose of this kiss. He had just wanted to get his antidote, that was all, and yet it resulted in this sexually-charged and prolonged kiss.

Sensing Jing’s body pressed against his own gradually heat up with the deepening of the kiss, Lu Cang grew slightly alarmed. He tried to twist away from Jing’s embrace, but Jing clasped onto him securely, refusing to let him move.

“It’s the last time...you won’t succumb to me just this once?” Jing loosened his hold a bit and gazed deeply into Lu Cang’s eyes, his voice so light it was barely audible.

Perhaps it was an illusion, but Lu Cang somehow saw a flash of hurt in Jing’s eyes. After all, it was still an intimate relationship that continued for months; Lu Cang softened, and though he said nothing, he stopped struggling so violently.

How could someone as clever as Jing not notice the subtle change in Lu Cang’s behaviour? He pressed his lips onto Lu Cang’s once again and stole his hand adroitly inside Lu Cang’s clothes...

“Hng...” Lu Cang couldn’t help but let out a moan, his body, vulnerable to Jing’s hands, quivered underneath.

His lean chest was provoked by Jing’s agile fingers again and again. The uncontrollable flood of heat gushed up straight from his abdomen. An unintentional shiver passed through his body.

Sensing Lu Cang’s response, Jing worked even harder to stimulate his partner’s aroused nerves. His tongue curled up onto the roof of Lu Cang’s mouth, flitting over that sensitive, thin wall. Meanwhile to the side, his hand peeled off the robes that had fallen off Lu Cang’s shoulder.

Lu Cang had been kissed and caressed to the point of having his senses flipped upside down. His body was sapped of energy as he leaned back into Jing's arms; once again, he had completely lost the will to resist.

Jing's sharp nails dug hard into Lu Cang's smooth back. "Ah..." Lu Cang, intoxicated in the sexual thrill, abruptly felt the pain and let out a startled scream.

"Are you mad?!" He glared furiously at the grinning Jing. However, the passion just a moment before had brought tears to Lu Cang's eyes and flushed his cheeks. Though he now wore an expression of anger, it only brought out his alluring charm even more, much to his disadvantage.

"Someone who reacts like *this* to my kiss still dares to pretend he wholeheartedly wants to leave me?" A suspicious smile hung upon Jing's lips.

One hand all of a sudden pressed onto Lu Cang's lower half, which had grown tight, and gave a hard squeeze. As expected, Lu Cang let out a shrill scream.

Lu Cang could also guess what he looked like about right now. His hair had been pulled loose by Jing during the previous make out session, and the long strands fell disorganised behind him.

His upper body had been stripped of clothing and his robe hung at his waist, his exposed, naked, upper half speckled by Jing's kiss marks and finger marks. The worst of it was that his thin trousers could not conceal his obvious desire. Lu Cang was completely incapable of pretending he didn't want Jing.

Lu Cang hung his head. It was true. He couldn't resist Jing when it came to sexual play, and yet his heart stubbornly refused to drown in the lofty, careless life Jing offered up. A thread-like light of resolve flickered across the pair of eyes blurred by desire.

"It's the last time...be a bit more docile, alright?" Jing leaned in and whispered in his ear, seeming to have seen through his thoughts.

Lu Cang also had the same trait men shared by all men, which was vulnerability to placid words and gentle persuasion. Softened, he began to be swayed once again. It wasn't as if he wasn't attracted to Jing, and with the impending farewell, Lu Cang was much less resistive to the whole "getting into bed with Jing" predicament.

Of course, Jing also knew how to take advantage of the situation. With a single lift, he hoisted Lu Cang up from the chair to a full bridal carry and took large strides towards the bed. And of course, Lu Cang knew what he was about to do. Leaning in Jing's arms, his afflicted heart rushed back and forth, debating whether or not he should go forth with this farewell love-making with Jing.

Meanwhile, he failed to notice how intimate the two of them were at this very moment. Carefully setting Lu Cang down on the bed that was a wide expanse of silken embroidery, Jing didn't throw himself onto Lu Cang immediately like usual, but instead sat by the bed, silently watching Lu Cang for a few

moments.

Lu Cang lay there quietly (a rare phenomenon), returning Jing's gaze. Under the flickering candlelight, Jing's hair was silk and his starry eyes were water, so bewitching that Lu Cang could not pull his eyes away.

"....." Jing sighed soundlessly, then spontaneously leaned down. Lu Cang thought he was going to kiss his lips and hurriedly turned his head to the side, but instead felt that pair of soft lips falling on his neck. The moist lips trailed down to his chest and loitered, not taking leave for a long time. Lu Cang pressed down on Jing's head buried in his chest, gazing straight at the exquisite embroidery on the bed curtains.

"Ah..." Jing's tongue agilely curled upon his nipple, once in a while giving a light nip with the teeth. It was as if there was a burning torch inside Lu Cang's body. He shifted impatiently, an uncontrollable moan spilling over his lips.

Jing seemed to be bent on deepening the torture. He refused to touch the place where Lu Cang most lusted after his fingers, his hands roving over the arms, the abdomen, and the inner thigh. Somehow completely nude since who knows when, he lay down on top of Lu Cang and moved lightly, rubbing against Lu Cang's excited desire.

This kind of torture stretched on for what seemed like eternity, consisting of Jing's caresses and kisses. He had pretty much kissed every inch of Lu Cang's skin, yet still pretended not to notice the erection, only wanting to carry on with this agonising foreplay to infinity.

"How long, exactly, are you going to drag this on..." Lu Cang felt as if his whole body was on fire. All his blood was pretty much gathered in that dizzy head of his. He didn't know how to think anymore, and only knew that his desire had been boiled up to the highest extremity.

"Can't take it anymore?" Jing began to smile, but nevertheless ignored him, even when his own desire also stood upright between his legs, rubbing lightly against Lu Cang's.

"You're an evil pig..." Clinging onto the body with durable muscles which weren't obvious to the eye, Lu Cang felt the sweat roll down his sides, seeping into the pure silk bed sheets.

Jing was also a sight of dripping sweat. He made great efforts to control his own breathing, attempting to prolong foreplay to its furthest point. The moment he could no longer endure, he abruptly bit hard into Lu Cang's shoulder. Lu Cang, who huffing unsteady breaths, didn't even have the energy for an exclamation, letting out only a dull "hng..."

“Raise your legs...” The sound of Jing’s voice had a certain, subdued, erotic ring. Lu Cang’s body trembled slightly and obediently opened his legs.

“...Put them around my waist...” Jing demanded greedily as he watched Lu Cang’s face swell crimson.

“It’s the last...” Knowing that Jing was about to say that overused excuse again, Lu Cang stopped him with a glare, yet still lifted his two legs and circle them around Jing’s waist despite the embarrassment it caused him.

It’s the last time. Such shameful actions seemed to become justified under the cover of this phrase...

“Hngh...” When Jing entered him, Lu Cang still quivered in pain. Jing was prolonging the foreplay on purpose; even the entrance became slower than usual. That thick erection was pushed into Lu Cang’s body bit by bit, and Jing had even swelled up larger and hotter than usual.

It was difficult to bear for Lu Cang, fingernails digging deep into Jing’s back as his insides endured an invasion beyond its capacity. The legs wrapped around Jing shook uncontrollably. This agony was truly endless. Lu Cang tried his hardest to control the urge to puke as he allowed Jing to slowly enter his body.

Feeling the hot tip pushed up to the deepest part of his body, Lu Cang was nevertheless too afraid to take a big breath. His deep insides were sensitive and soft, no match for Jing’s hard rod. Even when Jing wasn’t moving, they began to waver, bringing bouts of pain mixed with indescribable excitement.

“Your insides are so hot...so tight...” Jing also wore an expression of frowning agony as he felt Lu Cang’s insides pulsate. Even if he wasn’t moving, there was still constant stimulation that passed over his rod.

“You...deserve to die...” Lu Cang could only manage to squeeze out a sound from his throat, not really knowing what nonsense he was sputing in the first place. “Quickly, end it...” He shut his eyes, once again on the verge of tears. He held them back at the last minute and avoided humiliating himself again.

Jing suddenly felt his heart ache a little at the sight of Lu Cang sweating in pain, but of course, he wouldn’t give up this rare opportunity, what with Lu Cang being so obedient and all. After much afflicted reconsideration, he began to move without a sound.

“Ah...ah...” With their parting at hand, Lu Cang let himself become crazier, no longer concealing his desire but instead following Jing’s every thrust and releasing his voice. His body, soaked in sweat, seemed to be rising and falling intensely on the crest of a wave.

Jing's attacking stamina was scary. Lu Cang's inner channel couldn't take Jing's nonstop swelling and expanding, and contracted. But it was completely unable to expel this large, foreign object, and could only light gust after gust of blazing, painful, seizures.

"Ah...ah...you...you..." Lu Cang couldn't endure this kind of torture anymore and began to cry out in insanity. However, Jing held onto him with a death grip, letting Lu Cang wipe all his tears on his chest while continuing the rhythmic, upward thrusts. The two were tightly stuck together from head to heel, especially the lower body, where Lu Cang's stimulated body fluids glued them together firmly.

"Don't loosen your legs..." sensing Lu Cang loosening his legs and letting them fall to the side, Jing warned him in a low voice, meanwhile pushing even deeper into this captivating body.

Outside, the moon had already risen to its peak. The cold moon shone in from the window onto the two's passionate entanglement, and even the icy moonlight seemed to grow fiery. The whole of the room permeated with the colours of spring<sup>[9]</sup>. Even the lotus flower embroidered on the screen in the room hid its pinkish face in embarrassment.

"...Ah..." Jing let out a low sound out of the blue, then swore an unimaginably vulgar curse word. Lu Cang stopped short. A gush of feverish heat burst forth from Jing, filling up his insides. Lu Cang immediately became tongue-tied, fight for words.

"You—!" Pulled back to his senses with much struggle and just when he wanted to release his anger, Jing covered his mouth.

"Good Lu Cang, it's the last time...can't you be obedient just this once..." It was still the same four words, yet they once again successfully mollified Lu Cang.

*That's right, it was the last time. Just take it as a dog bit you,* Lu Cang consoled himself, though there was an emotion he couldn't put a finger on that gushed up woefully, rendering him unable to speak for a while.

.....

But a second later, he regretted being so submissive.

"Do you have a fucking limit?!" Lu Cang shouted in irritation as he clenched his fists. It times that he had been pressed beneath Jing had become countless.

Jing ignored him, doing intense bed work the way he liked. This time they were using the down-facing position, which was especially humiliating for Lu Cang. It was no wonder that he was protesting so loudly.

## HUA HUA YOU LONG Novel

Lu Cang was furious, but was stuck and couldn't move. His arms supporting his body shook dangerously, so he just decided to hold himself up with his head pushed up against the bed. He covered his ears, hoping to block off the sounds of that perverted Jing's lower abdomen striking against his own butt.

The hole to his back chamber had grown numb with pain and the muscles inside had long since loosened up enough to hold in Jing's coarseness. Without the physical agony, the stimulation was like a wildfire on a dry savannah. He had already lost count of how many times he climaxed, only knowing that he bordered on madness.

"Will you miss me in the future?" Lu Cang had already been fucked so hard he had no strength left to speak, but Jing didn't have mercy on him. Instead, he asked some very provocative questions.

"Miss...miss you, like hell!" Lu Cang gathered up all the strength in his body to muster a response. He was panting so hard he could barely hang on.

"You're already spent?" Jing continued to taunt him.

For some reason, Lu Cang was suddenly ticked off. "I'm done..." He struggled to flip around, but because Jing was on top of him, only succeeded in turning awkwardly onto his side. He could only prop himself up with his arms and crawl away, attempting to pull himself out from under Jing.

How could Jing allow him to escape? A strong arm caught him by the waist. One hand twisted his erection, and Lu Cang grew limp and powerless at once. Jing took advantage of this and thrust himself back inside aggressively.

The side position put Lu Cang in so much pain his sense of sight fell to blackness. Jing still continued to thrust in and out without any hint of developing compassion or mercy. The ceaseless arousal accompanied by acute aching tossed and tumbled upwards. Lu Cang's eyes rolled back, his physical energy at last drained dry, and fainted on the spot...

Who knew how long later, Lu Cang finally regained consciousness.

The single light in the room was the size of a bean. The only thing left was a body covered in bruises, frightful to his eye. The sheets were kneaded into a messy muddle. The entire room was wreathed in the smell of too much love-making—yet Jing had long since gone off somewhere unknown to him...

Jing came without explanation and left without explanation. Although his disappearance was what he had been praying for day and night, Lu Cang had the empty sensation of something having been whirled away. Melancholy flooded his heart and spirit...



[1] Small Window and Warm Screen- Just to clarify, screen is a folding screen (Asian room divider, you can say). Also, two other things concerning the title of this chapter. Firstly, it sounds sort of strange in English and I'd have to say it doesn't sound exactly strange in Chinese but still slightly awkward (but passable). Secondly, I checked a few sources and all of them for some reason have the chapter titled 小楼屏暖 but then later, also 小窗屏暖. I translated the second version because there's no direct translation for the word 楼 in English (it's a building with two or more stories).

[2] 天南门 (Tian Nan Sect)- Literally, Sect of Southern Sky. There are a handful of ways to name a kung-fu sect, but most just boil down to being a "sect" in English. The organisation is slightly different for each one. For instance, a 门 (men= door), as seen here, is a very basic sect that's probably not very powerful. A 帮 (bang) is a gang, which is what thieves or bandits would name themselves. A 派 (pai= as a noun, a certain school or style) is usually a higher-prestige/power sect, possibly with a long history and legacy (for instance, the renowned Emei nuns are known as 峨嵋派). There're a lot more, but just know that I'm pretty much going to stick with the translation "sect" for all of them.

[3] 罗东侠 (Luo Dong Xia)- his name Dong Xia. Sort of funny. Dong means east and Xia means a chivalrous person.

[4] 苍鹰 (Cang Ying)- Lu Cang made up a sect by adding his own name 苍 (cang, meaning deep blue) to 鹰 (eagle) because he's not from a specific sect. However, unfortunately, the phrase for the insect "fly" (苍蝇) is also pronounced the same way.

[5] Folded his fists- refer to Chapter 4 footnote 15 for detailed description and explanation.

[6] 大侠- Originally, Lu Cang calls Luo Dong Xia "hero" or "chivalrous man" (大侠) here, but I changed to sir because it'd make more sense in English. Lu Cang only calls him this out of respect (it's quite common), and especially because Luo Dong Xia is his senior in age.

[7] 南厂 (South Yard)- In Chinese history, there been East Yard (and West Yard during Ming Dynasty only), which are both special forces organisations (same idea as FBI). I'm guessing the author didn't want to infringe upon history, so she made up South Yard.

[8] Sword qi- in the world of kung-fu novels, swords are considered rather special weapons. Qi can be manipulated to extend over any weapon. However, there's a vague idea that swords can morph your qi into a different, stronger form if manipulated correctly. Powerful swords are sometimes considered to have their own qi.

[9] Spring- here, spring is euphemistic for sexual atmosphere.

## Chapter 7.2: Confusion of a rope with one thousand knots

Silken peonies embroidered on a carpet of shallow red, lifelike dragons avariciously curled around looming pillars of gold and precious stones - a mere fraction the luxuriousness of Datong Dynasty's Forbidden City (Chinese palace). Although just a side hall, it was enough to accommodate a large crowd of commoners and their lords alike, all of whom could not help but gape, awestruck, at the grandeur of it all.

Lu Cang, however had neither the mood nor desire to admire this rare sight (of the emperor's house) like the rest of the plebeians. He knelt, head lowered, among the hundred champions of the Hero's Assembly, all the while having an internal debate over whether to return to Hangzhou by land or by water.

A well dressed chamberlain had ordered the crowd into the hall before giving a lengthy speech which only served to trouble Lu Cang more and more as it dragged on and on. Because of Jing's excessive demands on his body the previous night, as well as the awkward kneeling position, his whole body ached and he knew his knees were definitely not enough to support him. Lu Cang sneakily lowered his hips to rest on his ankle, finally relieving himself of some discomfort.

The chamberlain stood behind a thin floor length curtain and behind him sat Datong's well known yet mysterious Emperor Jing Zong. The curtain was just thick enough for the crowds to see a vague silhouette of their ruler.

Maybe he's so secretive about his appearances because he's uglier than a ghost? Lu Cang thought.

Being a mountain bandit, he never held emperors in high regard but looking at the repose of this Emperor Jing Zong somehow made Lu Cang's disgust for him triple.

--Qin Ci! (I have no idea how to translate this, it basically means the guy's done with his royal speech)

The chamberlain finally finished his unnecessarily flowery speech, half of which the not-very-highly-educated commoners and martial artists couldn't understand anyway.

"Xie zhu long en--" (something like "thank you, your grace") the crown chanted. Lu Cang had no choice but to follow the masses and likewise bow lower.

--Thank you my ass. Lu Cang silently mouthed vulgarities as his head was lowered but reverted to a submissive look as he straightened his back.

Wu(sigh), it's finally over. Lu Cang took a deep breath: this should be the last item for the ceremony and then he could finally return to his old mountain bandit Lu Cang self. The thought gave him a sudden urge to laugh out loud.

The chamberlain stepped back but frustratingly, an official in ludicrously purple robes replaced him. Lu Cang looked around but found that everyone else was grinning as if they

were about to become rich.

-- There was prize money?!?

The Lu Cang who hadn't paid an ounce attention before was suddenly filled with enthusiasm and straightened his almost broken back with much effort.

"In first place --Lu Xuanting of Changzhou."

A big bearded man stumbled out from the first row and knelt in front of the crowd as if he was afraid of something.

"Lu Xuanting of Changzhou, a reward of ten thousand liang, qin ci."

"Thank you you honour, thank you...." The crowd looked on with eyes of admiration while Lu Xuanting was moved to the point of not knowing what to do except for repeatedly professing his gratitude. Since times were peaceful, swordsmen had a very low standing in the social hierarchy. Now that he had received such a large amount of money, he was touched to the point of crying tears of joy.

--bring the wine." Pretty ladies brought forth wine, and Lu Xuanting gulped it down, a proud smile slowly appearing on his face.

"Second place, Haowei from Shandong."

.....

The officials called the champions out in order of positioning, but even though the ranking decreased, the prize money was still a considerable amount, so everyone was of good cheer and thanked the officials and drank the wine.

Because Lu Cang just wanted to make it to the top hundred, he did not bother to strive for a better ranking and ended up in 90-somethingth position, so he still had a long time to wait before his turn. He estimated he'd have to wait approximately until his legs broke from kneeling. Lu Cang kept glancing at the silver pieces that would soon fall into his palm to quell his impatience.

"In fifty sixth place, Xizhen of Tongan."

Lu Cang perked up at hearing the name of an acquaintance. He craned his neck a little to watch that pretty youth step forward- Xizhen was clad in red and purple and scarcely looked like a martial arts hero, but having defeated thousands of opponents to obtain his ranking, he definitely had quite the talent.

"I pay my respects to his majesty." Xizhen said in a delicate tone as he knelt, taking the officials by surprise. After two awkward coughs, the official read out from the list in his hands, "Reward--"

"Wait a minute!" A clear male voice rang abruptly. It was Emperor Jing Zong, who hadn't said a word the whole time.

The officials flinched in surprise before bowing deeply, "What does his majesty command?"

"Xizhen, come up the steps so I can see you more clearly." Emperor Jing Zong's voice was neutral, but had undertones of a kind of stormy unhappiness.

But Xizhen, totally unfazed, wore a grin as he climbed the steps and knelt before the thin curtain between himself and the emperor. "Your majesty--" He slowly raised his head to look at Emperor Jing Zong through the veil- Lu Cang could well bet his life he saw a flash of coldness though the veil.

"Shameless!" (More accurately translated as "How dare you?!" but i feel "shameless!" is better for this context?) Jing Zong stared furiously at Xizhen through the veil and stood up and raised his hand to attack Xizhen.

"Your majesty--" The official hurried to his knees. "Your majesty, do you wish for the ceremony to continue?"

As if suddenly reminded of his surroundings, Jing Zong slowly sat down, "Reward Xizhen later, continue calling out the other heroes." He flicked his wrist behind the veil, gesturing the officials to continue.

"In fifty seventh place, Suzhou....."

As it dragged on, Lu Cang had long been concentrating on guessing Xizhen's true identity-- while still grinning, Xizhen knelt in front of the curtain, not one bit affected by Emperor Jing Zong's scary expression-- but looking at Jing Zong's angry face, it was as if Xizhen had no right whatsoever to participate in the Heroes' Assembly.

What's the story behind all this? Was Xizhen a royal? Was that why he's not allowed to participate?

But there were no restrictions to participating.

Lu Cang racked his brain but could not think of any possible reasons. But seeing Xizhen still kneeling there and smiling, he blinked at himself and let out a small laugh despite the situation.

"In ninety seventh place - Hangzhou Lu Cang."

Finally, his turn. Lu Cang rushed to the front to kneel, putting on his most submissive look. (...hah....) The official took a disconcertingly long time digging out his reward, but Lu Cang didn't mind as long as there's the prize.

"Reward -- you are to serve as a guard for the inner court, first class. Reward, one thousand liang."

Once said, the hall broke out in surprised gasps - it is known that such positions are only reserved for the super elite, and Lu Cang's promotion was thoroughly unexpected.

Lu Cang himself was greatly surprised, though not flattered. The reward tasted like bitter herbs to him. How he not only had to stay in the capital- but also had to stay very close to the emperor as an inner court guard.

Being near a monarch is like being next to a tiger; staying at the foot of the emperor isn't really a good thing, there was no freedom at all.

Damn that senile old emperor! Lu Cang was so excited to escape from Jing's evil clutches, but he never would've expected such an outcome. He stood frozen in shock.

"Please give your thanks." Apparently, the official was getting impatient with his prolonged silence.

"Thank you, your majesty--" Under the scrutiny of a large crowd, Lu Cang had no choice but to lower his body in a bow, but there was nothing sweet about his words.

"Bring the wine." The official's voice was a blur to Lu Cang's ears and his heart was filled with unspeakable hate. He just wanted it all to end. He hurriedly swallowed the strange tasting green liquid he was served. Who wants to guard whoever's ass can do whatever they like, Lu Cang was going to abscond.

"In ninety eighth place....." The annoying programme went on, but none of the other champions had Lu Cang's "fantastic luck" of getting awarded with such an high position.

A short while later, after all hundred heroes had been called out, the official put the long list of names away and turned to the emperor. Bowing, "Your majesty, all hundred heroes have been rewarded, please give your command."

"Raise the curtain." The emperor did not announce it like a command, but rather quietly instructed female attendants standing by his side to roll up the thin curtain in front of him.

The official was shocked; he had always thought the emperor liked to keep his appearances a mystery, and now he wanted to reveal himself in front of so many people?

Ugh, who wants to look at your ugly face?! After hearing the stupid emperor's pointless command, Lu Cang grew extremely impatient- his legs hurt like hell and he wanted nothing more than to return to his mountain and see his brothers. Every second more in that gorgeous hall was like a special kind of torture in itself. He didn't bother to raise his head even as he heard the curtains being pulled aside, or as the collective gasps of the people filled the air around him.

Could it be that the emperor is so ugly that even all the martial arts heroes are shocked?

Lu Cang finally busied himself with lifting his head, but found that the emperor had already walked down the steps. Emperor Jing Zong was standing a mere three paces from Lu Cang.

Inevitably, two pairs of eyes collided-

"Aah--"

In that moment, Lu Cang could not stop a yelp from escaping - it was like seeing a ghost. He sincerely hoped it was a gaffe, but right in front of him stood the one person he was truly terrified of :

Elegant, fair skin clothed in robes of embroidered silk.

A beautiful man. Those eyes that Lu Cang recognized so distinctly curved into a gentle smile, a hateful, hateful smile that hung from his perfect lips like Lu Cang's worst nightmare. Other than being a total pervert, this was the man who had turned Lu Cang's life upside down the past few months. Who else could it possibly be other than Jing the demon?

"You-- you-- you--," pointing a violently trembling finger at Jing, "you" was the only syllable that could make it past Lu Cang's petrified lips for a very long time. Blood drained from his quickly paling face, and his first reaction was to turn and run towards the huge doors of the hall.

But once again, Jing proved his martial arts skills to be superior. With speed too fast for the eye to catch, he crossed several feet and caught a Lu Cang who was desperately trying to escape.

"You're a liar...trickster...bastard son of a bitch ...." Jing harshly pinned a desperately struggling Lu Cang on the floor. Vicious insults flowed unabated from Lu Cang's mouth, cursing approximately eighteen generations worth of Jing's ancestors over and over again.

"You're quite feisty, aren't you," Jing quietly laughed, not a hint of anger in his voice. Jing severely underestimated Lu Cang. In all honesty, he expected Lu Cang to collapse from shock after he had revealed his identity. Seeing as the first part of his plan had already failed, Jing took more drastic measures to subdue the flailing rascal beneath him. He quickly used the drape-like material of his outermost robe to cover up their little commotion and boldly, in front of the crowd, stuffed his hand down the front of Lu Cang's trousers, ruthlessly pinching its sensitive centre.

"You...you...." Although he felt Jing's ferocious grip on his most vulnerable area, Lu Cang did not stop struggling, but it hurt so much that his resistance weakened considerably and his loud cursing faded to soft sobbing sounds.

All the people were shocked to see the drama unfold- no one could guess the relationship between the young, beautiful emperor and that desperately struggling youth beneath him was. Lu Cang's screaming and kicking was testament to Jing's brutal treatment. Only Xizhen silently stayed by the side and giggled as if he had known what was going on all along.

"Go go, quickly move the guests to another resting hall--" Jing obviously did not want to carry out his 'refining procedure' in front of so many other random men. He used one hand to crush against the floor the Lu Cang who was resisting like there was no tomorrow, freeing his other hand to gesture for the officials to empty out the hall.

Despite the confusion, officials - being, well, official figures - asked everyone to vacate in loud, steady voices.

Even the Heroes were terribly curious, but after all, such private matters were the emperor's own. Even if they were to eat extra animal guts, they still wouldn't muster the courage to poke their nose in. Like everyone else in the crowd, they too followed the officials' directions and quickly left the hall.

Jing turned his head slightly and realised Xizhen was still standing by the side. Jing could not help but scowl, "You go back to the palace as well. When I'm done with my business i will reward you!" He threw a fierce glare to that idiot who couldn't himself gauge the severity of the threat.

"Even I cannot stay and watch?" Xizhen muttered as he moved to leave. "Clearly it's going to be very fun...."

Listening to the weird exchange between the two made Lu Cang even more anxious to know what they had to do with each other. But he was still stubbornly held to the floor and his lower body hurt like hell, so he had no energy to think about anything.

After Xizhen's deliberately prolonged departure, Jing slowly loosened his death grip on Lu Cang, who took this opportunity to attempt to crawl out from under Jing and stand up, only to have Jing lift him into a carry.

"What are you doing?!" He cried out in shock and fear. Jing ignored him and tightly carried him up the golden steps.

"Don't..." As his buttocks brushed against a soft brocade couch, Lu Cang, despite the fogginess in his mind, knew what Jing planned to do with him. (translated as couch but it's more like a bed.ahem.) He'd never comply. Using his hands to resist, he stiffly refused to let himself be pressed beneath Jing again.

"What are you trying to do? You want me to hold you so badly?" Jing teased, but his tone soon turned threatening, "The wine you were given just now contained some special ingredients...If you still don't obey what I say, I'll abandon you here to look wretched as hell!"

That made Lu Cang so, so angry- the freedom he had fought for had been a plot by Jing all along - as if drugging him was insufficient, he also used his position as Datong's Emperor to change the law and bind Lu Cang's hands. Appointing him as a high ranking body guard made it all the more difficult for Lu Cang to escape his clutches.

"You're so cruel..." Lu Cang resigned do doing what most people would have done long ago and became quiet and subservient; this was a war he dared not fight. Being a bandit, Lu Cang had never felt intimidated by any form of law or authority, he had even dared to speak out and curse in front of the world's most powerful people. "You...you...you," But now, he was so angry that he could not even articulate.

Jing smiled despite Lu Cang's disposition, that brilliant smile that was like a terrifying

illusion of a million blooming flowers. Lu Cang hesitated for a split second, and Jing took advantage of the opening to harshly press their lips together.

"Nnnh....." Lu Cang parted his lips to let out a soft cry and man above him used this slight falter to bite down on his tongue. Jing relentlessly teased Lu Cang's frantically thrashing tongue, \*\*\*\*\* (it's like this in the chinese version) juice flowing from Jing's mouth into his own, from the tongue all the way down to his throat. Lu Cang, who was completely inexperienced with this kind of play, could only freeze with his eyes wide open, daring not to move his throat lest he swallow anything. Suddenly, Jing yanked his hair back to force his head up, forcing the warm liquid to sluice down his throat, into the depths of his body.....

"Ah...guh..." Lu Cang was gagging, almost suffocating, and couldn't help but open his mouth to swallow the embarrassing liquid. Jing used this opening to lift Lu Cang's upper robes, his fingers latching onto the sensitive protrusions on his chest. In the intense moment, he pressed a stunned and overwhelmed Lu Cang into the wide brocade couch.

"Go away...." Finally getting some respite, Lu Cang tried to curse, but Jing's dexterous tongue once again seized the chance to trace the insides of Lu Cang's mouth, trapping his verbal abuses in his vocal chords.

Lu Cang frantically shook his head, still trying to shake Jing's hands off of his sensitive regions - the nub of flesh on his chest was tightly pinched between Jing's index finger and thumb, while that hateful man's other hand wandered down into his trousers, stroking, kneading....

Lu Cang couldn't make a sound. Pleasure and humiliation was filling him up like steam. He felt like collapsing.

"Good...you're so obedient..." Jing's hands were scarily hot and his voice was breathy, evidence of his desire. He sucked Lu Cang's swollen lips, while eagerly fondling the hem of the man's robes. After struggling to untie Lu Cang's inner robes, he gave up and anxiously tore open that piece of expensive cloth.

The brocade couch was soft, and being pressed from above by Jing made Lu Cang look as if half his body had sunken into it. Lu Cang used his hands and feet to resume struggling, but it only served to make him look horribly pitiful.

"You...you liar..." After Jing had slackened his mouth with much difficulty, Lu Cang wasn't fast enough to wipe away a silver strand of saliva that hung from his lips. He wanted to shout and scream, but all the curses he knew had been spent. Even the angry expression and the hatred on his face did nothing to stop Jing's roaming hands. His outer robes were spread open, under clothes torn to rags. He looked utterly obscene.

-To be continued-

.....

I'll just...stop here. It's 7 am and I've been up all night and I'm eating cheese sausages and blushing like crazy i don't think i can continue. Chinese is very VERY different from English,



so many words aren't directly translated (especially the dialogue- direct translation will sound super weird) and i just picked words I felt brought the meaning out best. Comments, suggestions, and love are all welcome~

P-p-previousssssly on HHYL.....

The brocade couch was soft, and being pressed from above my Jing made Lu Cang look as if half his body had been swallowed by it. Lu Cang used his hands and feet to resume struggling, but it only served to make him look horribly pitiful.

"You...you liar..." After Jing had slackened his mouth with much difficulty, Lu Cang couldn't wipe away a silver strand of saliva that hung from his lips in time. He wanted to shout and scream, but all the curses he knew had been spent. Even the angry expression and the hatred on his face just made Jing want him more. His outer robes were spread open, under clothes torn to rags. He looked utterly obscene.

Hua Hua You Long Chapter 7 Part 2

"-Don't move! ....Just do what I say, then you won't have to suffer so much...." Lu Cang's defiance made Jing's urge to conquer heighten and his breathing got heavier and heavier. Jing's hand focused on caressing the bandit's secretive area, acting on the words he used to threaten and fraud Lu Cang.

Lu Cang tightened his muscles until they were so taut they hurt. The place Jing was mercilessly rubbing was hot like a burning fire. Gradually, he began to shriek and curse to keep himself from crying out. Drops of cold sweat fell from his hairline, descending to the silken surface of the brocade couch before quickly evaporating and leaving water stains, like pieces of evidence of their illicit affair.

All the martial arts skills he had ever learnt flooded his mind, but Lu Cang could not for the life of him think of anyone who taught him how to deal with sexual assault from other males. The more he resisted and fought, the more excited Jing became. This realization made him feel miserable and powerless- but even so, he refused to stop struggling. To him, this was the only way he could minimize the degradation and humiliation he was sure to suffer under the hands of the emperor.

"You....I dare you to say one more word..." Jing increased the strength of his grip. Lu Cang's swearing immediately turned into pained whimpers. At hearing the pleasing response from the body beneath him, a beautifully cruel smile spread across Jing's face and without warning, he viciously ripped off Lu Cang's already torn trousers....

Lu Cang instinctively tried to shrink into himself and away from that hateful man. But Jing forcefully pulled his legs open, his frail body spread out lewdly and unobstructed from the emperor's eyes. His genitals were malaise from pain but the man on top of him took no notice of the severity of his discomfort. Jing started to press the pads of his fingers down, leaving marks on the skin of the bandit's thigh - skin that was pale from never seeing sunlight, and

skin of the inner thigh that was clearly marked with the seal Jing had burnt into his flesh that night it had all first started.

Jing used both his hands to clamp down tightly on Lu Cang's wrists, while he stared intently at the area between Lu Cang's spread thighs like it was some sort of rare jewel. The exposed youth trembled in shame. Jing was a man of noble birth, but yet he so wantonly abused Lu Cang. Lu Cang hated him. He wished countless deaths upon Jing.

Lu Cang watched in horror as Jing, without saying a word, slowly lowered his head...

"What are you doing?! ...You're nothing but a rapist....What do you want from me now?!" Lu Cang barked desperately. After a short moment of still silence, he heard nothing but the haunting echo of his own cries in the large, empty palace.

Yes. The man that had him beneath him was the lord of a prosperous empire, he had all the gold and riches anyone could ever want in his possession, and yet he repeatedly plundered and devastated Lu Cang's sex as if it was as easy taking a bite of food. No one dared to say he was sick. He was still their golden emperor. However, Lu Cang knew countless people would stare at his body with disgust in their eyes, and he'd go down in history as the one who was covered in dirty water: like all the other men any emperor favoured, he'd be branded an evildoer, while the emperor had nothing to lose but a few minutes of his own time. When he was younger, he had read about the misfortunes of any emperor's male companion, and he too had laughed at them. He never would have thought such a tragedy would befall his body one day.

The world was big, but he was like a little bird trapped in eagle claws. Although he once had his freedom, he now had to play dice with the devil.

"Hn..." Jing viciously bit into the root of Lu Cang's left thigh, piercing the soft flesh and sending a spike of unbearable pain up his spine. Lu Cang abruptly bit down hard onto his lower lip in a thinly veiled attempt to choke down his own screams. He gasped miserably through his nose - *Even if you scream, no one's going to save you. No one's going to save you now.* Desperately aware, Lu Cang paled and trembled even more violently, legs twitching, feeling the intense pain of those sharp teeth breaking into the privacy of his body.

Time passes. Jing finally looked up, his white teeth covered in blood. He looked like a handsome wolf- the wolf opened his mouth and grinned happily, "This is the second mark I've given you, just the way it should be." (first one was the brand on Lu Cang's thigh in chapter 1)

Lu Cang used his hands to cover his eyes. The new injury on the inside of his thigh hurt like fire, but he was more afraid that his eyes would betray the bottom of his soul, exposing his fragility and vulnerability. Lu Cang unconsciously curled his legs into himself, only to find that he had turned terribly cold from the pain and despair. He shivered uncontrollably.

"What? Why are you so discouraged? The fun is only just beginning..." Jing gently ran his hands over Lu Cang's naked body, slowly raising his feeble legs...

Jing's fingers slid smoothly up Lu Cang's thighs and along the thin line between his buttocks,

cold fingers trying to enter his fearfully twitching entrance.

....

"What the-, why so tight?" After a few failed attempts at inserting a finger, an irritated Jing savagely beat Lu Cang's tight body in a bid to get him to relax.

Lu Cang trembled without restraint, and the physical pain made his muscles involuntarily contract further. He knew that this would anger Jing even more and result in more destruction, but he was unable to relax his body. Even so, he derived what little joy he could from Jing's growing annoyance.

"Do you really think I will let you off so easily?" Saying this, the emperor began to demonstrate his complete dominance.

The entirety of Jing's ruthlessness descended upon Lu Cang's body, a cruel finger harshly starting to force its way into his secret back entrance. Even though it was only one finger, Lu Cang was already violently shaking from the pain, his whole body dripping with cold sweat. His body stubbornly refused to relax, attempting desperately to resist the foreign intrusion. That ring of muscle tightly clamped down on Jing's finger in a bid to prevent further aggression.

"If you continue like this, you will be injured again." Jing's words seemed like pretty useful advice, but had undertones of his cruel intentions. Jing roughly embedded his long finger nail into Lu Cang's thin inner wall - Lu Cang huddled up in pain, his bent back involuntarily allowing his hole to slightly open up. The emperor started to squeeze in a second rigid finger, using more strength to force it all the way in, into the depths of Lu Cang's most sensitive area.

Lu Cang cradled the sides of his sharply hurting lower abdomen in his hands, he barely had the energy to use his voice. "Haven't you had enough?...I beg you...don't go in anymore...", Jing's fingers pressed firmly against his insides, and Lu Cang begins to fear that something inside of him has already been broken by the man.

"What a joke! You think I will just stop here? You're too naive." Roaming his eyes across Lu Cang's supine body laid out below him, Jing was unwilling to give him any reprieve. But seeing the person beneath him roughly biting his lips and quaking so badly, an inexplicable wave of pity and affection welled up within Jing, making his heart turn upside down. He leaned down to kiss those plump lips, while his other hand dishonestly continued to grope Lu Cang's body.

"Ah...ah...nnnh..." The inside of his body was burning, and Lu Cang had no idea how to handle the situation. Sandwiched between layers of pain was a slight itch and that feeling made every single nerve in his body tremble. His body unwillingly convulsing, Lu Cang could only let out a groan of unclear significance.

Jing tried to press further, but stopped only because his fingers were buried right to the knuckle. He fiercely drew out his fingers that were hot as if they had been stained with fire. Lu Cang, feeling the sudden withdrawal, called out in shock...

"Huh, you're still not willing to accommodate me? No matter, I'll fill you up right away." Jing tried hard to control his desire, using his cloth belt to tie Lu Cang's hands together, while his legs hadn't stopped passionately assaulting the the area between the bandit's thighs.

Jing was fully aware that this was to be the first time he took Lu Cang after revealing his identity, and was an important milestone in the war between them, but he still tried every mean to deepen and prolong Lu Cang's pleasure during their copulation.

Lu Cang clenched his fists helplessly as he watched Jing lift his legs apart, his buttocks feeling Jing's hot desire rubbing against him. .... *If I lose my consciousness now, will it do anything to stop him?* Lu Cang silently asked himself, while trying desperately to get his muscles to relax and alleviate the pain of the impending intrusion.

The invasion slowly pried him open, forcing his warm muscles apart and penetrating him to the core. Lu Cang tried not to scream, and though the agony was slightly less than his first night, he could not control the tears that fell from his eyes.

"How are you so tight..." Jing's complained as his face contorted in pain.

"Then you shouldn't....shouldn't come in...!"

"Oh! But you still have the strength to speak!"

Jing used his fingers to pry Lu Cang's buttocks apart, himself continuing to delve deeper into his trembling flesh. Arriving at the deepest part of Lu Cang's body made Jing feel like he could never extract himself, and their intimate connection tossed him into a state of euphoria.

"Cang, stay by my side, alright?" Jing began to roughly thrust, feeling the intense pleasure, while at the same time not forgetting the weakly struggling rascal beneath him.

"Stop..!" Although at a severe disadvantage, Lu Cang's mouth still remained stubborn, refusing to admit defeat. "You...you have countless women...why do you still want someone like me?"

Jing laughed as he used his hands to hold onto Lu Cang's waist, pulling him up and closer to himself, all the while quickening his attacking rhythm, his shaft thrusting in and out of Lu Cang's light pink rosebud. "Because you're much tighter than all of them!" He was obviously mocking Lu Cang.

"Tight...as if.." (directly translated as "tight, your head." or "tight, my ass." both seemed totally inappropriate in this already totally inappropriate situation heheh) Lu Cang wanted to kick Jing, but forgot the horrible position he was in - the motion of lifting his leg looked like a pro-active gesture, causing them both to involuntarily call out softly.

"Why, not deep enough for you? Fine..." Jing used his weapon to advance half an inch. Lu Cang barely had the energy to whine. The initial pain slowly faded, and the strange pleasure that accompanied it spiked straight to his forehead. Lu Cang stubbornly bit down his moans -

he had no desire to let that damned Jing pick up any hint of his pleasure.

Breathing slowly and watching himself repeatedly appearing and disappearing into Lu Cang's body, Jing's did not stop moving. He bent down and ran his hands over Lu Cang's chest, eagerly seeking out his lips again.

Lu Cang had been reduced to a state of semi consciousness, and under Jing's powerful attack, he could only follow his instincts and arch his body, unwittingly tempting that demon to plunder his mouth...

"You're hard here..." Jing laughed between sucking on Lu Cang's mouth, but purposely kept his hands from going any lower. Lu Cang impatiently writhed, any notion of revulsion and shame had been tossed out of the window. He wholeheartedly wanted his desire to dissipate, but his hands were tied, so he laid there helplessly, only relying on Jing's friction...

...

Two sweaty bodies stuck together, the air tasted of sex. Lu Cang had already climaxed a few times, while Jing displayed his superhuman endurance, stubbornly reinserting himself repeatedly and refusing to ejaculate.

"Ah...ah..." The sticky feeling of his lower body made Lu Cang's consciousness wear thin, and he moaned with abandon as Jing thrustured into him. His expression was frantic and sundered against the background of dark hair haphazardly spilled over the pillows. When Jing finally came, he was completely unable to move, his expression one of contradictory contentment that Jing remembered seeing before. The inner walls of his muscles had softened considerably, and could not accommodate most of the thick, hot liquid that Jing had shot into him. The whitish substance flowed slowly out of his hole, down the inside of his thighs and onto the couch. As if seeing Lu Cang through a thin veil, the obscene picture almost threw Jing into a frenzy, and he was aroused again.

After awhile, Lu Cang's wrists were untied, and he realised that Jing's hands were once again all over him. "I...I can't...no more..." Even after using all the strength left in his frail body, he could only weakly pull those words from his mouth.

"Just this and you can't handle it any more?" Jing frowned. He had initially wanted to take his time to slowly love his mountain bandit...

"Never mind... I'll take you to a nice place!" Jing seemed excited. He picked up his coat that had previously fallen to the ground and wrapped it around Lu Cang's naked body. Clad in only the most basic garments, Xuanyuan Jing carried the limp body of his male lover and ran down a corridor of the harem - a corridor that was conveniently not appointed any guard for sentry duty, saving Lu Cang the extreme humiliation of being exposed to other people.

"We're here!" Jing smiled at Lu Cang, who was totally unappreciative and shuddered at the gesture - was this evil person still thinking of new ways to torture him?

Stepping into the building of unique architecture, Jing freed one hand to push open a door of carved jade...

"Ah..." Lu Cang almost screamed - in front of him was a big steaming hot spring decorated with white floating lotuses, and the thick steam made it look like some sort of mysterious wonderland.

Jing removed the coat that covered Lu Cang before himself removing his robes, and lowered them both into the water.

"Comfortable?"

Although Lu Cang wanted to dump cold water on Jing's face, he was no match for the charm of the soothing warm water and eventually decided to remain silent.

A pair of strong arms embraced him, firmly trapping him - Jing had purposely chosen to speak against his ear, causing it to tingle. The sensitive Lu Cang tried to curl his body up, but Jing held him even tighter.

"Do you like it? As long as you stay here....all these are yours to enjoy." At that moment, Jing seemed unexpectedly gentle. He hugged Lu Cang and walked a few steps, and through the steam, Lu Cang realised that there was a warm jade plateau in the middle of the pool.

Jing hoisted him up and deposited him on the stone's horizontal surface, then scooped up a handful of water and teasingly sprinkled it on Lu Cang's sensitive area.

"....." Before Lu Cang could make any noise, a warm hand gently kneaded his bruised genitals. This tamed gesture made him wonder if this person was the same vulgar Jing.

"Isn't it great?" He started slowly, gradually stimulating an erection, while not forgetting to speak in soft, tender voices to Lu Cang.

*So comfortable.....* Although his feelings went unspoken, Lu Cang quietly released into Jing's hands, and the sight of the milky liquid mixing with the water made him want to kill himself.

*Damn! As long as this bastard is gentle, I'll somehow end up doing whatever he wants like some sort of fool* - Lu Cang silently cursed his lack of resistance, but he had no energy to react to the obscene things Jing had planned to do next...

*Tomorrow... this matter...just let it go - after all, I'm a man...*

Lu Cang dwelled on those broken fragments of thought, and did not resist when Jing pushed him down and entered him again.

....

They did it three times.... Actually, he had lost count long ago.

Lu Cang tried to count the number of times both he and Jing had climaxed, but his brain was scrambled mush, so he gave up.

His last memory was of Jing pushing himself in for the fifth time, before his consciousness failed him.

*I'm tired. Hurts like hell...* Lu Cang turned his body over and pain shot up his spine, causing his strange dream to fade and his eyes slowly open.

Everything felt unfamiliar. This gorgeous place was one he had never seen before. The curtains that hung from the ceiling had a few layers to them, and were slightly translucent. They were intricately embroidered, trimmed with golden brocade and jewels. Through the crevices of the uppermost layer, there was white silk and faint blue satin underneath. The canopy was extravagantly painted with exquisite patterns of a dragon and phoenix, and the bedding themselves were equally magnificent colour. But the most beautiful was that man who was hugging Lu Cang's naked body in his sleep - Xuanyuan Jing.

*Ah!* He startled awake and tried to move away, but a strong pair of arms held onto him tightly, disallowed any movement. Yesterday's event flashed before him like some sort of absurd lantern - he vaguely remembered falling asleep - or was it fainting?- from excessive intercourse. After that...After that...?

"Of course it was me who carried you here." Jing opened his eyes, as if reading Lu Cang's questions right off his heart - he had pretended to sleep for a long time so that he could enjoy the mixture of fear, panic, and regret on Lu Cang's face when he woke up.

Greatly startled by Jing, Lu Cang's face paled quickly - although he had had sex with that man quite a number of times, yesterday was the first time Jing, as the emperor, had held him.....

...Does that mean the possibility of escaping from his demon has grown even slimmer?

Lu Cang stared at Jing, aghast. He was still held stationary, and they were lying so close to each other that their faces almost touched...

Jing suddenly closed the distance and kissed Lu Cang. Lu Cang awkwardly tried to struggle - his attempt was futile Jing gradually deepened the kiss, causing him to melt, despite the evil hands that started roaming his body....

"Let's go!" This time, Jing did not try to push him too far, but instead got up from the bed and dressed himself in beautiful robes. After they both washed up and got dressed, Jing brought him out of the palace doors....

"Where are we going?" Lu Cang's entire body ached, and every step he took hurt as if Jing had pierced into him again, but when he could, he tried not to think about it or say anything about it, lest someone realise.

"To see Xizhen!" Jing's few words effectively stopped Lu Cang from refusing, because he really wanted to know who that strange looking pretty boy was.

*Who is he really?* While Lu Cang was dragged along by Jing, he could not stop wondering about Xizhen's identity.

"Stop thinking about it! You'll know when you see..." Static shot Lu Cang a mysterious smile while he pushed open a patio door...

-End of Chapter 7-

Okay, that was the last semi-sad chapter. Chapters 8 to 10 are all super heartbreaking I swear. 7 ends on a pretty good note but it just plunges downhill from here. On a random note, has anyone noticed i didn't use the penis word the whole chapter? hehehe let's see how long i can last. There were a few sample pages of the volume 6 manhua up on the internet a few weeks ago but it's been taken down for some reason. Unfortunate ) : Lu Cang looked pretty good fufufufu..Ahem. Okay. So here you go, Chapter 7. Please try to spread the word because I know many fans still don't know about my translations. As usual, suggestions, love and general comments all welcome~



## Hua Hua You Long Chapter 8 : Misery

Compared to the Imperial Palace and its sprawling gardens, Xizhen's place of residence had an atmosphere more similar to Lu Cang's temporary home by the Yue Long bridge, the gardens were beautiful and serene, and a gentle cool breeze marked the coming of spring.

Jing dragged Lu Cang across a bridge over a man-made pond. Xizhen approached from a distance, laughing, " You majesty...and brother Lu. What took you two so long? The tea I brewed is almost cold."

*This palace is built on a lake...how much work must have gone into it?* Lu Cang thought idly and from the looks of it, Xizhen wasn't just any regular noble.

Xizhen smiled gracefully and ushered the two inside, ignoring Jing's somewhat irritable expression.

"This is my younger cousin XuanYuan Xizhen, formerly known as princess Xizhen before she married."

Lu Cang couldn't even respond to the "cousin" part and just stared blankly at Jing. The situation was pretty awkward, so Xizhen took over explaining. "....After marrying, my title is Zhen Guifei. I am the mother figure of the Datong Empire."

Note: Guifei=high ranking concubine. They married for political reasons and back then, many nobles married within the family.

"What..." The porcelain cup in Lu Cang's hands fell to the ground, and he stood from his seat. Jing was pretty frustrated as he had not planned to reveal his relationship with Xizhen just yet, but did not deny Xizhen's words either.

Lu Cang stood motionless, a thousand words choking his heart, staring stupidly into space before finally slumping back onto the chair after some time.

Taking into account Jing's age and status, it was impossible he wasn't married, but never expected the Empress to show herself so soon. Moreover, it was Xizhen, whom he knew from quite some time ago!

" Hai hai..." Jing cleared his throat, drawing Lu Cang's attention back to him. "Xiaozhen and I were betrothed before birth for political reasons. Now, she is the highest ranking in the Datong harem."

Note : 小"xiao(3)" [small, little] is added before the name as a term of endearment. In the first chapter, Jing calls addresses Muyue as Xiaoyue, and in later chapters he calls Lu Cang Xiaocang.

Xizhen smiled widely. Her male clothing could not really hide the fact that she was female, and Lu Cang berated himself for not realising earlier - not only was he unable to recognise Jing as a man in ladies' clothing, he was also unable to tell Xizhen was a woman when she wore male garb.

Angry and somewhat hurt at his own stupidity, Lu Cang started to act up, "Why are you telling me this? It has nothing to do with me!" He jumped up and headed for the door, but as usual, Jing caught hold of him again.

Jing firmly pressed Lu Cang into the chair and turned to Xizhen. "Xiaozhen, Lu Cang has received my favour. He's now considered my concubine, you have to teach and strictly discipline him from today!"

Lu Cang wanted to explode from anger. "You--piece of shit! Sack of dog shit -- receive your favour?! Pile of crap, what retarded harem concubine! You bastard! Let go of me...let me go!" He screamed and flailed, trying to free himself from Jing's grip.

Xizhen pretended not to hear all the foul language. She bowed slightly, "I understand."

"Lu Cang is a stubborn one... .. I've been busy with the whole Yujia expedition thing again, so I can't stay to watch over him. I'll leave you to teach him some discipline, hopefully he'll be more obedient when I get back..." He sent a grin Lu Cang's way, hinting that Xizhen was not to be trifled with.

"The Yujia expedition? ...Your majesty, which area are you conquering?" As if she had not heard him the first time, Xizhen focused on the fact that there would be a battle. Although she was still smiling, she seemed like a totally different person, nervously waiting her emperor's reply.

Jing sneered, "Where else do you think I have to personally go to conquer?"

Seeing Xizhen's face pale, he relented. "Anyway, you don't have to bother yourself with this business.... Help me look after Lu Cang!"

He grabbed Lu Cang and pushed him to Xizhen, and hastily turned around and left.

"Hey-- You!!" A half oblivious Lu Cang wanted to chase him, but Xizhen grabbed on to his hand, refusing to let him go. For a girl, she was really quite strong.

"Brother Jing--"

Note: 静哥 "jing(4) ge(1)" 哥= big brother. Lu Cang's mountain minions also address him as 哥. It shows fondness but also respect.

*So this is how she addresses him... Lu Cang could not help but feel a little jealous.*

Hearing his name, Jing hesitated for awhile, but finally stopped. "What is it?"

Xizhen hesitated for a moment, then suddenly dropped to her knees, dragging Lu Cang down to an awkward half bow. "I...I know treason is an offence of utmost severity, but please...please... after all those years of support, spare...spare his life!"

Despite her desperate tone, Lu Cang did not sympathize much. He was too busy wondering who 'that man' was. Why was Xizhen begging Jing to spare his life? Although his own relationship with Jing was

pretty messed up, he could not help but worry for the other person.

Jing did not reply, he only flicked his wrist once and continued walking, leaving behind the pond's fragrant lotuses and Princess Xizhen's sad face.

"You asked him to spare the life of..who?" Seeing as Xizhen had forgotten there was anyone around, Lu Cang could not help but pop the question.

Startled, Xizhen glanced at Lu Cang's face before letting the look of sadness slide of her own.

"Brother Jing has left you in my care, what do you want to learn first? Manners, palace etiquette.... so you'll know you to serve Brother Jing and I next time..." She covered her mouth with the long white silk of her robes and couldn't help but laugh, her expression lighthearted.

Hearing her make fun of his and Jing's relationship, Lu Cang unconsciously blushed. Both his and Xizhen's relationship with Jing was strange. He knew that he had no right to poke into their business - they were married, and cousins since young. Of course they were close. Then what did that make him?

Some kind of unusual toy?

Lu Cang laughed at himself, and bluntly plopped down on a chair opposite Xizhen, downing a big mouthful of tea.

"Brother Jing is preparing to leave the country..." Without him having to ask again, Xizhen began to speak.

"Yes--", Lu Cang nodded. The Datong empire was a great military power, but this other rogue country has been around for some years - everyone knew the younger brother of the former emperor, Jing's uncle, Xuanyuan Yongyi had defected and formed his own small country of Luo, but it was never clear why Datong had never sent its army to crush Luo, which was ruled by a rebel.

"The ruler of Luo...is my father...", Xizhen trailed off.

Lu Cang nodded his head. *Ah...so it's not that complicated...*

But he suddenly thought of something, "Ah, but aren't you Jing's maternal cousin?"

"I'm his paternal cousin, but my mother was his mother's maternal cousin."

"Ah..", it was pretty complicated. Lu Cang, not knowing what to say, dumbly stared at her.

Xizhen looked at his stoned face and let out a laugh, but quickly sobered up, "Do you know? You look like my father when you make this expression...?"

Before Lu Cang could react, Xizhen beat him to it. "Let's not talk about such depressing things. We

have to discuss your future in the palace!"

"What?!" Lu Cang suddenly jumped up, "Who says I want to live in the palace?!"

Xizhen patiently looked at him. "Do you not understand what it means to be a guard of the inner court?"

*....My god! Someone come and save me!*

After hearing his job description, Lu Cang wanted to collapse. His responsibility was to ensure the safety of the emperor around the clock. An impressive title, but the work was hard. He was to stand by the emperor in court, while travelling, inspecting, and even when the emperor visited his concubines. Simply put, an inner court guard was like the emperor's personal servant.

"I--I don't want to be his ...whatever- guard....I want to go back to Hangzhou!"

"You want to, but can you?" Xizhen sneered and raised a brow, reminding him of his current situation.

Remembering the drug that Jing forced into him, as well as the consequences for his brothers were he to escape, Lu Cang quieted down.

*But....*

"But aren't you married to Jing? why are you helping him watch over...watch over...", Lu Cang did not know how to refer to himself, so he blushed again.

"...Helping him watch over his male pet is weird, isn't it?" A certain kind of sadness drifted across Xizhen's face. She stood up and walked to the open window, " Since young, I knew I was to be Jing's wife, and my mother taught me how to be a good empress. The most important thing was...

...was to know how to look after people like you!" Xizhen joked, but it sent shivers down Lu Cang's spine.

The women in the harem lived between beads of emerald, but beneath all that silk, their hearts might just be filled with melancholy.

Did he have to suffer the same fate as them? The memories of him happily playing and enjoying his freedom back on the mountain made panic well up inside him.

As if reading his thoughts, Xizhen could not help but laugh. "You don't have to worry so much, Jing ..he-" She paused for a moment, "he is a fickle man. After he's done playing with you, you should be able to get your freedom back."

"Really?" It seemed like good news, but Lu Cang was not exactly happy - who wanted to be some toy

to be thrown away? He was struggling to find excuses for the discontent in his heart.

"But if you follow me obediently, maybe brother Jing will change his mind when he gets back and let you go. We can't say for sure." She saw something light up in Lu Cang's eyes, but he still remained oblivious to the implications of her words.

"Aiya, from today onward, just do what I tell you to do, you should be fine. I'm tired. Attendant, please take master Lu to the Wangsong court to rest." A female attendant appeared from behind the door to usher Lu Cang out. Although his head was filled with a million questions and he still did not fully understand Xizhen's words, he quietly followed the attendant out to avoid unintentionally offending anyone in the palace.

.....

The palace days were boring and passed quickly, and Jing soon left the forbidden city with the imperial army to conquer Luoguo. On the day they went to see the army off, he remembered feeling his pupils tremble when he saw Jing in his golden armor, riding out like some kind of god, and when Xizhen laughed and asked about their relationship, he looked down and stubbornly refused to admit he was even friends with that beautiful man.

Reports came frequently from the battlefield, but Lu Cang realised that Xizhen had slowly become very quiet, and though she still tried to put on a strong front with him, he always saw her sitting alone by the harem window, gazing quietly at the distant horizon.

*After all, her father....* Lu Cang himself had never even met his own father, and knowing that Xizhen was miserable under her lively and caring surface, he couldn't help but feel sympathy for her.

As long as Jing remained away, everything would be alright.

Although he felt some sort of emotional attachment to Jing, after all the pain and suffering he had gone through under his hands, Lu Cang was still afraid of his impending return.

While he was terrified of the way Jing used his body, he was unwilling to admit he also hated to see Xizhen so depressed. People who spend time together inevitably develop feelings, and although Xizhen forced him to study the palace rules every time she saw him, he thought of her as one of his dearly missed brothers from the mountain, a good friend in this luxuriously lonely existence, and he had no wish to see resign to the fate of her husband and father constantly warring.

Lu Cang prayed daily for Jing not to return so he could continue to live freely and without worries in the palace, but his luck soon dried up and a messenger came up to him one sunny morning to tell of the imperial army's victorious return.

"Damn, why must you come back...", Lu Cang breathed as he casually scanned the crowd and fair faced concubines.

After a numerous rows of frontline troops marched past, he finally caught a glimpse of Jing - the emperor whose face somehow looked unfamiliar, dressed in court robes and surrounded by eight flag bearers regally drifted past him.

*Can he see me? ...Will he see me...?*

Lu Cang himself was kneeling among a team of bodyguards, and though he was still resentful at Jing's return, he still screamed those words in his heart, somewhat hoping that Jing would miss him.

That day was disappointing - Jing didn't even spare the bodyguards a glance, and later when Lu Cang followed behind Xizhen to greet him in the harem, Jing did not even give a smile, as if he had totally forgotten about his exciting new toy.

"I'm sorry! But I need to tell you something...", He stared intently at a hopeful looking Xizhen, "Xuanyuan Yongyi has been captured alive by the imperial army..."

Jing didn't continue because Xizhen suddenly screamed and stumbled backwards onto the floor, her hands over her eyes as the palace maids scrambled to pick her up.

Jing flicked his wrists to signal the maids to attend to her, himself coldly turning around and gesturing for the sedan bearer to follow him, leaving behind the strangers in the room - Lu Cang was rooted to the spot, hate surging up inside him. He stood there tongue-tied, but murderously glared at Jing's back as he exited.

Ah-! Is that man a human? Is he even human?! After Jing had ravaged him, he threw him aside so carelessly as if he was transparent.

.....

"Xizhen, are you there?"

"Xi...", After returning to his quarters, thoughts plagued Lu Cang's mind until he could not help but seek Xizhen out to tell her the truth and let his misery out, but the sound of Jing's voice from inside made him forcefully swallow the rest of his call.

He clenched his jaw fiercely. Although spying was really shameless, he was still full of grief and disregarded his morals, poking a small hole in the window - the sight that met him made him jolt in surprise.

Note: The window is made of paper.

He had expected to see Jing and Xizhen confronting each other, but in the room stood Jing, his back facing an unknown man who was tied to a pillar - so this was the man who was hiding in the sedan chair, Lu Cang had initially thought the person in the sedan chair was a beauty taken from the Luoguo harem as a war spoil.

The stranger's expression was resigned and weak, completely different from the beautiful woman he had expected. He was tall and burly, even bigger than himself and Jing, and his face was very masculine - surprisingly, he looked aged, totally opposite what many would expect.

The stranger looked tired, as if he had just awoken, and as a prisoner of war, his eyes held no hostility, just indescribable exhaustion.

"You're back here, how do you feel about it?" Jing's voice sounded strange, filling Lu Cang with an emotion he could not quite put his finger on.

Note: Jing is speaking pretty complicated language here. In the Chinese version it's more obvious that he's a little off.

"....I thought I'd never had the chance to come back, I never would've thought I'd find myself here....", Although weak, he sounded like a hero, or what was left of one, and it made Lu Cang feel sad for him.

Lu Cang was confused - this was Xizhen's residence, why has it become this man's prison?

"Really? You underestimate me!" Jing crouched down in front of the man, and Lu Cang clearly saw his hands go underneath the man's clothing, slowly tightening his grip...

The man's face contorted slightly, trying to hide his discomfort, but eventually his eyes weakened and showed the chaos in his mind.

"I've already let you return, you should want to stay here for the rest of your life... ", a satisfied smile drifted across Jing's face as he leaned down to smear his lips on the man's, his hands starting to rub the man's body, and a lascivious atmosphere filled the room...

Lu Cang snapped his head away, and then could not help but turn his head back to see the two entwined figures. He slowly bowed his head - although he was standing in a garden of flowers in full bloom, his whole body felt icily stiff and unable to move.

Jing moved away as the kiss ended , "Yongyi, it's only been a few years, your self-control has slipped!"

The man's lips were red and swollen and his breath was heavy. He struggled with his words for quite some time, " If you remember what our relationship was like, even just a little, let me go, let me live and fend for myself..."

Complex emotions swept across Jing's eyes. Both the Yongyi and Lu Cang were awaiting his reply, but he suddenly turned around and coldly said, "Lu Cang, you've heard enough, come out."

Note: Jing says 给我出来 : 出来[chulai] = come out. 给我 [geiwo] =literally, give me. Adding 给我 is like saying, do this for me, because i command it. It's a very demanding tone. Jing does this a lot, like almost every time he asks/orders anyone to do anything.

Lu Cang drew in a sharp breath, daring not to move. Jing quickly walked over, and roughly dragged him into the room. Although the stranger was tied immobilized to the pillar, the spark in his eyes had not diminished when Lu Cang's met his.

Jing shoved Lu Cang and roughly twisted his arm into his chest. "Make a guess, guess what I do with this boy?"

Yongyi stared at the Lu Cang who was roughly grabbed by Jing - somehow, his face became red and the colour spread to his neck as well - to hide his embarrassment, he resolutely shook his head, "I don't know!"

Knowing that the man could immediately tell the situation between him and Jing, Lu Cang began to tremble in shame.

Jing released Lu Cang and shoved him away, moving to crouch down in front of the man.

He lifted the man's chin until their eyes met, then started tearing madly at his clothes.

"You- you- what are you doing?!" The man roared, but could not stop Jing's actions - the sound of tearing cloth mixed with his voice, and soon he was naked - the ropes highlighted his strong muscles, and the remaining scraps of cloth made him look even more erotic.

"Uncle Yongyi, take a good look at what I'm going to do next!"

Note: In the original, Jing says 勇义王叔, yongyi wangshu. 王 refers to royalty, but I can't easily transfer that into the english translation. Also, Jing uses 给我 [geiwo] here again.

Lu Cang couldn't process the "uncle" part before Jing walked over and threw himself down on his body like a wolf.. His gradually peaking body temperature and his roaming fingers revealed his intentions, although he spoke no words.

"Don't!"

The appearance of Yongyi had thrown him into chaos and confusion. Even after their reunion, Jing didn't show any hints of warmth, just sex right from the start.

Although this was not the first time Jing used violence to coerce him, Lu Cang had never seen such a frightening Jing before - his calm disposition was gone, the air was filled with fury and his rough and violent were fingers all over the place, leaving numerous embarrassing, ugly red marks in their wake.

"No! No, no! You're crazy! Let me go!", sheer terror gripped his heart - he knew that if Jing were to ravage his body in this state, he would never see the sun tomorrow.

"Go away! Go away!", almost petrified, Lu Cang forgot there was anyone else in the room. He screamed with all his strength, his trembling seeping into his speech as he haphazardly tried to punch



Jing and bit his shoulder as hard as he could. Jing was completely unmoved, and continued savagely tearing at his clothes.

Clothes scattered on the ground, the man by the side could no longer stand the sight of such cruel torment, "Stop! Xuanyuan Jing, let go now, what are you doing?! Do you not know shame?!"

Jing's eyes grew colder, making Lu Cang shudder - the fingers above him forcefully entered his bare flesh, the pain completely drowning out the pleasure, making Lu Cang gasp in misery.

"Ah....", the pain made his body contract and tighten against the intruding fingers and Lu Cang cried out involuntarily.

"Yongyi, can you hear him? Do you remember that night you moaned and yelled beneath me... crying while I helped you come!", Jing looked at Lu Cang's lifeless body, his punishing fingers thrusting rapidly in and out while waiting for an answer from the third male.

Lu Cang was so pained that he couldn't even cry out, and Jing's deliberate ignorance to his wordless, painful convulsions made his heart hurt even more - he was more of an object than a person, an object for others to use when they felt nostalgic, an object Jing took liberties with when his lover escaped.

His body was wretched beyond compare - cold hands grasped his naked body and violently pushed him into the deepest parts of hell, the pain in his heart causing him to sob uncontrollably.

Tears rolled down Lu Cang's cheeks like droplets of rain, dripping onto the parquet flooring - quiet gasping, hands propped against the floor in a humiliating position, accommodating Jing's destruction. Lu Cang's consciousness started to blur...

"You- you're a beast! I was blind! I was blind to advise my brother to pass the throne to you!" The man apparently could not stand watching the scene unfold any longer, and at the atmosphere of the room and the sight in front of him, his genitals showed signs of excitement. Embarrassment turned to anger, and the words he uttered were harsher than any of his words had ever been.

Jing's took his words hard, and roughly pulled himself out of Lu Cang - Lu Cang cried out at the stress and pain, totally limp and unaroused. As Jing withdrew, a sense of panic crept into his consciousness...

His anal canal was badly torn, a large amount of fresh blood pouring out of his entrance, along the thighs and straight onto the floor.

Jing scarcely spared him a glance, and turned to stand with his lower body facing the man - the defected prince, Xizhen's father, Xuanyuan Yongyi, coldly looking down on him for some time before viciously slapping him across the face. "You bastard! Who asked you to persuade my father to pass the throne to me?! Who asked you to pretend nothing happened when you married your daughter to me? Who asked you to avoid me like the plague? Who asked you to choose treason over staying by my side?....."

"You clearly knew I wanted nothing of that!"

Shocked by Jing's shouting, Xuanyuan Yongyi looked up, and was immediately made to flex his mouth.

"Nnh--" He had barely the time to cry out before Jing pushed his shaft into his throat, his hand pressing Yongyi's head, hips moving vigourously, the same part that had been drawn out of Lu Cang was so soon forced into this man's mouth...

A naked, tongue-tied Lu Cang looked at the scene before him - this man of royalty, Jing's uncle, suffered with closed eyes, the object in his mouth preventing him from making any noise-- Lu Cang looked as tears of pain fell from his eyes, his strong body slightly shaking.

Despite the misery of it all, while obtuse, even Lu Cang could see the sparks between the two.

Then...

There was no space for his existence.

Lu Cang himself didn't know how he regained his composure - he quietly picked up his scattered and torn clothes, very carefully helped himself dress, struggled to his feet and calmly walked out, leaving the confusion and the smell of blood, tears and sex behind in that room.

As he walked to the gates of the small courtyard, he carelessly ran into a hurrying figure.

"God! Brother Lu! What happened to you?"

It was Xuanyuan Xizhen, her panting handmaidens trailing behind her, a heavy tapestry in her hands, clearly she had just awoken and rushed here.

"What?", Lu Cang tried hard to make his voice sound calm, but found that it was trembling uncontrollably.

"Why... why are you crying?"

Xizhen stared at Lu Cang's face, and though she was asking him, she could see the answers in his eyes.

"Ah...some sand probably got in...", he raised his hands in a bid to wipe the tears from his face, forcing out a smile.

"Come, let's go find a place to talk properly," He reached out and dragged her in across the courtyard in the opposite direction.

"Wei! What are you doing? I'm here to find Jing!"

In spite of her struggling, Lu Cang desperately dragged her away.

A sudden gust of wind picked up and blew sand all over the courtyard -- Lu Cang pulled Xizhen along and walked aimlessly, his mind directionless like the wind - no matter what, unable to explain the pain in his chest that had tossed him into confusion.

*I didn't fall for him --*

*I don't! I don't love him!*

Frantically denying the feelings in his heart, his emotions were more turbulent than the petals trembling in the wind- he could not shake off the image of the two entangled men in his mind.

"I don't-!", he finally shouted out loud, powerlessly slumping down onto the ground....

.....

End of chapter 8

kdlfbgfdkbgdsk I feel horrible about myself rn. I need to write some fic to do away with the angst. not that the fic will be any less angsty ugh. ugh. UGH. ugh help. I'm so not ready for chapter 9. Okay, anyway. I actually wanted to do alot more notes regarding the nuances in speech patterns etc, because they're almost impossible to translate but contribute a lot to the story. There are really lotsssss of Chinese words that can't be represented in English (to my limited abilities). Anyways, love, suggestions and general comments all welcome~

See you all (crying and going into depression) at chapter 9!

## Hua Hua You Long Chapter 9 Part 1: Faded Cry

Shady trees slumbered in the still spring air, the lack of wind making the warmth almost uneasy.

A dark silence blanketed the Datong palace in the hours before dawn, the gentle moonlight stringing its way into a small room in the inner court and illuminating a bed and the sweat covered face of the person who laid on it.

Although asleep, Lu Cang's face was contorted into a unsightly expression while lying on a clearly comfortable bed.

"Jing...Don't..." Finally waking from his nightmare, he jerked upright and shoved aimlessly, his face panic stricken - only to find that he had called a certain name in his disorientation, a name he should never have called out.

Thankful that it was just a dream, Lu Cang took in gulps of cool air and tried to calm himself, then slowly gathered his clothes to his body before moving to stand by the window.

The moonlight was dim, and the scenery that was vibrant in the day was now a monotonous shadow, and thinking of all the chaos in the last half month, he could not help but sigh.

The empress' father, and simultaneously the emperor's uncle, Xuanyuan Yongyi, was in prison under accusation of treason for the past two weeks. Emperor Jing Zong used interrogation as a cover to stay with him day and night and rumours were going around the palace, but still no one dared to challenge the emperor. Lu Cang had witnessed their intimacies and he himself knew what those 'interrogation sessions' really were.

Hugging, kissing, and then there was also...

Obscene whispering, touching, climaxes brought by a mixture of pleasure and pain - although these memories were rather far away, the lingering tingle of Jing's touches always made Lu Cang's body temperature spike.

But no, he would never admit that the chaos and excitement from the past had caused all these.

Lu Cang thought of the time he still loved himself, the time before he got drunk on Jing. Shame consumed him from the bottom of his heart, and he wanted nothing more than to rip this entire horror-filled episode from reality, including his own ignorance and his one-sided emotions.

Even if he was the passive one at the beginning of their relationship and suffered pain and humiliation underneath Jing, that man was as beautiful as a fairy and soon, his face was imprinted in Lu Cang's heart and his occasionally gentle caresses made Lu Cang finally fall into his graceful yet firm embrace. Lu Cang started to make efforts to attract Jing like some kind of woman, and even under Jing's constant bullying, he eventually developed some feelings and completely lost track of the proud bandit king he once was, his once arrogant and domineering aura simmered to a dusty residue.

At this point, Lu Cang felt he should be grateful to Xuanyuan Yongyi - although Jing's fiery feelings for that man had pushed Lu Cang from a beautiful dream into the depths of despair, he at the same time also pulled Lu Cang out of a drowning pit of addiction - he has let Lu Cang look at everything from end to end with a clear mind, and lead him to realise all his emotions were self-righteous, a coping mechanism for the embarrassment he had gone through after his majesty the emperor had brought him in like some sort of jester to entertain himself with after the departure of his old lover and trampled all over his dignity, straining every ounce of self-respect from Lu Cang.

So Lu Cang, at a loss of what to do, shamefully gathered what pride he could from being the emperor's male plaything.

Tightly clenching his fists, Lu Cang's face twisted into a look of embarrassment and hurt - in the past two weeks, Jing had totally forgotten about his existence. He had abandoned all state matters and indulged in Xuanyuan Yongyi, enjoying the thrill of the conquest, and if not for his little brother (I think his name is Zheng or something) ruling in his stead, the fearless and shameless ministers would have already come clambering.

The moon that hung above the horizon was crescent in shape, and it made anger flood Lu Cang's mind. The night of the full moon was approaching, and he seriously doubted that Jing would initiate anything to alleviate the symptoms of the Bixiao - if not for that damned drug, he would have long ago been on the road back to Hangzhou.

The only way to do it was to seek Jing out, persuade him to give him the antidote and let him go, then Lu Cang could truly be done with this whole mess.

Anyway, now that Jing had the real thing, a lousy substitute like Lu Cang no longer had any use.

Lu Cang desperately told himself to remain calm, remain calm, but his heart was still painfully twisted at the fact he was only something to be used, broken, and thrown away.

Take it as a lesson - never put your heart in anyone else's hands, and never overestimate your position in their heart - Lu Cang knew if he were to ever let himself be put into such a dangerous situation again, it would be the end for him.

Quietly solidifying his resolve, he decided that he would find Jing and get the antidote tomorrow.

He did not for the life of him want to ever see Jing again, but it was necessary to stop his pain, and if he didn't carry out his plans he would be hopelessly trapped in this situation forever.

He made up his mind and laid back down on the bed, gently closing his eyes although he knew sleep would never come. He knew no one would care, but he hoped that he could hold his composure in front of Jing the next day.

.....

Time painfully trickled by and slowly, the first rays of sun entered the small room and Lu Cang struggled to open his tired bloodshot eyes. The night was indeed sleepless - and all because of that man that had long ago forgotten about his existence.

After washing up, Lu Cang specially picked robes of a bright colour in hopes of making himself look less depressed.

He absentmindedly stuffed some breakfast into his mouth before trailing slowly towards Xizhen's residence, which had now become the place where Jing indulged himself.

It was the place Lu Cang had avoided at all cost for the past two weeks - the gardens were beautiful as ever and the arch of the bridge contrasted elegantly with the spring sky and a few dozen guards surrounded the residence, protecting the emperor and the secret he hid inside.

Lu Cang stopped in front of the first line of guards and felt his body go cold - whether it was because he was scared or hurt he did not know.

Trying to make his voice sound calm, he spoke to a guard , " Lu Cang requests and audience with his majesty. Big brother, please relay the message..."

The guard cast him a cold glance and Lu Cang felt as if he had been stabbed a thousand times and then stomped violently on,

"Oh, I'll tell a chamberlain to pass the message, please wait here."

After Lu Cang had mulled over killing himself ten thousand times, the messenger finally returned.

"There is an emergency at the military frontier, his majesty has been gone since dawn." His sharp voice pierced through Lu Cang's calm facade, and his next words jerked Lu Cang back into a huge cloud of confusion, "but prince Yongyi requests your presence, he has some questions for you."

"...Hah?" A nameless sorrow flooded Lu Cang's systems, he really did not want to see the face of that person. However, guards moved to stand on either side of him and eyed him up and down threateningly and he had no choice but to comply and follow the eunuch across the lavish bridge, into the courtyard.

If he could not beg Jing, he may as well beg the prince that Jing spoiled - Yongyi probably wanted him to leave, and he'd rather Yongyi tell Jing about his departure than talking to Jing himself.

Without any more hesitation, he followed the eunuch to the building where Jing and Yongyi had done things right in front of him.

The halls were lined with indescribably splendid carvings and towering pillars - the place he had witnessed the burning passion between Jing and Xuanyuan Yongyi, and this fire also charred Lu Cang's heart.

Life is a dream - he followed the eunuch up a flight of stairs to the bedroom on the second floor, wave after wave of uneasiness breaking against his heart.

"Prince Yongyi, imperial guard Lu has arrived. " The eunuch bowed to the heavy brocade curtain of the room, his humility telling of the respect shown to this mysterious prince.

"Come in, " Yongyi's voice, though weighed upon heavily by weariness, sounded better than the last time Lu Cang heard him.

The chamberlain seemed a little hesitant. Xuanyuan Yongyi raised his voice, "let imperial guard Lu in, you go back first,"

"But," the chamberlain was reluctant to defy Jing's orders and refused to leave.

"I told you to go back, do you hear me!?" Xuanyuan Yongyi was royalty himself, his intimidation was of a special kind. The chamberlain panicked and quickly withdrew.

Lu Cang pulled the heavy curtain aside and took a step forward - although he was psychologically prepared, the sight that greeted him made him feel as if a pot of cold water had been emptied over his head, chilling him all the way to his toes.

Xuanyuan Yongyi no longer looked anything like a hero, but didn't look anything like the typical male pet Lu Cang had expected either - his hair was scattered as he laid on a few satin lined pillows, and a flimsy coat was haphazardly draped over his body, doing little to hide the stark red marks all over him - Lu Cang canted his head to the side. He knew those marks all too well.

Xuanyuan Yongyi's face was gaunt and pale as he eyed Lu Cang.

Lu Cang squeezed out a smile and bowed, "Lu Cang greets your highness."

He motioned for the bandit to come closer and sit by the edge of the bed.

The air of the room was thick with evidence of what had transpired and it made Lu Cang feel claustrophobic. He tried hard to look at Xuanyuan Yongyi, his face paling the longer he sat still, breathing in the filthy air.

"I think -- you know who I am, I also know who you are. " Xuanyuan Yongyi was clearly much older than he, and the gap between the two made Lu Cang feel even more awkward now that he had raised this topic of conversation.

"Simply put, I know why you're looking for Jing now..."

"How do you kn--", halfway through his sentence, Lu Cang suddenly thought of the things Jing did with him, and Jing was unlikely to hide anything from Yongyi - he clamped his mouth shut and felt like biting off his own tongue.

Xuanyuan Yongyi laughed deeply, "I don't have much to say. Very simple, I can give you the antidote to the Bixiao drug if you bring me something in exchange!"

"What do you need?" What was there left in the world that he needed and Lu Cang had? Lu Cang coldly laughed at himself, but asked anyway.

"Very simple, help me find a poison that has no antidote....preferably one that doesn't cause too much pain..."

"You..." Lu Cang jumped up from the bed, the first thing he thought of was that Yongyi wanted to poison Jing.

"No, you've misunderstood," Xuanyuan Yongyi clearly saw through him, and busied himself with denying the accusation, "I dare not make such a move on Jing, the poison is for myself."

"Ah..." Lu Cang was surprised - Yongyi looked totally calm, completely unlike anyone who'd want to commit suicide.

"This is the best for the both of us, you can get cure the poison in your body, get rid of the person you hate and take revenge on that ungrateful Jing..."

"What ungrateful- " He wanted to save a little face, but remembered the bitterness in his heart and swallowed his defense.

"But why do you want to kill yourself?" He was puzzled and changed the direction of the conversation, questioning Xuanyuan Yongyi instead.

Before he had known Jing, he was a simple and happy person, but even after all that he had went through, the idea of suicide was still inconceivable and he could not understand Xuanyuan Yongyi's request.

"Why do you... you mean you don't even have that little bit of courage left?" Lu Cang felt strange. He didn't have any particularly good memories with the man, but he knew Xuanyuan Yongyi did a lot for the Datong dynasty and brought prosperity to the empire and even in his current situation, Lu Cang could not begin to think of anything worthy of attempting suicide.

Xuanyuan Yongyi heard him and hesitated for a moment, then gestured to the thin quilt covering his body, "help me lift it."

Lu Cang, full of doubts, reached forward apprehensively and could not help but gasp - the parts of Xuanyuan Yongyi's body that were previously hidden were covered in dark bruises, disconcerting on many levels - but he had no time for wallowing in self pity and pushed himself off the bed, "You--"

Xuanyuan Yongyi bitterly smiled, an indescribable expression on his face - his hands were tied behind him by strong ropes to the bed, his feet also secured in both directions. His thin underclothes



scarcely added any decency to the extremely obscene picture.

Lu Cang was no stranger to such situations, but still found the sight wholly difficult to stomach.

"Do you really think Jing only knows how to simply love me?" Xuanyuan Yongyi's face crumbled, leaving no semblance of the Prince Yongyi who fought bravely on the battlefield and killed enemies.

Lu Cang quietly put the quilt back into place, his heart a roiling ocean. He could no longer remain upright on his own and slumped into a chair beside the bed.

"I may as well die... I cannot face my ancestors if I live like this, I can't face my brother the emperor, I can't face my wife and my daughter," tears trembled on the edge of Xuanyuan Yongyi's eyes, "Jing-er had been affectionate to me since young and stayed close to me until he grew up, but I never really knew the real reason behind it, to the point where my brother begged me to betroth Zhen-er to him and I offhandedly agreed...I never once suspected that... suspected..." , Xuanyuan Yongyi could not find the words to describe Jing's messed up emotions towards him, and trailed off.

Note: Here he calls Jing 静儿Jing-er and Xizhen 真儿zhen-er. -er is something like xiao-, a term of endearment to add to a person's name. It's mostly used to refer to a younger person or a person the user has fostering/paternal/maternal relationships with. Also, I don't think anyone dares to call Jing Xiaojing, he'll have them put to death ahaha

"On the day Xiaozhen returned, I drank a bit too much wine and Jing kept pestering me into bed with him, then...then..." , he trailed off again.

"After that night, I considered for many days and wanted to break off all connections with him, but I still had to think of Zhen-er who had to stay by his side, and I had no intentions to submit either. The only way was to escape, but who knew he could be so persistent... ai, now that I'm in this situation, Zhen-er must be so embarrassed..."

Although Lu Cang was not a father himself, he roughly understood Xuanyuan Yongyi's sentiments to his daughter.

"Then, your wife..."

Xuanyuan Yongyi paled further, "The weather can be harsh, Xiaolan...her body was weak and it didn't take much time for sickness to take over..." , he choked on his words, voice almost breaking.

Note: Xiaolan is his wife. Lan is part of her name/ her name. He uses Xiao- to refer to her.

"Lu Shaoxia, you're still in a good position!" His eyes lit up like a quiet flame in the middle of a dark night and stared determinedly at Lu Cang's face. Lu Cang felt a little cold under his intense gaze and could not bring himself to say anything.

Note: Yongyi calls Lu Cang 路少侠lushaoxia. 路=lu, his surname. 少侠=shaoxia, something like young hero or great person who is also young? young great person? something like that?

No matter how much he thought about it, he had never considered that Jing and Xuanyuan Yongyi's relationship ran so deep. Even without saying it, Lu Cang could guess that the "one night" Xuanyuan Yongyi mentioned referred to the horror of being forced into bed by Jing. That much was obvious, and it was clearly the only thing that could make Xuanyuan Yongyi, who was the leader of ten thousand people, forgo his status as prince and flee across the border.

Note: "ten thousand" is used to refer to a great big number, not necessarily to the same order of magnitude.

Lu Cang thought it over - give him a poison pill in exchange for the antidote, there was little risk for him. He could get rid of the Xuanyuan Yongyi whom Jing was in love with, and at the same time free himself from Jing's grasp and forever forget about the hurt he has endured.

Everything seemed perfect.

Xuanyuan Yongyi waited for his reply, but Lu Cang's heart was in a mess and he was unable to utter a word.

"Lu Shaoxia...", agitated at Lu Cang's silence, Xuanyuan Yongyi could not help but speak first.

The silence continued.

Finally, Lu Cang gently nodded his head, "I'll go back to my room and get it for you."

As if he had never expected that Lu Cang would agree, Xuanyuan Yongyi smiled, "Thank you...thank you...You have no idea how much I appreciate it..."

Lu Cang himself unconsciously smiled back - there was actually someone so eager to end his own life, and was so grateful to anyone who would help him.

As he came out from the small building, Lu Cang felt as if he was in the middle of an inescapable nightmare - he never expected that Jing's feelings towards Xuanyuan Yongyi was nothing but his own wishful thinking.

In an odd reflection of his own situation, the person Jing loved did not love him.

Lu Cang wanted to laugh, but there was nothing to laugh about, and a few moments found him stumbling back to his quarters in a daze.

He quietly retrieved his medicine pouch from a box by his side and poured out a small red pill - it was a very potent poison, and few people carried these things around.

He sat quietly for awhile, then made up his mind. He held the little brocade pouch to his chest and packed some other things to take with him, then prepared to return to Xuanyuan Yongyi.

The guards already recognised him, and besides, no one dared to intercept Prince Yongyi's guest, so

he managed to slip back into the bedroom with relative ease.

Xuanyuan Yongyi saw him coming and his lackluster face brightened up. Lu Cang slipped him the little red pill and a smile passed over his lips.

"The antidote to the Bixiao?" Lu Cang asked.

Note: 碧宵Bixiao = name of the drug. it means Jade Night.

Xuanyuan Yongyi gestured to a cupboard at the corner of the room , " It's in a jade box, you'll see it once you open it."

"That guy really tells you everything..." , Lu Cang did not even know why he said that.

Xuanyuan Yongyi smiled understandingly.

Lu Cang slightly lowered his head.

"I'll feed you the poison now, it will take effect in about an hour, so I'll have time to escape," Lu Cang said simply, administering the poison into Xuanyuan Yongyi's mouth.

An hour was more than enough to get him far away from the capital - but he could no longer return to Lucang Shan and he had to quickly notify his brothers to move elsewhere.

Note: 露苍山 Lucangshan is the name of the mountain Lu Cang lives on. His name is written as 路苍, which is different from the mountain but has the exact same pronunciation. He's either named after the mountain or the mountain's named after him. I personally think it's more likely he's named after the mountain because he was found there/brought up there (it's implied he's an orphan).

After the deed was done, Lu Cang left the building and went to a secluded corner of the Forbidden City. He ensured that no one saw him, leapt to the top of a tree and over the walls of the palace, silently landing in an empty street on the other side of the wall - escaping the palace was pretty easy for him, but he still felt uneasy.

With agility, he used his air kung-fu to speed toward the city gate. An hour, he had the advantage of one hour before Xuanyuan Yongyi would find out...

What he gave Xuanyuan Yongyi was not poison - he was not against killing the man and he had initially really intended to do it - but the atmosphere of the room, so charged with insanity and desire, rendered him unable do it for real.

That man was the person Jing loved with all his heart.

He didn't want to ever get involved with Jing again, so he also spared his lover.

There was nothing connecting him to Jing any longer. Lu Cang felt more alive than he had in a very long time, and in an incredible display of nimbleness, he flew towards the gate with speed that gained him the title of 'Sky Eagle'.

The past few months had him in confusion and Lu Cang only blamed himself - he clearly had the body of a man, but not the poise of a man. He had softened allowed himself to be torn apart in front of Jing like some kind of infatuated maiden.

The sleepless nights he endured made it even funnier - now that he thought about it, he was a dignified man, but because of another man's indifference towards him, he was unable to sleep. For the longest time, he had been just one huge sick joke.

He had to thank Xuanyuan Yongyi for appearing and cutting short his flowery dreams. Although it was cruel, it helped him open his eyes and stopped him from slowly drowning in that soft, warm embrace.

The gates of the Datong empire appeared in front of his eyes. As long as he could get past those gates, he could fly out of Jing's grasp - he'd put the horizon between both of them and never see Jing ever again.

He slowed down and strolled toward the gate so as not to rouse suspicion - what's there to worry about, Lu Cang laughed at his own guilty conscience. The thing he gave Xuanyuan Yongyi was not poisonous at all, nothing could go wrong.

But nothing is ever certain --

Lu Cang was only half a mile from the gate prematurely rejoicing over his separation from Jing when the rumbling sound of hooves pounding the ground resonated through the quiet streets. The sound of a thousand approaching troops and horses was engulfing, and the faces of the soldiers in the watch tower abruptly changed, panic taking over.

Lu Cang turned his head and saw dozens of mounted troops hurtling from one end of the street towards him, and leading all of them was a figure cloaked in silk with eyes of terrifying fury, eyes that stared directly at him - Jing.

Without thinking, Lu Cang's body moved on its own to fly towards the gates.

Just run, just run -- although Lu Cang didn't exactly know what he was running from, he knew he definitely had something to do with the hoard of pursuing soldiers.

Jing knitted his brows together and took to the air as well, soaring forward like a meteor. While chasing Lu Cang, he yelled to the guards outside the city, "Shut the gates now!"

Even though none of the guards recognised the emperor himself, they recognised the clothing of the royal guards that rode behind him and scrambled to push the gate from both sides.

Lu Cang felt his heart start burning and desperately pushed forward, closing in on the narrowing gap between the gates. He knew he could slip past just in time, just in time -

Jing reached out for Lu Cang - his long fingernails harshly grasped his shoulders and gave it a violent yank, drawing blood.

The city gates boomed shut and Lu Cang, bleeding profusely, slumped onto the ground. He saw the sky spin wildly above him before finally collapsing at Jing's feet.

Before he even had the chance to open his eyes and assess the situation, Jing, like a violent storm, poured all his anger out on Lu Cang's body...

Lu Cang writhed and thrashed from side to side in an attempt to escape Jing's savage beatings, but after Jing kicked the most vulnerable area of his lower body, he was powerless to resist and lay limp on the ground. He clamped his head down to protect his dislocated right arm and gritted his teeth, enduring Jing's cruelty.

After the savagery swept past, Jing looked at him with a sudden, chilling composure. Lu Cang had not said anything, but the attack stopped nonetheless.

The torture was far from over.

He yanked Lu Cang's disheveled long hair, forcing him to look look up.

"Why? Why?"

"Tell me, why did you poison... why did you kill Yongyi?" His beautiful face was twisted with anger. Everyone left a ten pace radius between themselves and the two, afraid that the emperor's rage would so much as brush against them.

.....

End of Part 1

Guyyyysss..... ) , : Real shit is gonna happen okay please prepare tissues and chips. Also, I might take slightly longer with the next part. I need more time to...come to terms with...certain plot points. But dont worry I'll go through with it no matter what sobs i love everyone okay i will do this

## HHYL Chapter 9 Part 2.1

Lu Cang tried to open his eyes, but his forehead was coated in a thick layer of blood, dripping past his eyelids and preventing him from doing so.

"No...no, I didn't..." , He could barely hear himself, trepidation flooding his mind and rendering him unable to think.

Jing's face was like a sheet of ice.

Seeing Lu Cang unable to withstand another round of violence, the head of the guards stepped forward, "Your majesty, please calm down. He will die if you continue, and there will be no more 'live offerings' when Prince Yongyi is buried."

Lu Cang gained a little bit of consciousness and heard the guard's words - Heavens, Xuanyuan Yongyi was really dead - because of some harmless tonic pill he gave him?

Hearing the guard's words, Jing could not help but viciously kick Lu Cang's vulnerable lower body, then swiftly turned to walk back to his horse. "Put him in prison, bring him out as a sacrifice to the heavens when uncle is buried."

Lu Cang was curled up on the ground in severe pain, and even the guard could not figure out how such bad luck could befall the young man. Unable to hold it in any longer, flesh blood burst forth from Lu Cang's lungs, flowing in copious clotted gobs out of his mouth and finally giving in, he fainted underneath the blazing sun.

Hours passed.

Lu Cang raised his head with great difficulty and found that he was in a humble cell. The only light on the wall was dim and the size of a bean, and he feared that it was night.

Lu Cang bit down on his lip, trying to sober up - his body was burning like a fire but had since long been numb to the pain.

Mustering his strength, he turned to assess the damage - three deep finger marks in the flesh of his shoulder was surrounded with blood, all in all a horrible picture.

He gently tried to move his legs, but a terrible pain between them cause him to call out and gasp in pain. He could only lie there with his legs slightly apart, struggling like some kind of dying beast lying on a pile of rotten grass.

The ceiling was in disrepair, decayed in ugly streaks of yellow and black, the stifling air made Lu Cang struggle with breathing and feel as if he was about to suffocate.

He felt like he had awoken into a horrible nightmare or fallen into a terrible, inescapable hell. But he knew this much - he was innocent.

Lu Cang choked on air - he could not even cry properly, and that notion made him bitterly laugh at himself. He thought about the times he was free to roam the mountains and how he landed up in the capital and in the bed of the most powerful man under the sun - the only wrong he ever did was to fall in love with a beautiful lady that fateful night and yet here he was, in a dark, dank cell, with a heap of unwanted criminal charges weighing on him.

His hands and feet were bound by shackles, the only freedom he had was in his heart - he did not want to complain, he was even a little thankful for Jing's cruelty; to fill the last days of his existence with unimaginable violence and insanity and tear him away from all these beautiful delusions.

Once again, he reminded himself that his feelings were only one-sided. No one would ever treat a person they were even a little bit afraid of liking like this - to strip them of every last scrap of dignity and toss their bloody body aside like some kind of sick comedy.

That thought had lingered in the back of his mind for some time, but it had never caused him so much grief before. Lu Cang began to shiver and even when someone opened the door and walked into his prison cell, he could not force down the cold, sharp despair in his heart.

Jing walked into the small cell and sat on the only piece of furniture in the room - a small stone bed. He stared down at Lu Cang's bloody body on the floor with an unfathomable gaze.

"I'll ask you one more time, why - did - you - kill - uncle - Yongyi?" He put such emphasis on each syllable until it felt as if a thousand year frost had covered the walls of the room.

Lu Cang heard him clearly. He blinked his eyes, then swallowed - there was no use telling the truth, as much as he wanted to.

There was nothing more he had to say to Jing.

"Hm, even if you do not say, I still know. You foul bitch, you're just jealous that I pay attention to Yongyi and throw you aside."

Without looking at Jing, Lu Cang still knew the cold expression he had on as he made those remarks.

An ugly smile crawled onto Lu Cang's face. If he had the energy to make one last wish, it would be to face Jing without a hint of fear on his face.

This apparently angered Jing until he wanted to explode, but Lu Cang looked as if he would fall apart from even the slightest touch, so Jing forcefully reined in his anger.

"I've always liked to do things plainly(clearly). I know you feel wronged now because you do not know how your actions were brought to light. Fine, on grounds that we were once considered friends, I'll let you know everything clearly."

Note: Jing uses "情谊" qingyi, which google (and I) translated as 'friends/friendship'. A more accurate term for friendship is 友谊, youyi. "请" qing refers to love, passion etc.

"Come, call him in."

Since he was going to die anyway, Lu Cang also wanted to know how a simple tonic pill could have killed Prince Yongyi.



Soon, a man walked into the prison cell, and although his vision was blurry, that person seemed vaguely familiar to Lu Cang.

As if it was some sort of ceremony, he silently moved to kneel at the corner.

"You, face him and tell him what you saw that day." Jing's tone was calm and Lu Cang wanted to sneer --how could this idiot witness something that totally did not happen?

"I obey his majesty." The man glanced at Lu Cang, " Early today morning, imperial guard Lu came to the Lin Qing temple to look for his majesty, but his majesty had already left, but Prince Yongyi ordered me to let imperial guard Lu in to see him, but did not allow me to enter. I could not clearly hear what they talked about. "

Lu Cang suddenly remembered - this man was the eunuch who had brought him to see Xuanyuan Yongyi - he never thought he'd step forward to implicate that he killed Xuanyuan Yongyi.

"After awhile, imperial guard Lu returned to the temple again, this time deliberately inconspicuous, as if he were hiding something. Prince Yongyi said something about giving imperial guard Lu some kind of antidote and Imperial guard Lu told Prince Yongyi about some kind of medicine, and that something would happen after one hour..." At this point, the eunuch looked at Lu Cang's face. Seeing it expressionless, the eunuch continued.

"Just a moment after imperial guard Lu left, just a moment later, Prince Yongyi...he...he...", the eunuch was shaking so badly and his voice was breaking, making it difficult for him to continue.

Jing waved his hand for the eunuch to stop talking. The eunuch breathed a sigh of relief, then went to stand by the side.

Jing shifted his gaze to Lu Cang and sneered, "You think no one would know what you did? Justice has long arms. The drug took effect half an hour early, and you didn't have time to escape the capital. I caught you. If you want to blame something, blame your bad luck. Even heaven does not want to help you."

Not wanting to explain himself while knowing that explaining would do him no good, Lu Cang's nature still forbade him from remaining silent, "Since I have already committed a great crime, I will suffer no more of my own words." He forced those words out of his mouth and saw Jing's face twist into a clear, severe frown.

"Leave, all of you." All the guards acknowledged the order and cleared out.

Jing's voice was cold, but Lu Cang was unafraid; what was there to be afraid of? There was nothing left but a rotten life. He opened his eyes and saw Jing approach his side - his vision had still not cleared.

"Oh? You tried to escape, you aren't scared of me anymore?" Jing crouched beside him and gave Lu Cang an amused look.

If the time were anything but the present, Lu Cang would have been frightened to the point of trembling, but now, in the face of death, a sudden wave of courage took over him - Lu Cang met his eyes without a hint of fear in his eyes.

"Do you know?" Jing smiled his noble smile and procured a silk handkerchief from the inside of his robes and wiped away the blood on Lu Cang, "do you know what the Lingchi is? Tomorrow they will start from here..." He ran the pads of his thumb across the translucent skin of Lu Cang's eyelids, "then here..." Jing viciously wrung that place that hurt until it couldn't hurt any more, making Lu Cang call out in pain.

"They will cut you apart, scrap by bloody scrap, and leave you as a pile of flesh and bloody bones, but you will not die. You will watch as you dissolve into a ball of meat and innards..." Jing spoke slowly while his palms maliciously pressed over every part of Lu Cang's body as he described the slow death.

Jing's hands were cold like ice and every place he touched felt as if it had been frostbitten and Lu Cang could not believe that these same hands had touched him with warmth and passion before. Jing's words were like acid, but Lu Cang was unfazed - dying was better than to continue living with the filth that Jing had smeared all over his body; just disappearing into thin air was the best thing he could wish for.

Not seeing any signs of fear on Lu Cang's face, Jing was a little disappointed. The pain of losing the Yongyi whom he had held in his heart for a long time made him go insane, there was no notion of thought other than to kill in the most painful way the person who had poisoned his uncle.

Lu Cang was not affected, it seemed like he had to change tactics too.

Jing stretched out his arms and used a little bit of strength, carrying Lu Cang bridal style while rising from a crouch.

"What are you doing...." Seeing the calm mask slip of Lu Cang's face, Jing felt he had picked the right approach.

"Don't you just love me so much? You love me until if you can't have me, you'd kill anyone who so much as attracts my attention?" Jing coolly insulted Lu Cang, and drew great pleasure from the feeling of the lightly quaking body in his arms.

"No! You can't do this!" As Jing lay Lu Cang on the cold stone bed, he finally realised what kind of torture Jing intended for him - this would tear his heart apart more than the slow death, hurt his body more than any other kind of torture and reawaken all those humiliating memories. He knew his body was too weak to withstand any of this anymore; he'd break asunder if Jing were to...

"Don't...", he shrilly screamed.

----- TBC-----

Final part of chapter 9- brace yourselves!!

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"Don't...", he shrilly screamed.

But Jing was so brutal, his eyes cold and without a trace of emotion. As if handling a lifeless object of pleasure, he viciously tore the clothes off Lu Cang's body, once again exposing his tantalizing honey-coloured skin to the cold air.

"No...", the last strand of Lu Cang's self-respect was finally cut by a stream of cold tears rolling down his cheeks. He has suffered this for far too long now, until he thought he had no more tears to shed because of Jing - but the realisation that Jing had no feelings for him whatsoever made him indescribably depressed.

Gazing at Jing's pale face through a thick layer of tears, he calmed his heart with great difficulty - he finally understood Jing's true intentions for sleeping with him, this horrible situation was finally coming to an end.

So much had already been taken from him that he could not even afford to give even a little bit of regret anymore.

Lu Cang let his emotions show in his eyes, unobscured by the tears, but Jing did not pay any attention to them - the thirst for revenge had blinded his heart. He withdrew a hairpin from his hair and swept his gaze across the knife-sharp point of the beautifully ornamented hairpin. Lu Cang quietly followed his gaze, calmly waiting for his next move.

"You think I'm going to kill you. " Jing laughed lightly, " No, how can I? It's too cheap for you."

Note: Directly translated as cheap, but in context it means that death is too good for him.

Jing pressed the sharp hairpin on Lu Cang's chest, slowly dragging it down to his naked abdomen.

"You're so dirty." Feeling the cold sharp pin pushing into his flesh made Lu Cang feel nauseous and he twitched at the discomfort.

Without a word, Jing suddenly used a great deal of strength to shove the hairpin into Lu Cang's urethra, piercing and breaking into his soft muscle - in that instant, Lu Cang clearly felt the fresh blood flow from his body.

"Ah...." Although knowing the sound of his voice would only excite Jing further, Lu Cang could not control the outburst from the pain of the intrusion.

Jing was insane.

Like a fish on land, Lu Cang desperately writhed as Jing pulled the hairpin out and stabbed it back into his shaft once again, repeating the motion four or five times. The large outflow of blood rapidly sluiced down his abdomen, leaving horrible red lines in their wake.

Terrifyingly calm, Jing untied his belt, gave his cock a few rough strokes and without any preparation, he forcefully entered Lu Cang.

Breathing deeply, he used strength to increase the force of his thrusting, intent on violating the deepest parts Lu Cang's bleeding anus.

"Do you know? The way you bleed makes you look like a virgin."

"Although you obviously don't know how many times you've been fucked by me!" Deliberately mocking Lu Cang, the sight of blood made Jing increasingly unable to show any restraint and the initial intention of punishment and humiliation turned into Jing's own need for release.

Forced to accommodate Jing in that place that had never been touched before, in addition to having the fresh wounds inside of him viciously rubbed against by Jing's hard sex organ pained Lu Cang until he turned cold and he struggled to breathe, his groans barely audible - the world was a sheet of red. He clearly felt the blood leaving his body as Jing pinned him down, making him feel extremely weak, and combined with the pain of suffering Jing's violence and the small hint of pleasure, it gave him the illusion of dying.

Lu Cang's suffering made Jing's pleasure heighten and he desperately pushed into the narrow entrance of the person beneath him, repeatedly violating him and shooting his bodily fluids into the depth of Lu Cang's body over and over again. The white liquid mixed with blood inside of Lu Cang, stinging his wounds and causing indescribable pain, throwing his mind into utter chaos.

.....

The dungeon was dimly lit and the air smelled of sex. Dark, dank and thick, the atmosphere was hellish. There were two men, one finely clothed and absolutely beautiful in his madness, poised above the other man, naked and vulnerable. The impetus of Jing's thrusting totally overpowered Lu Cang, making his hips jerk as if he had broken at the waist. ..

Lu Cang felt lower than the darkest parts of hell. Jing pulled out roughly, jerking Lu Cang out of his stupor and he found that his hands were grasping desperately at Jing's back.

Even though he released his grasp as quickly as he could, Jing's laughter planted a dagger in his heart, "So you enjoy it! You held on so tightly and screamed with so little restraint, you're really born to be a whore."

Lu Cang opened his mouth, but realised he had nothing to say. Maybe he couldn't help it. Up to this point, he had been treated to cruelly, but still still so shamelessly loved and clung on to Jing...

Jing shot him a disgusted look and got up, running his eyes across the destruction on Lu Cang's body, messy, naked and injured. He let out a chilling laugh and sneered, " You whore, letting a dog fuck you would have made you more exciting."

Lu Cang lay on his back as if all the life had been sucked from him, weak legs slightly spread and eyes unfocused. Jing roughly wiped the blood and bodily fluids from the soiled area between Lu Cang's legs before retrieving some medicinal powder from a brocade pouch in his robes and stuffing it at Lu Cang's lower body.

"I won't let you bleed to death, I'm still waiting for you to be cut into a pile of scrap meat."

Smiling maliciously, Jing turned and went.

Lu Cang lay alone for a very long time and finally, with his last vestige of strength, he painfully pulled a few scraps of cloth to cover his nakedness, slowly moving his uninjured arm up to his chest....

His sharp fingernails pierced the skin above his heart, going deeper and deeper, until it was barely a centimetre from his beating heart. Blood gushed freely, creating ugly red tracks on his torso.

Just a little more, just end it...

Even after climaxing so many times, Jing never noticed - Lu Cang's body was malaise the whole time, totally unresponsive to sexual intercourse. Sensitive as he might have been before, Lu Cang's penis had completely forgotten how to function properly after Jing kicked him in that place.

His fingers dug deeper still, and he could feel himself fading into purgatory.

Bu dong -- Bu dong --

Note: sfx for heart beating

For all the pain that Lu Cang went through, now, at the end of it all, nothing mattered anymore.

Trembling violently, Lu Cang closed his eyes and waited for death to take him, blood flowing freely from the five holes in his chest.

"Brother Lu..." a familiar voice drifted over from the door and made Lu Cang pause in his self mutilation,

Lu Cang slowly opened his eyes. A shadow rushed towards him and an aroma filled his nose - his hand was torn from his chest and a silk cloth covered the five deep wounds there.

"Brother Lu..." A hot tear fell on his face, it was Xuanyuan Xizhen.

Lu Cang smiled bitterly and wanted to move her hands away, but he was so injured that he could barely move anymore. He opened his mouth, "Xizhen, why are you here? I killed your father, you should hate me."

Xizhen looked miserable. She hesitated for a few moments before she spoke, her voice was shaking badly.

"Xiaomei knows that this is a misunderstanding...but...but..."

Note: Xizhen is speaking in third person, using "xiaomei" to address herself. xiaomei is literally little sister. She addresses Lu Cang as Dage, literally big brother.

"How do you know..." Lu Cang was full of doubts, his eyes on Xizhen grief ridden face.

Xizhen was talking like that, how could Lu Cang not ask?

"How can it...what really happened?...Xizhen, please tell me...tell me,ah..."

The moment he got excited, the wounds on his chest immediately swelled, blood rushing out faster than before.

Xizhen repeatedly shook her head, " Brother Lu, don't ask anymore. Just come with me."



"No...I won't leave if you don't tell me..."

Xizhen shook her head again, an unabated line of tears spilling over her eyes.

"Brother Lu, please don't ask anymore, just come with me. If Jing comes back, we'll both be in deep trouble." Without saying another word, she removed a dagger from her belt and hacked off Lu Cang's shackles and helped him up.

"Xizhen...you..." Lu Cang was in too much pain to struggle, so he just let her lead him outside the prison.

The prison guards had been bribed blind by Xizhen and continued laughing and drinking in another room while the empress carried a bloody Lu Cang out of the back door and placed him in a carriage with thick, heavy curtains.

Xizhen got into the carriage and directed the horses to move before using a piece of cloth to wipe away the blood, dirt and semen on Lu Cang's body.

"Xizhen, I beg you! Please, tell me what really happened..." Lu Cang seized Xizhen's hands, his eyes alight like fire.

Xizhen shook her head, sobbing, "Brother Lu, I cannot face you. I'm sorry..."

"What really happened??" Her apology scrambled all his thoughts.

"My father...I was the one who killed him..."

"What?!" Lu Cang was shocked, "You actually..." He was speechless, staring blankly at Xizhen, utterly speechless.

"That day...I went to see my father, but the guards wouldn't let me in. I broke in and saw my father...he..." She clearly remembered the regal Xuanyuan Yongyi, stuck in that awkward position.

"My father told me he asked you to give him poison, but he knew you wouldn't do it...so he asked me to do it instead. He...dying was better than living in his situation, I couldn't bear to see the torture continue, so I agreed..." Xizhen's voice faded, barely audible towards the end of the sentence.

"But...but he is your father!!" Lu Cang could not understand how anyone could help their own father commit suicide.

"Jing is my husband, but he...he insulted my father," Xizhen's voice was trembling, "The royal household is in a dirty mess. How can I, as the Empress, allow this to continue..."

Lu Cang shook his head - the royal family really had no decency, cousins marrying cousins and daughters killing fathers.

"I blamed my father's death on you and bribed the witnesses....but...I couldn't sleep at night, I thought of you, bloodied and looking at me with contempt...I...I was afraid..."

"That's why...you saved me?" Lu Cang was disheartened. It was the deepest kind of disappointment in human nature. Xizhen's tears fell like rain. While she killed her own father with whom her husband was involved in, she was only a teenager, and out of fear found a scapegoat, and then out of guilt rescued that scapegoat - she knew that she had no hope of restoring her relationship with Jing.

"Aren't you afraid of Jing finding out?"

Xizhen shook her head. "I told the prison guards to say your brothers broke you out."

Lu Cang smiled bitterly. It was finally clear, there wasn't a single good person in this situation: Xuanyuan Yongyi wanted to kill himself and spare his daughter the guilt, so he made use of him, Jing's toy so that Xizhen could keep her position as Empress, while leaving Lu Cang to....

Enough...enough...

Everything was like a bad play, each and every character showing the ugliest sides of humanity, and at the end of the show, everyone gladly threw him out, the character who had not the strength left to perform.

"I will send you out of town, the driver will take you to anywhere you wish." Xizhen was trying to please Lu Cang; the guilty look on her face scared him.

The carriage wheels turned and turned, and no one dared to stop the carriage bearing the royal crest as it passed the gates of the capital.

Ten miles outside the capital, Xizhen got off, leaving Lu Cang alone to continue the journey.

Red dust whorled in the wind, the road was narrow and long...

Leaving the city where he had shed so much blood and tears, Lu Cang thought about where to go...

Closing his eyes, he made up his mind and fell into unconsciousness again....

----Chapter 9 End----

OHHH GGGODDDddd this was the worst ever chapter to translate i felt horrible the whole way ) : and sorry for the wait ) : its rreally emotionally draining and Jing's a real bastard here

Anyways, about chapter 10, luxiufer has taken it up and is currently translating it, but I plan release my version too, probably much later than she does ahaha.

## Chapter 10 - Drifting affection by the pure stream

It was early autumn. Yet, Jiangnan carried on with the spell of lingering hot weather after the beginning of autumn, the reason was the still remaining suffocating blazing hot air.

Lu Cang, with the brothers, although dwelled in the depth of the mountain, still couldn't break away nor reduce this hot and stuffy weather. The sun already inclined a bit, everybody relieved themselves in the mountain stream that was surging to the mountain side. Playing and bathing. In the attempt to wash away the summer heat, to convert and freshen their whole body temperature.

Lu Cang had returned to Jiangnan for several months. With the help of the hidden link in Hangzhou City, he managed to get in touch with his brothers at Mount Lu Cang. Because he was afraid that Jing would chase to kill him to take revenge, he could only give up the many years pain to build up fort and property on Mount Lu Cang. Bringing all the members of the stronghold to seek for another secluded place in the remote mountain, claim the wasteland and establish new residential. It could be counted as setting a new shelter.

From a distance, rather far from the laughing and playing people, he found a rock to sit. Lu Cang took off his shoes and soaked his tired and sleepy toes in the small rivulet of watercourse. Feeling the cool and refreshing sensation passed through from the bottom of his feet, immediately, his whole body relaxed. His mind was crystal clear, little by little, numerous thoughts began to float from his mind.

Xuan Yuan Jing.....

The name emerged again in his mind. Though the memory was enough to dilute the agony, but the bitterness that remained was like an undissolvable taste of a strong bitter tea, stifled in his mind and heart. Once he thought about all of his suffering from the unjustly wrongful treatment and the physical torment, he couldn't refrain from having this deeply miserable feeling remaining.

A month ago, Lu Cang relied on the built up indignation and pain, concentrating himself to muster up his will power, made an effort to move with a pole, bringing his whole badly injured body to appear in front of his brothers. Naturally everybody would be shocked and scared. Yet, when they asked him the cause of his wounds, he made a very painful expression thus the brothers didn't have the nerve to make a detailed inquiry.

Along with his slow rate improved physical condition, Lu Cang's mood, by each day passing by, had sunk even heavier. The endlessly worried brothers, took the initiative to devotedly find for him some enjoyment to divert him from boredom. The rumored to be beautiful and moving also as tender as snow, Hangzhou's famous courtesan, Lu Chuan Er.

Too bad, facing this skillful and ingenious beauty, Lu Cang not only didn't share any poetic and romantic night any affectionate couple would do, by then and there, he flew into a furious rage instead. The frightened to death Chuan Er and all of his brothers could only gasp, with astonishment in their eyes as they stared at him, absolutely having no idea what was the cause of his soaring fury.

Only Lu Cang himself knew why he shot his senseless wrath towards his brothers to that extent. ---- The soreness that was coming forth from the lower part of his body almost every night tormented Lu Cang. Quivering from the generated heat and contracted feeling, reduced him to only gritting his teeth and writhing in pain on the bed.

That kind of terrifying feeling could only lead to one conclusion. ---- He, who was known as the "Eagle", from now on was merely a disabled man, he was useless to the point where he couldn't even be regarded as a man anymore. The sole fortunate thing to console him was nobody knew about this secret but himself.

Jing.....

All because Jing dragged him in. To be involved with Jing, what remained of him was no more than a ruined body as well as his completely turned into ashes' feeling of love. Even without his deformed body, he was afraid that he was unable to love again for the rest of his life. There's no way for him to be able to accept anyone again.

The beginning of each and everything was originated from a glimpse that changed his destiny. --- Jing the great emperor disguised himself in woman's clothing, stunned Lu Cang and took his breath away until he was unable to hold himself together. Also, he foolishly used revenge to cover up his infatuation to see Jing again. Following next was the beginning of all of the tragedies.

If karma really did exist, Jing definitely was his long life's' greatest calamity..... Unconsciously, he used the cloth in his hand to wipe clean his slightly drenched in sweat body. Lu Cang was gazing at his several deep scars' image from between his front garment reflected by the water. --- The wound on his shoulder had faded. Every time his eyes met with the plum-blossom-shaped on his chest, the pink scar penetrated by his own hands' fingers, he would be agonizing over his pierced to the bones'

shame. The shame of his complete failure in love altogether with the shame of his attempt to end his own life.....

Drowned in his own train of thoughts, Lu Cang abruptly came to his senses by the shouting of his subordinates.

"Who's that?! Announce your name...." Mountain bandits would always be mountain bandits, arrived at this unfamiliar place yet still blocked the pathway.

This thought made Lu Cang slightly smile. He turned his head to look behind his back, towards the direction that his subordinates shouted at, the smile vanished in a flash from his face.

The distance was about 10 Zhang\* from his place, on a bridge of stone, a person donned in white perched upright. His white garment was fluttering in the air. The blowing mountain breeze brought and resounded the sound of his sleeve. Perfectly concealing his celestial like appearance.

\*(t/n : Zhang here is a unit of length, equal to 3 and 1/3 meters. Since feet and yard don't fit this length, I leave it as the original word.)

However, those pair of cold eyes was stably directed at him, calmly fixed on him. The bottomless deep black pupil, completely showed nothing of hostility, - neither murderous aura nor the kinds of sentiment. ---- That person was Jing.

Lu Cang's heart suddenly shrank and seized. His hand reacted before his brain, he took out his sword which he put beside him. He jumped up to the middle of the stream, situated himself between Jing and his brothers to keep them off.

"Everybody, Run!!! --- Quick, run away.... As far as you can...." In front of Lu Cang's eyes, the sight was rather blurred. He turned around and exerting his utmost strength to yell at his brothers.

Looking at everyone dumbfounded faces, remained on their spot without any intention to move, Lu Cang almost ripped out his lung to roar at them : "Hurry up – Get lost now.... Go...."

Probably it was because of Lu Cang's unusual expression that made them realized that something was off, after a period of hesitation, at long last they started to fall back. While withdrawing, they repeatedly turned their head around, again and again until they finally disappeared from his line of vision.

Lu Cang turned his head back and lifted his sword to his chest level. ---- He had never been brave enough to underestimate Jing's capability, only he never expected that Jing would find him this fast. Counting on his own power, going all out and risking his life, he could stall Jing for approximately a quarter of an hour. It was sufficient enough to create an opening for his brothers to scatter away so they wouldn't be led to such a fatal disaster because of Lu Cang.

Just come!

In his heart, thoughts were passing through, instead of remaining in this steadily worsening condition, he would be better off with a straightforward death. ---- He was firmly regarded as the assassin who killed His Majesty the Emperor's lover. Looks like this impressive scenery of the beautiful mountain stream was doomed to be his burial ground.

Lu Cang tightened his grip on his sword. ---- He was venturing in the Jianghu, martial arts' world, to be dying under this martial artist's sword was something to be expected since long ago. He only wished, by shedding his blood, he would be able to wash clear all of his suffering and humiliation from the time he was still tied down to Jing.

He breathed in a mouthful air, "Come!" . He said, calmly facing towards the still standing tall and upright all by himself, Jing. Lu Cang saw a slightly wavering white silhouette.

Jing's movement when he came down completely broke apart all that Lu Cang could have imagined he would do. ---- Jing didn't even put to good use any of his air kungfu. Rather, he gracefully bowed, took off his shoes and cast it aside. Just like that, he leapt to enter the small stream and waded forward in the water towards Lu Cang's direction.

Lu Cang gritted his teeth, desperately tried to cease his uncontrollably heart beating sound. Though Jing approached with carefree and leisurely manner, yet precisely because of that his fear was exceeded. Without knowing what kind of bad luck awaited him.

The water was gurgling, the atmosphere filled with a tensed air that might break out at any moment. Jing had gotten close to him and within 3.3 meters range.

"Aaaa....." Lu Cang burst out a fierce sound, bringing his sword and his whole self altogether and charged at Jing. His figure flew in circles. ---- Launched a surprising disorder attack. He exerted the move that Jing taught him, basically, he had become completely desperate.

Pointed his sword straight to Jing's chest, intending to harm him. His only objective was to strike that figure in white. Lu Cang could only see a blurred pattern, suddenly, he lost his attack target.

He didn't even have the time to reconcile himself, with a bang on his waist, Lu Cang was overthrown to the water.

When he was about to raise his sword again, a white as snow barefoot stepped on his right hand.-----  
"Hurt....." He couldn't suppress his groan, he could clearly hear his right hand's disintegrated bones distinct sound.

Without any courage left to lift his head and lookup at the familiar face he knew so well, Lu Cang silently closed his eyes, waiting for the long sword to pierce through his chest in a flash.

Waiting for a long time, Jing still didn't make any move.

He finally couldn't stand the wait and lifted his head, to behold a pair of recondite beautiful eyes. ----  
Four eyes met, gazing at each other. Jing's face was completely devoid of any billows, while Lu Cang was unable not to be visibly moved and changed his countenance. ---- After all, this was the beauty that he was deeply in love with.

"Lu Cang, do you think by hiding here I won't be able to find you?" Jing's voice not severe nor stern, certainly not gentle at all too. He bent over to brace up Lu Cang's left hand, forcibly pulling Lu Cang out from the water.

"My skill is not to your level, I have nothing more to say..... Just give me a direct and straight one!"  
Both of Lu Cang's hands were twisted to his back, but he still did his best to hold his head high.



Jing ignored his words as if turning a deaf ear. Violently, he pushed him over. He pulled Lu Cang's sash and used it to tie Lu Cang's hands behind his back.

His neck was yanked by Jing, Lu Cang staggering, walked on the slippery rocks. Because of Jing's shove, he nearly tumbled down several times, in addition, he was grasped firmly. Jing obviously staggered along with him in complete dissatisfaction. As soon as they reached the river bank, he ruthlessly shoved Lu Cang. Taken by surprise, Lu Cang slipped and fell on the river bank's grass in a difficult position all at once.

The pain on his broken hand was like being burnt. Lu Cang struggled for a while only to find out that there was nothing he could do to stand himself up. ---- He could sense the cold and unconcerned eyes from behind his back. Subconsciously, he clenched his teeth. Desperately telling himself that he couldn't look weak in front of this demon.

"What? No more strength?" Seeing that Lu Cang was no longer struggling, Jing, from behind his back, squatted on his heels. His hand lightly slipped in from the gap on Lu Cang's upper garment that widely opened. Ambiguously caressing his solid back's smooth skin.

"You!----" The sudden startling intimacy caused Lu Cang to cry out in alarm. His heart not listening to his command, because of this light touch, began to waver.

Jing's hand gradually slid down, stretched forwards to the place under his waist. Since his sash had been untied, his flimsy trousers were easily being pulled down. Lu Cang drew in a mouthful of cold air. ---- His buttocks muscle which got in touch with the open air, tensed up and stretched tight. It made Jing unable to restrain his wicked nature and viciously stretched out his hand to knead it.

"Ah, don't do this....." Lu Cang finally loosened up his pursed tight lip. Let himself gasp for breath helplessly. The him who was pitifully bound up, giving out this kind of voice could only throw himself into passivity.

Jing became even more excited. He put forth his strength to seize Lu Cang's broken hand and flipped him over. ---- Now, their position had become a two people looked at each other's position. Jing slightly retreated, stood in the water, from his place, he was allowed to have a complete look at Lu Cang.

Without a sash to tidy up his clothing, Lu Cang's clothes were wide open on both sides of his body. Lu Cang was fully aware that his upper body and lower body striped bruises and scars, all of them, were exposed within Jing's limited line of sight. He couldn't help but to curl up his body upon this realization. ---- He wasn't afraid of his death at all, instead, he was deeply frightened by the kind of feeling of completely forfeiting his dignity while Jing carried out his death execution.

Jing still remained silent. He used his iron tongs like hands to grip Lu Cang's ankles. A moment later, he forcefully pulled them open to both sides. Then he positioned himself to stand between Lu Cang's thighs.

Both thighs were spread to the utmost angle, it couldn't be spread any further. Yet, Jing still hadn't any considerations to stop his action. ---- The area between his thighs felt the pain of tearing apart. His private part, because of the excessive pulling action, had also been turning to a light pink color and spreaded out in front of Jing.

So painful.

When he was in pain, Lu Cang suddenly came to realization what Jing had in mind. ---- Perhaps, Jing intended to rip him in two pieces while he was still living.

A bit of bloody dying method. ---- But talking about Jing, this method could already be counted as a merciful measure. Lu Cang closed his eyes tightly. Quietly waiting for his disaster to arrive.

His pair of thighs had been divided to the utmost limit. What happened next was absolutely not what Lu Cang had imagined, the horrifying scene of blood and flesh flying in every direction. ---- Jing firmly pressed down on Lu Cang. The already couldn't be suppressed hard, stiff and sword like sharp thing swiftly inserted in Lu Cang's body.

"Ahh...." The already badly injured inner part, to be stabbed into while he was unprepared, Lu Cang could feel the intense and violent pain of his torn apart entrance to the border of his waist. He was caught in an illusion due to this crude split. For a period of time, he was drowned in his semi-conscious state. Everything became a blur.

Bursting out with the cry of pain, Lu Cang clearly felt the feeling of the old wound within his body cracked open again. Fresh blood was pouring out from his anus. Because Jing's sex organ blocked the

exit way, the blood flowed towards the rectum. --- The pain was too painful to be endured by a man.

Lu Cang randomly writhed his body, the lower part of his body was like an off the shore fish, rocked and swayed for his life, in an attempt to throw off Jing's suppression that clamped him down.

"No... Don't....." Jing's brutally thrusting in and ruthlessly taking out movements reduced Lu Cang to a nearly hysterical scream.

How could the extremely thrilled Jing stand this urge, between his uneven breathing spell, he said: "Don't blame me! You moved randomly like this, how can I possibly restraint myself. "He leaned over his body, using his hand to detain Lu Cang's back and putting his body weight to deadly push him down, not letting him to carelessly struggle in order to break free.

He moved his waist in a regular yet frenzy movement. Jing made use of the blood as the substantial lubrication to jerk spasmodically inside Lu Cang's body.

"Hurt..... So hurts..... Just kill me.... Kill me!....." His intestines hurt so much as if being stirred by a knife, making Lu Cang almost insane. Although he tried to writhe his body, but due to Jing's pressure he couldn't move. His face distorted and shouting out his death wish to be arrived.---- But all he could feel was the stirring pain in the depth of his body.

"Ahh..... Ahh..... Ahhhhhh..... " Like a fiery flame burning ablaze, before Lu Cang's eyes was a layer of bloody red. This was the most horrifying punishment. He couldn't even think about having a peaceful death while enduring this horrible anguish.

The excited Jing still hadn't completely attained the greatest extent of his desire. His beastly desire was set on fire. He chose to tighten his pressing on both Lu Cang's head and body. His private part was continuously ramming against Lu Cang. He sought until he found the summit of pleasure that he had never experienced before.....

"Fuu....." After releasing all of him inside Lu Cang, he still hadn't taken out his desire.

Returned from his blissful world, he realized that Lu Cang remained in his sustained spasm. Lu Cang's face was in total chaos. It was as if he didn't realize that this ravaging stage had already ended.

Jing knitted his brows together into a frown, he tightened up his hold on Lu Cang's upper arm, brought Lu Cang from the ground and rose him high in the air, wrapped his arm around Lu Cang. He could feel Lu Cang's slight quivering in his embrace. From inside his heart, a burst of unfamiliar warmth bubbled forth. ---- He silently waited for Lu Cang to recover and wake up from his pain.

"Wuuu.... So hurts....." Hearing the low groan from his bosom, Jing quickly loosened up the force on Lu Cang's arm. Lu Cang raised his head. Two people were like strangers, looking at each other face to face for a little while.

In the end, Lu Cang lowered his head: "You should have been satisfied. Strike now!!" His voice was low as a whisper, as if he was hesitating over countless turns in his heart just to be able to spit out this word.

Emptiness in his heart, the pain inside his body hurt like being scraped by a knife. Lu Cang felt that he had no more strength to face Jing. From the depth of his heart, he had admitted since long ago, his own incapability to confront this man. That was not only about his lack of strength in his resistance ability, furthermore it was, the powerlessness to confront the man he loved so dearly.

Jing made an unexpected move. ---- He forcefully took out his member that was still inside of Lu Cang's body. The abrupt pain and ache made all of Lu Cang's body powerless once again. He could only helplessly become weak and limp on the ground.

"Strike is referring to kill you, yes? Can you tell me the reason to kill you?" Jing stood up, he straightened up his disheveled lower body's clothing. Looking down at Lu Cang who was between his feet, he asked with a light and relaxed voice.

"Need no to play this kind of joke!", Lu Cang at long last couldn't contain his grief and shouted out, "I admit, I can't be your opponent, give me a straightforward one! What's the meaning of tormenting me again. I am but your defeated opponent. I could only beg you to leave me a little bit of honor. May I?? Your Majesty!!"

His eyes tingled a bit, Lu Cang desperately held back his tears. To conceal it, he looked at the ground beside him. Working hard to suppress his heart's rolling vigor which was about to gush out: "I killed

your beloved royal uncle, Yongyi, didn't I? Blood for blood. So, you can just kill me now to avenge him. Our skill is not equal, even if I die, I also couldn't complain.

Jing stared at Lu Cang and looked at him for a while. Suddenly, from the corner of his lips, he pulled out a weird smile.

"Why? You are no longer able to stand me? Honor! How do you want me to honor you? Tell me.  
"Jing lifted his still bared foot and trampled on Lu Cang's lower's abdomen part. Fiercely stepping on him.

Lu Cang gritted his teeth, firmly clenched both his hands, bearing the overwhelming pressure from his under belly section. ---- The blood from his thigh mixed with XXX because of the pressure force, little by little flowing out, lining down on the naked Lu Cang. It as if rather looked like somewhat of an amorous xxxxxxxx painting.

Jing wasn't using the same force as previously. He slid his bare foot downwards, gently rolled and overturned on Lu Cang's sex organ.

"Looks like you're seemingly not greatly satisfy with my service." Using his foot to pick and tease on Lu Cang's dispirited sex organ, Jing mocked at him: "The incredible me who still so sincerely is trying to please you."

To please me ---- Lu Cang sneered in his heart. Using this could practically let my intestines to come off style of making love?

"Alright, Let's make you satisfied." Jing gently shifted his foot. Feeling the peculiar soft and lithe thing under his foot.

"You!....." Lu Cang quickly held up his knees to cover, both his hands gripped the advancing ankle. But no matter how he exerted all of his strength, he still couldn't take away that foot which was moving in a damned pattern.

Absolutely didn't feel excited at all. ---- Jing's motion wasn't rough, to the extent it could be said as gentle. If Lu Cang hadn't suffered from the wounds, most probably he really would be so excited for this very reason.

However, what's left now was merely a clear awareness from this mortification. ---- His heart was extremely pained with unspeakable grief. Lu Cang couldn't say anything to stop Jing.

He was well aware that Jing wouldn't care to show any interest nor pay any attention to him. Jing's purpose was none other than, before his death, to make him suffer more and long hardship, to make his death become more miserable. If Jing happened to find out that he, after being maliciously wrecked and viciously trampled on at that time, could only live a life of an eunuch, Jing surely would ridicule him and laugh his head off.

Jing's foot moved and shifted in an extremely stimulating way. Lu Cang didn't know what kind of expression he should make on his face. He could only awkwardly gaze at the sky, resigned to Jing and let him continue his savage torture.

Facing Lu Cang death like stiffness, Jing finally lost his excitement. He doubtfully ceased his movement, staring at that unresponsive thing for a while. Squatting on his heel, he began to stroke gently using his hand. ---- A fit of powerful grind until Lu Cang's lower part little by little began to flush red, but still didn't show any signs of erection.

At long last, Jing realized his unusual condition. He halted his hand's movement, turned his gaze towards Lu Cang: "What's wrong?" He creased his brow, "Are you disabled?" He used his thumb to heave and drag it to a bell like position. Because of that extremely obscene frame, Lu Cang was shivering for a bit. In the end, he weakly nodded his head, admitting this humiliating fact.

"Please kill me! You can consider me ..... as..... as..... an acquaintance of your family, so, give me a quick and direct death." He desperately swallowed the "former day's friendly relationship" words.

He clearly understood how unsightly his current appearance was. ----- His upper body only had a piece of tattered clothes, exposing his chest and shoulder's scars which hadn't faded away. Jing's wanton love bites could be found everywhere on his body. There was also Jing's remaining bodily fluid flowing from a tight corner of his body. Being like this, ---- Maybe, be dead was a better choice instead.

"What makes you think that I should kill you? Already tired of living?" Compared to Lu Cang's grief as to wish that he was dead, Jing appeared to be in such leisure and carefree attitude. He elegantly sat by Lu Cang's side and asked with an unclear and indifferent tone.

"

Didn't you want to eliminate me before? At Tong'an city's gate, you almost had your wish fulfilled." Lu Cang worked hard to turn his body, showing only his back side to Jing.

Jing turned his head at his direction, a little unable to restrain his fluttering heart from wavering. ---- Lu Cang had a beautiful body line, in addition, during these time, he had gotten thinner thus his waist line compared to his former shape had become more noticeable. The dubious mix of red and white that was leaking out from between his thigh was what made Jing a little bit incapable to control himself.

"Is that so?" While responding in a vague manner of speaking, Jing stretched out his hand to pull Lu Cang into his arms, allowing him to lean on his bosom in an embrace. He attentively helped Lu Cang to untie his back's bind and gently nurtured his bruising wrist. ---- Even he was amazed at himself, where did this plenty of tender affection come from.

Lu Cang who was still immersed in his train of thought, somewhat absentmindedly snuggled up in Jing's chest. Only until Jing began to tenderly caress and stroke his body that he came to his senses and was aware about how strange the circumstances he's in now.

Lu Cang startled and tried to sit upright, but Jing closely held him. : "Don't be afraid, I won't kill you. About the truth, I have heard it from Xi Zhen....."

"What?! What did you say?!" Lu Cang was astounded and forgot the thought of escaping. He struggled to turn his body then asked Jing: "Truth?! What truth?!"

Now their position had changed into a face to face embrace.

Jing remained calm and collected, tightened up his arms, he said : "The matter regarding the pill that poisoned and killed Yong Yi, that was actually given by Xi Zhen."

"Ahhh....." Lu Cang's heart suddenly seized. For a moment, he was unable to speak, he could only blankly gaze at Jing.

"Can't understand?" Jing moved his head closer, changing into a posture closer to Lu Cang's ear. Steam of tickling hot air passed through Lu Cang's face: "I know that Yong Yi's death had nothing to do with you, you had your injustice cleansed...."

Lu Cang could feel a stream of steaming hot air at full speed suffocating his chest from the pit of his stomach. He still hadn't said a word. ---- All of his body wounds insanely hurting like being torn open altogether at once. So painful that it made him almost want to huddle up himself.

From the bottom of his heart, steam like boiling water was rising up. Yet, Jing used his hot and wet lips to kiss him lightly and moistened his lips.

Didn't know where the power came from, but Lu Cang fiercely pushed Jing away. He struggled to rise and stood up. With the dilapidated outer garment he wrapped himself. His steps were faltering as he attempted to head to the stream's side.

Jing was taken aback, busily he chased after him, exerting his strength to drag back the already at the stream's side's Lu Cang: "You are inexplicable, what do you get angry at? Obviously, you should be happy!"

Lu Cang firmly bit down on his lip, but didn't even turn his head to look. After a long while, he burst out several words: "Happy? What is it to be happy about? How about princess Xi Zhen, does she remain as Her Ladyship the Empress?"

"How could that be possible?" Jing looked like he suddenly realized what had happened. "Get along for a long time, yet you still have to bear the bitterness she caused..." (t/n : literally said : still have to eat her vinegar/jealousy.) (and what Jing tried to emphasis here is : Lu Cang and Xi Zhen get along for quite sometimes, but Xi Zhen didn't put this into consideration and conveniently used Lu Cang as her scapegoat.)

Stretching out his arms, from behind, he pulled Lu Cang's body closer into a hug in his bosom: "She certainly repented for her crime. She cut off her hair and entered the nun-hood."

Lu Cang was shivering from head to toe from this answer. "Ah!....."



He called to mind that youth's charming face. No matter how, Lu Cang couldn't relate Xi Zhen the princess, who held a high status and always lived in comfort, with a young Buddhist Nun, who was all on her own and lonely in the dusk. ---- He recalled the reminiscence of that smart looking facial expression when she looked at Jing. Again, he tried to associate that expression to the young girl's current heart-broken and in despair state expression. His heart couldn't help but to be twisted into a ball.

Jing's body heat was continuously passing through from behind, instead, Lu Cang felt that they were separated by a layer of ice cold mountain. ---- Jing's selfishness along with his inability to cherish really inflicted his contempt. And yet, the fact that he loved and longed for this man chilled his heart even more.

"The point is....I'm the only one left?" His voice was so light, but Jing still clearly heard him.

"What do you mean?" The rare tenderness of Jing disappeared. He forcefully turned Lu Cang's body to face him. Applying his grave and stern eyes to extort an explanation about what Lu Cang had said.

"Yong Yi's dead. Xi Zhen also had become a nun. That's why you think of me?" Lu Cang fearlessly met Jing's eyes. Word by word, he burst out the issue that caused his broken heart.

Jing's pupils shrank and darkened. ---- Lu Cang knew that he was trying his best to control his rage. At the same time, he could feel Jing's fingers that gripped on his body gradually tighten up, opening Lu Cang's clothes even wider, exposing his shoulder and front chest's eye striking scars.

"You could casually accuse me as a murderer, with all your might wanting to put me to death, then you could so casually tell me that you had treated me unjustly. So what? You want me to shout and jump for joy, crawl under your feet and beg you to bring me back to your harem again?" Lu Cang was unable to stop his body from trembling while condemning Jing. "What do you regard me as, actually? Your plaything? Your pet? Or just your male prostitute?"

His voice uncontrollably became sharp. He intended to throw Jing's hand off, but Jing clamped him tightly so he couldn't move. Jing moved even closer to press his lips on Lu Cang's, aiming to use brute force to suppress his own anger.

An unyielding tip of tongue forcefully pried open Lu Cang's lips apart, Jing's mixed with anger's kiss wildly swept all over Lu Cang's oral cavity. He also inserted his fingers wildly in between Lu Cang's thigh.

"Plak!!!" A simple clear and melodious noise condensed the air. ---- Jing wore an expression of disbelief, staring at Lu Cang. However, while Jing was in a confused state of mind, Lu Cang who struggled to get his hand free was also startled, he shockingly looked at his hand which just hit Jing.

"I told you to let me go! Who told you not to listen!" He put his heart in order, simply bringing the life and death struggle and cast it in the back of his mind, not to care about the fact that he already gave the arrogant high and mighty Jing a slap.

Jing stood still on his spot without making a sound. ----- In his 25 years of life, there seriously wasn't anyone who dared to hit him. Given his honorable status and position, undoubtedly people wouldn't have the guts to approach him. His excellent martial arts also assured him not to suffer any losses when he travelled incognito.

Lu Cang fell back a step as he staggered. ----- Jing's body sent forth a vicious vibe that made him afraid. However, his pride couldn't tolerate him to retreat again. He stood steadfastly in his place, slightly raised his head, waiting for the horrifying punishment that was about to come.

"You have a dog's damned nerve!!" Jing gnashing his teeth in hatred while looking at him. Word per word that he had said was uttered from the space between his teeth. Step by step, he closed in to Lu Cang. His eyes sent out a flash of rage.

Concubine Yi, ---- The local high scholar woman, beautiful and multi-talented, because she accidentally stepped on Jing's Royal crown which fell down, committed suicide by imperial order; Lady Lian, ---- Jiangnan most beautiful woman, because of when she was in her jubilant moment with Jing, her nail scratched Jing's shoulder, also committed suicide..... Didn't know why, all the awful tell-tales he heard when he was posted as an imperial bodyguard regarding Jing and how he ruthlessly treated his imperial concubines floated up in Lu Cang's mind at this moment.

"Aaaa....." That very terrifying image made Lu Cang, who was still seized by Jing, shriek out for a moment. "Aaaaa.... No.... Aaaaa!....." He was over-powered and pushed down to the ground by Jing. Caused by his deep-rooted fear, he couldn't help but involuntarily, from his throat, let out his scream.

"You indeed have a great nerve! Looks like, if I don't let you take a good look at my temper, it won't do anymore!!"

Jing furiously began to expend his piercing nibble to bite and prick on Lu Cang's skin. His hands also roughly rubbed and kneaded on Lu Cang's body, tearing to shreds the last piece of the upper garment that covered his body. While raising his own outer robe in a rage, he pulled down his trousers altogether with his underwear. He pressed his already hard and erect lethal weapon on Lu Cang's vulnerable part.

"Don't do this.... I beg you, don't be like this....." Better than being violated again by Jing, Lu Cang would rather him to generously bestow him with death instead. His body was breaking apart. Though he had lost his pleasant function, nonetheless because of the rubbing friction of Jing's flesh, he found it difficult to restrain his panting and gasping for breath.

His fractured hand was powerlessly drooping by his side. The other hand was stopped by Jing's deathly grip. ---- He looked on helplessly when Jing eagerly nibbled on his front chest. The itching and aching nipple constantly stimulated his senses. Lu Cang once again got caught in a hysterical condition.

Jing's fingers made an attempt to enter Lu Cang's body. Lu Cang came to a realization. : His already injured body wouldn't be able to endure another violation. Jing intended to have him die in Jing's frenzied desire. ---- One more time (of the crazy sex), and he would definitely be dropped dead. He himself was clear about his own physical condition, knowing that his internal organs absolutely couldn't manage another forceful thrusting.

Jing's lips and tongue were wet and hot, licking from Lu Cang's under belly all the way heading straight to his lower body. His fingers also pushing deeper in his inner part.

"Heavens..." In a flashed moment when Jing's wet and hot tongue wrapped around him, the mentally unprepared Lu Cang couldn't help but cry out in alarm with a choked voice. He originally thought that next to come was that merciless thrust, certainly never expecting that Jing would.....

So to say, Jing using his mouth was not the first time, but under this kind of circumstances..... After Lu Cang hit him...

Lu Cang felt that he was in bewilderment, however, that living thing which was enveloping him was displaying such agility. The whole sex organ which was contained in his mouth became warm. He could feel every single detail inside Jing's smooth and slippery mouth. Jing did his best to get Lu Cang closer, to make him feel his sex organ swiftly reached a vital passage of his pharynx and larynx.

In the confusion, Jing had freed his hand that was clamping down Lu Cang and moved it to gently press down on the base of Lu Cang's sex organ, allowing that soft and lithe flesh to hang back in his damp and hot oral cavity. His head slowly sporting a forward and backward movement. It made Lu Cang nearly doubt himself, whether he was in an illusion.

While in the process of giving Lu Cang oral sex, all along Jing's finger never stopped exploring Lu Cang's inner body. ---- That sometimes forceful then on the other time pressing gently gesture made Lu Cang almost go crazy. Also, in a split second when that finger pressed a little harder in his body, Lu Cang, because of that pleasant sensation as if being hit by a static shock, couldn't help but shout out loud.

"Ahh....." Like a miracle, Lu Cang felt that his sex organ in Jing's mouth stirred a bit. Slowly but sure it's springing and standing up right.

"Ahh..... Don't.... Don't..... "

Jing as if he found out the kind of plaything that made him happy, with all his might kept on pressing this fragile spot. Lu Cang found it difficult to hold back his moaning and screaming, unmistakably he felt the stimulation that he hadn't experience for a long time coming from his backside straight to his front part. He distinctly felt that that thing slowly became excited, so much that it reached Jing's throat.

Jing seemingly went all out in doing his utmost to tease Lu Cang. Holding this gradually becoming thick and bulky sex organ in his mouth, unceasingly passing it in and out his mouth, rubbed it on his lips and on his tongue with all his might. To the extent that he put in another finger. He exerted all of his strength eagerly pressing, making Lu Cang lose all of his senses for a little while.

Finally.....

Lu Cang was trying hard to contain all the long time accumulated energy from suddenly bursting out all at once. Lu Cang busily wanted to take it out, but being firmly kept by Jing in his mouth, he

couldn't do anything to free himself. In the twinkle of an eye, the thick, hot and raw liquid vigorously erupted, gushing out in Jing's mouth and flowed out from the corner of his mouth.

Lu Cang was stunned from that momentarily extraordinary sight. He bent over to Jing's direction, but it was already too late to prevent Jing from raising his head to gulp down his body fluid action.

"You.... You you you....." Lu Cang blankly looked at Jing and unable to believe, Jing's lip's corner was still stained with his xxx. This bizarre appearance, no matter what, wouldn't perfectly fit with his nobility.

"You are out of your mind....." He actually didn't know what best to say, only after squeezing hard for a long time could he squeeze out these words.

Jing used the corner of his sleeve to wipe his mouth, then casually mentioned the subject, : "Still think that you are really disable, yet It couldn't bear my teasing at all! "

Lu Cang truthfully not dared to believe that this actually happened. Under his amazed state, he absent-mindedly burst forth several words. : "Simply because it is you....."

Only after the words escaped his mouth, he became conscious about what he had said. Desperately covered his mouth with his hand, yet by Jing's unusual eyes that cast on him, made him greatly agitated. He couldn't help but awkwardly droop his head.

"Others are no good??" This extremely bright Jing of course wouldn't not understand the implication of Lu Cang's words. He was delightedly pressing near on Lu Cang, forcing him to spill out the answer that he wanted to hear.

The Lu Cang who had dug his own grave was dying to bite off his own tongue. Indeed, he couldn't resist Jing. Indeed, he couldn't stand the fact that Jing had given him an oral sex. Also, the disappointing sex organ indeed because being tantalized by Jing had shot out the essence. But to foolishly uttered his feelings for Jing out loud was obviously as good as digging his own grave.

"You like me, don't you?" Jing would not let Lu Cang off, he did his best to press him to confess his true feeling.

"Just say that I like you, so what?" Without any reason, he felt a fit of grief. Lu Cang recalled the fate of countless hearts that entrusted to this person. He could only have this trembling with fear feeling. "Didn't Xi Zhen also like you? What kind of happy end did she get?"

Jing's complexion became dark. He didn't say anything, merely took Lu Cang into a hug and encircled him on his coiled up leg. Slowly, once at a time, he caressed Lu Cang's upper arm.

"Before....." Just when Lu Cang thought that he intended to remain silent just like that, Jing opened his mouth, "I was madly infatuated with uncle Yong Yi. Didn't care he was married, even had a daughter. Relied on my status as the emperor, I forcefully possessed him. But uncle Yong Yi, towards me, from beginning never over stepped the affection between uncle and nephew. No matter how I pressed on him, he would never yield to me. Finally, he went as far as to choose to flee. Without hesitating, on top of the committing treason reputation, he stood on his own feet and proclaimed himself as a king in the attempt to be able to oppose me....."

His voice sounded dejected. His fingers unconsciously stayed on Lu Cang's chest, pressing on the pulse of his heartbeat.

"This matter angered me and drove me crazy! In this world, there was a person who unwilling yielded to me! However, it hadn't long since I ascended the throne, to dispatch my troops in an expedition obviously would be extremely disadvantageous for me. Hence, I strolled about in all directions, to find a man who resembled Yong Yi then used brute force to conquer them, afterwards, cold-bloodedly killed them. Used it as a mean to relieve my vengeful desire..... Just like that for the past few years, so, by chance I came across you....."

"Initially, I thought that you were a man with the same category as Yong Yi, so, no matter that –three seven are twenty one- (the facts of the matter), I just embraced you. But then I realized, you and Yong Yi were definitely not very much alike. You don't have his outstanding masculinity aspect. Your exterior is strong, but deep in your heart, you are weak. .... I exerted violence on you, in your heart, you obviously hate me but never seriously revolted against me....." Covering Lu Cang's wanted to refute mouth, Jing continued on and said to his direction. : "I know you like my appearance and can't resist me. Yet, I still couldn't bear the temptation to sleep with you, over and over again. So frequent that I even surprised myself."

Jing's hand slowly slid down, returned to Lu Cang's lower body. Lu Cang wanted to struggle, but Jing bound him tightly to his bosom, so he couldn't make a move.

"Honestly speaking, I began to have a little fear, ---- Afraid that I would forget Yong Yi and started to like a person like you who basically shouldn't suit my appetite! I couldn't stand it! Couldn't stand that I actually could free myself from my obstinate feeling towards Yong Yi. I decided to recover the feeling that once drilled a hole and pained my heart. To preserve what I considered as perfect."

Jing without any meaning caressed Lu Cang gently, going on with his self-assertion, : "But after I seized Yong Yi back, no matter how I madly maltreated him, no matter what, I couldn't retrieve my maddening feeling from that time ..... I refused to believe that time could dilute my feeling! I couldn't believe it! Absolutely did not believe! I obstinately stuck to him day and night, determined to retrieve my lost feeling.... Then I heard that you killed Yong Yi, I was angered to the point of mad! I subconsciously felt that you were the source who disrupted my affection towards Yong Yi. This very concern even more deepened my determination to eliminate you. Therefore, at that time at the city's gate, out of pain I wanted to kill you, wholeheartedly I meant to eliminate you..... You, the piece of sore spot in my life! And then .... Then.... "

"Following afterwards, you had clearly known....."

The atmosphere returned to its tranquility. Lu Cang absolutely had no idea what kind of expression he should conduct to face Jing. ---- This self-centered man, because of his own feeling, he demolished other's people family. Also not in the least hesitated to eliminate people he regarded as rubbish. ----- Merely because he was afraid, to fall in love with a not good enough person, to the possibility that the crazy love that he regarded as perfect might be disrupted.

Lu Cang powerlessly closed his eyes, "And then?" He could hear his own indifferent voice in that words.

Jing startingly lifted up his head. He had never earnestly analyzed himself to other people, the object of the very first time he ever did this unexpectedly didn't feel grateful at all. Unexpectedly didn't regard his moving embrace as something one's should take pride in. ---- It was indeed shocked him big time.

"Of course you come back with me to the capital. Yong Yi already died, Xi Zhen has become a nun.... Including just now I brought back to life this useless thing on your body. I also have said what I need to say! " He stretched out his hand to pull Lu Cang, inched closer to seek for his lip.

"Let go!! Let Go!!" Being said by Jing as the utterly worthless and useless thing, Lu Cang absolutely wouldn't give in easily. He desperately swayed his body, but his foot slipped, he dragged Jing down together into the stream.

Jing was of course would always be Jing. Despite admitted and vindicated his feeling, he absolutely wouldn't take something lying down. He pulled Lu Cang's hair, glared straight to his eyes, applying his menacing tone , : "Have you forgotten that you yourself also had admitted to me that you were disabled?" Viciously gripped and teased Lu Cang's lower part, Jing reminded him about the pleasure Jing gave him a short while ago.

"I would rather be an eunuch for all my life!!" His back was soaked in the icy cold stream water, Lu Cang remained unbending and refused to show the impression of weakness.

"Really? This is what you said! I'd like to see, how long will your stubbornness last."

Lu Cang truthfully couldn't guess what kind of trick he had up his sleeve. His cold eyes glared at Lu Cang while taking out a brocade pouch from his chest.

Jing continued with his pressing gesture, untied the brocade pouch, taking out a tangible thing from inside it. --- he used his mouth to bite off the rear section of that thing, and then powerfully threw it to the sky. ---- Along with a whizzing sound that pierced through the quietness. That was the whistle sound used by the military troops. Taking advantage of the wind force, the whistle noise would transmit their whereabouts.

By heart Lu Cang knew that this was far from good. ---- His ear could hear a whistle sound resounding, from the west side of the thick forest, there was a rustle noise, approximately from a little over 10 Zhang distance.

The neatly dressed up troops came out from the thick forest in pair. Set up and filled the river bank in a split second. Lu Cang couldn't help his cry out in alarm. ---- Those who were running in front of the troops, were precisely his, shared joys and hardships, helped one another in time of need, sworn brothers. They were being bound by thick rope in the same style. They used an extremely astonished eyes to look at him.

"You... You actually...." Lu Cang couldn't bear his own trembling. He bitterly detested himself for actually becoming like a pump. For the honorable His Majesty the Emperor, moving a troops or two



was merely as easy as lifting a hand affair. ---- However, he was foolishly let his brothers to scatter in all direction to escape, just to walked straight to the traps.

(t/n : most probably, by pump, Lu Cang meant to say that he was the one who pushed the brothers straight to the trap by asking them to run away. )

"Big Brother!! " Cao Xin finally couldn't stand it, he intended to move forward, but by the soldier behind him forcefully tightened the rope on his body, "Big brother, what happened to you? Who are these people..... and.... That.. that.... Why are you stark-naked pressed down underneath a man??"

(t/n : Cao Xin used Lao Da instead of Da Ge, but basically it serves the same meaning while Lao Da can also mean : Boss. )

Oh--- Heaven!!

Lu Cang suddenly felt that there was some kind of thing exploded in his chest. ---- He actually forgot his own condition before his eyes.

He didn't even have stitch on his body, stark-naked reclined under Jing's body. Not to mention that every and each part of his body also glued close to this detestable man.

Good Heaven!! His image as the brigand chief's figure was already thoroughly done for!!

There was darkness before his eyes, in the end, he gracefully lost his consciousness.....

End of chapter 10.

I MADE IT!! Yayyyy... finish at long last... gonna have my rest.. XD

Prologue – end of first book.

Xiao Guizi, hard-working and hard-wrought, enters the imperial bedchamber, as usual, after the bell chimed at 5:00 am to help the emperor through the morning routine of brushing, washing and dressing.

However, that magnificent bed of the emperor was empty. There wasn't any trace that it had been slept upon.

"My God!!! The emperor has disappeared!!"

Xiao Guizi ran wildly towards the central administration room, making a ruckus all the way—immediately, the entire imperial bedchamber resonated with his wolfish cries of panic.

"Stop making such a big deal out of it! Just quickly go to the Marquis\* place!" The administer, who was waken up due to the noise, yawned in irritation.

"Yes, yes, yes....." Xiao Guizi stuttered in his respond then hastened glide outwards.

Hearing the noise from the outside, Jing turned his body in annoyance. --- By his side, Lu Cang was sleeping so soundly. Last night, both of them were working out the steam (making out) till late at night, until Lu Cang unsightly passed out on him. It's no wonder that he was in this worn out condition.

"Your Majesty, are you attending the morning court?" In front of the door, Xiao Guizi talked cautiously in orderly array.

"Your Majesty, Big Brother.... Aaa... the lord has woken up? Yesterday he and I had agreed to meet early in the morning to hatch a plan about hunting in the outskirts!" There was also Cao Xin with his loud voice.

Jing unhappily put on his robe. Lightly, he opened the door.

Xiao Guizi busily stepped forward to greet him. A wave of his hand to hint that the greeting could be put off until he reached outside. Cao Xin, as dense as usual, imprudently moved closer to enter the bedchamber. : "The Lord..."

"What with the Lord- the Lord....." Jing grabbed him and dragged him out.

"Here!" Jing hurriedly drew out a gold\* from his pocket and stuffed it in Cao Xin's hand. "Today the lord is unwell. You go find one or two of your brothers to accompany you and have fun at the Tonghua house! Don't disturb Xiao... khek khek, Lu Cang!" (Jing was about to say 'Xiao Cang', his affectionate name.)

"Ah!! The lord is sick?! What kind of sickness?!" Wearing an expression as if he was a bit afraid of this three words 'Tong Hua House', clearly unwilling to go, he tried to pry closely.

"Ai yo, master Cao!" Even Xiao Guizi could see that Jing's face color had turned bad. He quickly dragged Cao Xin to outside.

That so called Cao Xin, as he walked, he was muttering : "What is this all about! If it is a lord just say it a lord! What with 'the royal nobility lord' title? Isn't it the same as empress?! Also, putting us brothers to be stationed at the outer government office, it is on purpose, right? You, as the emperor, afraid that nobody knows that our Big Brother has been played with by you!"

Jing with his ghastly pale face, pretended that he didn't hear the nonsense talk. He went directly to outside, to the sedan chair that Xiao Guizi prepared.

Before his eyes, the sky gradually became bright. It was just another brand new day in Dong An.

End of book 1

Chapter 11

The night in Tong An was completely different from the bustling harvest at night in the mountain.

Because here was the capital, even though it was already late at night, from faraway, the lights from the busy red-light district, brothels and wine-shops, still could be seen vaguely. A loud voice of laughter from the distant room also could reach even the deepest part of this mansion.

To enter a noble household was like sinking in a deep ocean .... Even without reading many books, Lu Cang also had ever heard about this phrase. Once, this phrase was used to describe a woman who married into a powerful family and bound in the deep courtyard, passing the time in loneliness for the rest of her life. He had never thought, even in his wildest dream, that one day he would also meet with this kind of destiny, to be sighing with the same lonely emotion.

It already past half a year since Jing explained his own state of minds and made clear of his feelings. To make him able to stay freely by his side, Jing granted him a fairly high rank of nobility title, the Marquis title.

Because this so called rank of nobility was only a coin of words and expression, Lu Cang basically didn't hold any authority over his position. His everyday activity was to accompany Jing, eat, drink, have fun, and so on.

Although all of this luxurious and extravagant feast , with the never ending delicacy dainty beautiful things, the touching scene of dance and song, made Lu Cang extremely excited in the beginning, however, to have the same repeatedly things over and over again, it only took him less than a month to be bored and sick with it.

Even if there wasn't as much entertainment when he was still the mountain bandit king, but it was worth that simple comfortable life. Drink a big bowl of wine to heart content. Eat a big chunk of meat to heart content. If faced with the money shortage, just went down the mountain and committed the robbery. Also, with all the brothers ventured to various places. If they felt like to enjoy themselves, just went to the brothel and found some girls to play with.

Though it was such a crude happiness, but for Lu Cang, compared to the present luxurious life, the past was still more enjoyable.

Gazing at those distant dazzling lamp lights, Lu Cang could almost imagine what kind of wild manner those men displaying to wantonly enjoy themselves. He felt that he was like those resentful royal concubines in the deep palace, leaning on the window of a tall high tower terrace waiting for a certain someone to appear.

"What's wrong? Having a bad mood?" Spoke of the devil and he doth appear. Jing, still fully dressed in his court robe, entered the bedroom. Evidently he hurriedly rushed over from the palace right after finishing his official duties. (\*the author used Cao Cao here as the personification of the devil . Cao cao was the main villain in the novel Romance of 3 Kingdoms.)

Lu Cang didn't turn his head, just stood in front of the window and remained silent.

He was upset at the moment. How would he consent to bring about his miserable fate and destiny matter and speak with the creator and source of all his misery.

Waving his hand to dismiss his servant who came to change his clothes, Jing walked to Lu Cang's back. Stretching his hands and embraced Lu Cang's waist gently.

"Who offended you and make you upset again?" His face was pressing near to Lu Cang's. His lip was brushing on Lu Cang's not so soft cheek lightly. Trailing all the way to the corner of tightly-closed, smooth and moist lips then deeply planted his kiss there.

Several months ago, there was an official who discontented at Lu Cang, who without working hard, without skill, without any achievements to enjoy success when young. He went as far as to point at Lu Cang's face and taunted him, that Lu Cang was depending on his homosexuality and ingratiated the emperor, a very despicable way to achieve his ambition.

Even though he was furious to the point of vomiting blood, Lu Cang still couldn't bring himself to imitate those spoilt, pampered and spiteful royal concubines, ran to Jing and lodged a complaint. In the end, there was the imperial bodyguard who secretly reported to Jing thus that loyal officer, who admonished Lu Cang directly, demoted to somewhere far away.

Base on this previous issue, even if there were still many courtiers who secretly discontented towards Lu Cang, faced with Jing's iron hand tactics, they wouldn't even dare to make a chirp sounds.

"Tell me..." Although compared to the past, Jing had been much gentler, but for time to time, he still used his impressive and dignified manner as the emperor to make Lu Cang responded.

Just bored to death! Lu Cang who stubbornly refused to open his mouth, gritting his teeth and locking his jaw, obviously didn't aware of Jing's cunning scheme. He only needed to slightly open his mouth to sigh, but Jing already used that chance to pry open his mouth. The soft and smooth tongue gently slipped in, carefully slid in his teeth to his cavity wall, lightly caressing them before eagerly curled and rolled Lu Cang's tongue. Using his hot kisses to cause Lu Cang suffocated and lost his breath.... Lu Cang couldn't afford to resist this man.

Lu Cang mourned in his heart for realizing this very fact. Though he had almost given up because of this kiss, he struggled to show his resolution instead. He tenaciously defended his last shred of dignity as a man.

"Don't want..." Lu Cang's tongue was being sucked by Jing thus reduce his speech to only a mutter. He intended to stop the stroking hands on his body but got his hands pulled and his body was turned to face Jing.

"What did you say? I didn't hear it clearly." Initially, Jing wasn't a nice person, he also craftily spared Lu Cang as the little mountain bandit and used this as a measure to get him.

"Don't want to do it... My body can't stand it..."

What a joke! Yesterday, also the day before yesterday, as well as the day before yesterday's yesterday, Lu Cang went to sleep in his semiconscious condition. How would he be able to withstand this wild beast tossed and turned him over and over again.

But with his whole burning red face, his lip was still moist and the un-swallowed silver thread traced down by the corner of his mouth, saying these words would be ineffective.

It was impossible for Jing to pay any attention to Lu Cang's refusal. He stubbornly carried up the body, which was struggling to resist. Both of them crumpled on the spacious bed.

Compare to the bed at the Yue Long bridge cottage, this bed had an even more gorgeous ornament on it. Because couldn't stand the extruding of two fully grown men and the creak-crunch noise they made, the amorous red satin curtain that been hanging down to cover the whole small space on the bed and to set off the back ground had sheepishly blushed to bright red.

On the snow-whited satin cotton-padded mattress, Lu Cang was struggling. His clothes were being torn and ripped. His exposed honey-colored skin and muscle under the torn clothing keenly aroused Jing's brutish nature which was hidden under his overwhelming beautiful appearance.

"Ahh....." Jing went straight to the point. The stricken and stirred up place hadn't been loosened up yet, made the mentally unprepared Lu Cang let out an unwilling moan.

"Don't want....." Lu Cang slightly propped up his thighs. Though he did this to relax his own body a bit, but this also provided a more convenient way for Jing to bury his whole self in the between the thighs.

"You... Why don't you just go to Miss Wang ... and Miss Li...."

Miss Wang and Miss Li were this year most outstanding among the beautiful contestants from the palace talent competition. Jing, who had never been educated to learn the lesson about being faithful and loyal, of course wouldn't let his right to deflower beautiful women slipped just like that.-- As the result, he had to suffer the hateful scoff from Lu Cang.

"What do you get jealous at? Didn't that night I still come to your place?" After being served in the two beautiful women bed chamber, Jing went straight back to his palace without any consideration to spare their reputation. Instead, in the depth of night, he ran over to Lu Cang's Marquis' residence. He ferociously turned over Lu Cang who didn't aware of the actual issues.

"There is no way women can satisfy me. Like a stuff squeeze in between the teeth, also a little bit too delicate, unrefined and unskilled. (really need to ask an expert for this line, 塞牙缝 (squeeze in the gap between teeth), 还嫌生嫩了点 -have no idea how to translate this... thus, don't give much thought about this line, J ) Jing was highly respected because of his imperial throne, but in front of Lu Cang, he would occasionally throw in some tasteless improper dirty talk. "They don't have your endurance, just do it more than 2 times, they would already cry and scream. So annoying!"

" You bastard...." Because of Jing's words, Lu Cang had gotten into a better mood and smiled. But he still resorted to rude words to show his dissatisfaction.

Concentrating on that very place.... Jing used his hard and stiff member to thrust and fro. Finally, he pulled out that scorching hot stuff and pressed it down together with Lu Cang's and rubbed them intensely....

The transparent XXX stained both of their bodies. To be actually pleased by another man on top of his body, Lu Cang couldn't help but feel a little resentful at himself to have this kind of excitement. His whole body was being embraced by Jing. Jing put Lu Cang's lower body on his own arm to raise it. Every part of Lu Cang's body was stuck close to a man. As the matter of fact, Lu Cang was in no condition to maintain his resistance.

" Today, don't be too rough....."

" Alright!"

Jing gave a quick response, but of course, he wouldn't even remember the promise that he had made.

Once, he over-heard the garrulous husbands' chatters, 'If don't do a little healthy exercise at night, what is the worth of one's self as a husband?'

While sucking Lu Cang's nape, Jing's finger moving downwards and exploring his back entrance.

Obviously he should be already familiar with this kind of movement, but it was still difficult for Lu Cang so he couldn't help but slightly shudder and complain : "So hurt! Can't you warn me first?"

" How to warn you?" Gently jerked his fingers, Jing enjoyed the sight of Lu Cang who writhed his body out of pain, "Do you want me to say 'Xiao Cang, quickly get ready, I want to poke your ass,'?"

" You.... Ahh..." Because of his sensitive area was being pressed, Lu Cang suddenly raised up his waist. "What kind of education did you actually have? How can you utter such shameless words....."

Jing added another 2 fingers, he poked and stirred that barren area from the front and rear. The numb sensation it gave wasn't an ordinary pain.



" Why are you so tight today?" Jing knitted his brows into a frown. Usually, with his gentle and tender touch, Lu Cang's whole body would become weak and limp, opened up to fully accepted him. Today's Lu Cang was extraordinarily unreasonable and hard to deal with. Granted he was practicing kung-fu and unwilling to loosen up.

" Let's call it a day! Don't do anymore..." Although the pleasant sensation gradually heated up his body, Lu Cang still stubbornly tried to make Jing gave up. Several times before, he would already submit to his body's desire. The outcome was pretty obvious. Every time, Jing would torment him before he could get things ready until he physically paralyzed.

" What kind of joke was that! I have become this hard and stiff...." Remain unperturbed, Jing reached out to Lu Cang's hand and had him to hold and grope his lower part. Seeing that Lu Cang twitched upon feeling his burning hot stuff, Jing smiled at his successful attempt to arouse Lu Cang.

" Lift your thigh a bit higher...." Jing stretched out his hand under the mattress to find the palace's specially made secret drug. Jing used his thigh to hold down Lu Cang, and the other hand to lift Lu Cang's thigh....

" Don't press anymore, my waist almost break already..." Lu Cang's eyes blankly gazed into the magnificent pattern. He could feel the icy cold feeling slowly entered the inner part of his body.---- Looked like this night would also be another sleepless night. Every time Jing applied this medicinal aphrodisiac extract, he would become especially excited. Following after this was the beginning of his own suffering.

After determined that the whole interior part of Lu Cang was already smeared thoroughly with the ointment, the impatient Jing slowly began to insert his thing.

The flaccid muscles that had been affected by the aphrodisiac ointment, made Lu Cang's body accepted Jing deeply. Jing could feel Lu Cang's muscle contracted intimately and as if he had the control over Lu Cang's breathe.

They looked at each other in the eyes, ---- Lu Cang's eyes seemingly concealed a layer of thin screen, pain and agony, pleasure and joy, unsure of the future confusion..... various kind of depressed sentiment mixed together ; Though at the very moment, Jing' s eyes was particularly clear as a

crystal and showed a strong determination, but in the depth of his glittering and shining radiantly eyes, there was indistinct flame of lust.

Deeply buried himself inside Lu Cang's body, Jing didn't have the slightest mean to end his mental torture as soon as possible. On the contrary, he took his sweet time to carefully stroke and comfortably get up and down on Lu Cang's body.

With both of his hands hugging Jing's back, Lu Cang tightly closed his eyes. Feeling that nimble and wet tongue licked his sensitive front chest. It made him felt a little ticklish... a bit pain.... And also the feeling of.... being loved tenderly.

Although in their heart they had completely comprehended each other regarding this love making since they already engaged in this kind of love making innumerable times, but actually it was only recently that their rough style changed to this kind of genuinely honey sweet love.

He could clearly sense that this time love making was intentionally prolonged. The actual reason always lied in Jing. Jing dragged the foreplay for a long long time. Made Lu Cang fully felt his whole desire to eagerly seek for the highest summit of pleasure and gradually, little by little, he indulged himself in Jing's love.

His heart had become warmth, slowly, Lu Cang gave up his resistance. His fingers also started to gently caressing Jing's back, from his nape all the way to his buttocks.

Feeling the change of mood in Lu Cang, Jing began to move his waist unhurriedly, up and down.

Though the pace might be slow, but the size was enormous. Each time he thrust it deeply, he could hear Lu Cang's whimper moan escaped from the depth of his throat.

Unlike woman, Lu Cang made a little sound on bed. Only on his extreme hysterical state would he let the arousing and alluring moan escaped.

What Jing loved the most was when he made that kind of moaning sounds and also the rarely seen lewd body of him.

He mischievously wanted to bring out the scream of pleasure from Lu Cang, which was highly despised by Lu Cang. He deliberately not to quicken the inserting tempo, rather, all along he had been rocking his body in a moderate movement, not too tense also not too slow. Prolonging the time he thrust in, while in the other hand, he vigorously teased Lu Cang's lust....

" Jing..... Jing..... " Upon hearing Lu Cang calling out his name, with his fingers clutched on his back, Jing realized that his lover was already in the edge of bursting out. All of a sudden he stopped his fingers movement and firmly held Lu Cang's lower part between his finger and thumb. The visible thing in his hand felt like a living thing, pulsated and twitched fiercely, emitting an amazing quantity of heat.

" Jing.... You... You... quick, let it go.... "

He had known since long ago that his lover was a forceful villain, because of his movement, Lu Cang had to gasp for breath endlessly.--- Jing sped up his thrusting movement pace, his breathing eventually became hard too, his fingers still tightly kneaded Lu Cang's sex organ, no matter what, he couldn't agree to let Lu Cang liberate himself first.

Lu Cang's tears was uncontrollably slid down....

Lu Cang was already overwhelmed by his desire, he was unable to control his emotional state any longer. Every part of him that came into contact with Jing was soaked by sweat. His back entrance muscle because of the aphrodisiac, suffered an unbearable amount of pleasure each time Jing thrust in. Jing knew that Lu Cang didn't even have the slightest opportunity to resist. Lu Cang could only nestle himself closely to Jing.

Unable to control himself, he gave in to Jing's forceful thrust.

Lu Cang's body as if ignited a countless flame, his eyes displaying a brilliance twinkle of lust fire. He had long ago casted aside his common sense to the ninth clouds. His world only consisted of him and Jing. His private part and his inner part as if being passionately pleased endlessly. Thus he could only tightly cuddle himself to the man who was riding on him now.

" Cang.... "

called out Lu Cang's name gently, almost like a sigh. Jing quivered and released amount of his hot substance inside of his loved one. His hand was still holding tightly Lu Cang's struggled to find the release desire, unwilling to let him come.

" Quick... Let go..." Lu Cang's voice had become low and hoarse, even he himself couldn't recognize that voice.

Jing's hot substance was gushing out and filled everywhere inside his body. It made him felt like he was about to burst out too. But his very desire was still playfully suppressed by Jing.

The more he pondered on it, the angrier he became. Lu Cang inability to find release from his desire turned into a grievance. He bit Jing's shoulder deeply. :

" Let go...."

" Ah...."

In a split second, his teeth cut into Jing's strong and firm muscle, it caused him to suddenly release his hand.

The tremendous dash of lust surged out like a tide water that drown Lu Cang. He was reduced to temporarily unable to close his mouth. The drip of saliva flew down on Jing's shoulder. The thick liquid from his lower part shot out wave after wave in Jing's hand.

" ....."

He opened his mouth as if wanted to say something, but because of the extreme lashed of pleasure, he collapsed at once. He fainted on the crook of Jing's arm.

" You pass out on me again..."

Jing helplessly heaved a sigh. He made a wry smile while looking at the loose and messy hair's of Lu Cang. Lu Cang was having this completely unguarded expression. He held together that silky hair, wiped the sweat from his forehead, quietly wiped the stain that remained on his body before laid him down on a pillow. He breathed out another sigh and leisurely laid himself beside Lu Cang.

He felt a light pain from his shoulder's wound. if there were any women who dared to act this impolite during the lovemaking session, he would definitely slapped and kicked that woman out of bed. But being bitten by Lu Cang, not only he didn't get angry, his heart actually faintly generated this somewhat honey sweet feeling.

' So, this is how it feels to be together with the one you love?' Quietly, from the bottom of his heart, Jing burst out a smile. He inclined and moved the still remained with his own smell body sideways and wrapped him on his chest in an embrace....

## Chapter 12

"Big Brother, waken up yet? Xiao Sang comes to deliver water to wash your face."

Xiao Sang was his personal attendant from Mount Lu Cang, now that he had moved to Tong An, Lu Cang brought him all along to take care of Lu Cang's diet as well as his daily needs.

"Master...." Lu Cang was awakened by the knock on his door, slowly opened his eyes - a clear bright room indicated that it had exceeded his usual wake up time by far. Lu Cang attempted to turn around his body, but a sudden of bursting sharp pain from his waist area made him cried out "ai yo" (Ouch).

That reminded him of Jing's extreme and forceful sex from last night. ---- He practically didn't have the recollection about how he ended up fainting after the last time. If Jing was going to continue this way, he (Lu Cang) definitely would have a short life.

The greasy sticky feeling from the deepest part of his body reminded him that yesterday, after Jing vigorously loved him, he didn't get to wash up but directly went to sleep.

Heaven! Previously, the consequence of this was his upset stomach for the entire day. --- That damned bastard was definitely the one to be blamed for, he didn't want to take note at the least for Lu Cang's body who had to suffer the pain. Simply knew nothing but gave even more pressure on his pain. (\*It probably means that Jing doesn't know when to stop, and has no limit. \*)

"You just leave water outside. I will go get it myself."

Lu Cang just barely raised his voice towards the door, he honestly didn't have any strength to dress himself at the moment.

"Master, before leaving, His Majesty had instructed me. He told me to let master know, there will be a banquet in the palace this evening. And your arrival at the imperial palace is expected after lunch time."

"I got it. You just go busy with other things first. Don't mind me!"

Now Lu Cang got more headaches.

Because he was afraid that Lu Cang would be so lonely and suffocated inside the Palace, no matter whether the palace was holding big banquet or small banquet, Jing would definitely drag him to attend.

Sitting with an unbelievable beautifully embroidered bright silk robe unsuited for his position, seat the closest to the emperor, bear with those courtiers, the royal concubines shot him with a peculiar look that tormented him from a far. All of these tortures were beyond the enjoyment of the delicious food placed before him and transcended the touching dance and song displayed in front of him.

As one can imagine, sitting in one position with beautifully embroidered bright silk robe was already painful enough, the seats was also the closest to the Emperor, and not to mention the disapproving eyes of royal courtiers and imperial concubines would be on him. Those would make him enough to suffer that he won't be able to delightedly enjoy either the delicious food or the entertainment (singing and dancing). (this is how other translate, leave it since I'm not sure myself which one is more correct.. J )

Lu Cang lied down on the bed for a while, after that he forced himself to crawl out of the bed and freshened up, then went downstairs.

"Master, it's almost lunch time, here, have a little something to eat first, or..." Xiao Sang who was waiting to attend to him downstairs quickly came over and asked.

Lu Cang waved his hand: "No need, just have it for lunch. After lunch I'm going to take a bath."

"Ah, yes!"

A flash of realization brushed past Xiao Sang's eyes. He tried hard to suppress his almost smiling face by turning to kitchen and asked them to prepare for the lunch.

Lu Cang also knew that Xiao Sang was clearly aware of the relationship between him and Jing, since such a thing was simply impossible to hide from a personal attendant, he just had to understand without being told so they never mentioned nor spoke of such things.

After lunch, Lu Cang refused Xiao Sang's offer to wait on him for bath. He grabbed towels and clothes on his own and went to soak into the hot spring pool, which was located in the building in back garden.

Because Jing liked taking bath together with Lu Cang occasionally, so he specially chose a luxurious pool residence for him. Although bathing together with Jing always turned into sex games eventually, Lu Cang was still unable to reject this rare opportunity of being naked together with Jing.

Jing had the most perfect male body he had ever seen, the only flaw for him was that he had very pale/white complexion - soaking in the hot spring pool, Lu Cang couldn't help but recalled Jing's slender and strong legs rubbing his own body's scene. It made Lu Cang heated up and seethed with excitement.

His hands as if had their own will, uncontrollably slid down to the water. Lu Cang's fingers were gently touching and stirring his own desire, --- an extremely hot and hard one. Just from merely thinking of Jing, he became like this. Lu Cang quietly cursed himself :

"Utterly shameless! The lowest!"

"Who did you say was shameless and lowest?"

Lu Cang was completely surprised by an unexpected voice and he quickly let go his hand from his sex organ, then he turned around and shouted: "Who is it?"

"Who else do you think dare to take a peek on our marquis while he's having a bath?" Along with the teasing words, a simple robe of Jing appeared from behind the folding screens.

Lu Cang was taken aback for a moment: "Jing? Shouldn't you be in the Palace right now?"

"He He..." Jing walked to the pool and started to unfasten the buttons on his clothes.

"I know that you don't do good things behind my back, that's why I especially came to catch you. It's really disappointing. I caught you violating a rule right away."

In Lu Cang so called three rules of contract, there was one with a very unreasonable agreement: forbid self-relief.

Only heaven knew why did Jing set this point, however, he was caught by Jing several times before and also received his "Personal Punishment" so since long ago he already didn't dare to secretly do this sort of men's "healthy exercise".

Knowing Jing saw the entire scene a moment ago, Lu Cang's face turned red all of a sudden, didn't know how to reply and just stayed still in the middle of the pool.

Jing neatly took off his outer and under garments, and then he jumped into the water. He went further until next to Lu Cang who still looked distracted, and embraced him tightly by his waist.

"Because of your hunger and thirst (for sex), you even ignored my rules, huh? You really have a lot of nerve. It seems that yesterday was not enough so you still have some strength left?" Jing softly whispered to Lu Cang as he almost licked Lu Cang's ear with his tongue. Lu Cang's face went red even more. Although Jing was playing with his mind like this, he didn't know how to refute him and had to remain silent.



"Was it this hand that dared to touch my belonging?"

Jing was truly in a good mood today. While making fun of him, he grabbed Lu Cang's right-hand and examined it closely. Next he put the hand on the very part of his body, which was partially immersed in water...

"You...."

Touching Jing's body-part, which had already become hot, Lu Cang's face went bright red quickly as if it's on fire.

"See, do you know why I sneaked in here now?" With a look of grievance on Jing's face: "Yesterday, you passed out on me only on the second or third times, therefore today you have to make it up for me!"

Of course it didn't need a detailed description in the end. Without a doubt, everything would go by Jing's way.

Jing rushed back to the Palace with a satisfied smile on his face. Afterwards Lu Cang who was left behind in the pool, had to gather all of his strength so that he could dress himself the ceremonial robe to have an audience with the Emperor. As the result, he couldn't even ride a horse to enter the Emperor's Palace, without any better option, just had to ride a sedan chair to attend the banquet.

Even his waist couldn't support him enough to sit up straight. He had to lean on the small table, which used to arrange foods, in front of him to support his moving about staggering body that couldn't sit still. Looking at the fresh and bright face Jing, the today host for holding this banquet in honor of the foreign country's ambassador, cheerfully engaged in a small chat, Lu Cang felt so envious to the point almost vomiting blood. ----

Yesterday's intense making out, in addition, today in the hot spring bath they did it several more times. His waist was hurt like hell, it felt like it almost broke down. But that creator and source of all this precedent, making a face like he didn't care in the least.... No, it was beyond common sense, it was as if he miraculously gained more energy and vitality. Where exactly was this man common sense lie!

Since this was significantly important banquet, overwhelming majority of courtiers were participating in attending.

For this special banquet purpose, the western side of the palace hall was used. The seats were spreading from both side all the way to the gate. It was such a grand banquet to the extend even the chief of capital general affairs section's governor had to be seated at the seat near the entrance gate.

When Lu Cang entered the door, he was fully aware that his seat was very close to Jing's. Even closer than several ministers who held a higher rank than him. Of course the seat he was sitting now made him in uncomfortable situation, but wherever he sat, he simply would sense the pins and needles sensation. But now, this wasn't the issue that he ought to concern about. There was a greater issue before him that urged him to immediately find or dig a hole in the ground and buried himself.

"This sir here looks unfamiliar, are you just recently transferred to the imperial capital?" On the seat oblique behind his own, there were the government officials from Dali Si Judicial Officer. (t/n : or Dali temple, not too sure.) Among them, there was one person whose age seemed to be not too old, curiously observed Lu Cang and cared to hold a small talk with him.

"Ahh.... It's....." Every time people asked him this sort of question, he was forced to talk evasively to dodge the issue. Inwardly he detested Jing who was insensible at all and did thing without thinking.

"Sir Liu, you don't recognize Lord Lu? However, it is understandable. Lord Lu was granted the title by His Majesty when Sir Liu was away on the outside duty."

Of course, there were people who would join in and press near to say the full of envy words to insult him.

"Is that so? Then, may I ask, which respectful post of affairs are you in charge of?" This Sir Liu looked like he was very interested in Lu Cang. He kept on put up a conversation.

"That is....." Just drop dead!! Lu Cang was afraid the most when people questioned him about this. It was absolutely no way he would likely to say "I am in charge of sleeping with the emperor".

But indeed, as the matter of fact, he didn't have any active participation nor authority in the government. No matter how hard he tried, he still couldn't think of any excuses to create a cover.

By this surname's Liu side, there was an official who had been persistently looking at Lu Cang with consistently sour expression.

When he saw Lu Cang stopped his words halfway in the middle of conversation, he took the chance to ridicule and insult Lu Cang : "Sir Liu, it was not a good thing to inquire our honorable Lord about this sort of matter, right? Our lord here is His Majesty most favorable. The way thing was done surely different. Sir Liu, who has to rely on true ability to advance step by step from below in order to rise to the top, won't understand. Right?"

The way he spoke insolently with obvious thorny speech made Lu Cang both troubled and irritated. He was basically unable to speak out whatever words to refute. Since young, he had been practicing the swordmanship skill. Regarding this kind of words argument skill, he was not these scholars opponent.

This Liu person clearly heard this for the first time. He was dumbfounded for a while. But soon after that, he resumed to his normal state. : "Lord Lu, the humble me returned to the imperial capital from outside duty just a month ago. Still not aware of the current affairs situation. Beg your pardon for such rude remark. Humble me is Liu Zhong Tang, presently in charge of Dali Si judicial office general affairs. Therefore, ask for Lord Lu's guidance from here after."

"No.. no.. I don't deserve such honors!" Lu Cang quickly cupped his hands in front of his chest to return the salute in humble way. He barely knew a little penmanship to pass as literate, so he always deeply respected the scholars. This Liu Zhong Tang didn't look like a bad person, of course this person also wouldn't be an overly supercilious person.

Liu Zhong Tang looked as if still having words to say to Lu Cang, but the music had started to resound throughout the hall. Beautiful women dressed in dance apparel pouring out from behind the screen to the middle of the imperial hall. ---- The performance had begun, Liu Zhong Tang had to suppress the words he was about to say.

Today leading dancer was the palace most beautiful dancer, Xi Yan. She was as lithe as a swallow bird. Her waist was as delicate as the willow. Thus, she was very well known.

Before Lu Cang entered the palace, once, she had been doted on by Jing. She used to be Jing's favorite. In the palace of royal concubine, the harem, she held the highest status among the other female dancer concubines.

Lu Cang watched her started dancing lightly and gracefully along with the music. Because of her unearthly dance, the whole imperial palace's hall had become as beautiful as a fairyland. Deep in his heart, he admired the woman mystical alluring charm of her. He softly sighed with regret.

"..... level by level of the tower, The already past events, I don't ask. When I look back, the long river is streaming hollowly.."

The melancholy song conveyed the memory of the past relationship. Xi Yan as if using the song and the melody to uncover her somewhat deeply distressed heart-broken feeling.

"..... the rulers, since ancient time are inconsistent in love. Anonymous maiden of palace miserably wish. The love until today is nothing. Someday, the shadow of the candle will reflect a figure whom wiping the tears alone....." The melody suddenly changed. Xi Yan spun her body very fast as if she was about to fly. She stretched out the long fluttering ribbon and eventually stroke Lu Cang's cheek. It caused his heart beat skip a beat in a "tha dump" for a while.

It wasn't his first time to receive such resentful provocation from Jing's women.

He recalled, there was once in the middle of the palace's garden, Jing and he seated side by side. Jing was carelessly in front of all these women, fed Lu Cang a cup of wine. One of these jealous royal concubines, while they were on the slope, shoved him. Though Lu Cang was promptly stopped his body from stumbling down the slope, nevertheless, he unsightly lost his balance and broke his back bone. He was constrained to recline on the bed for half a month.

The furious Jing decreed to execute this royal concubine. But because she was the third prince's mother and the opposition of many powerful officials in order to prevent the execution. Lastly, there was because of Lu Cang who pleaded on her behalf that considered as saving her life.

However, she was banished to the cold palace to settle this affair.

Now, there was this Xi Yan who was using a song to taunt him. Lu Cang could only swallow the insult and assume the manner of endurance to handle it.--- Although, if he turned to Jing, and asked for it,

the problem would be solved. But his pride as a man wouldn't allow him to take advantage of another man's affection towards him. Also, he wouldn't do such a completely lack in moral integrity things.

Jing was observing with such a sharp eyes. Even with one eye he could clearly see that Xi Yan was through this dance occasion taking the opportunity to insult Lu Cang. He slightly knitted his brow in a frown. His eyes flared up by anger. He sat up-straight on his seat like a demon king.

"What a nice song! What a nice song! A very good 'The love until today is nothing. Someday, the shadow of the candle will reflect a figure whom wiping the tears alone' phrase to describe a certain someone destined to be doomed fate." The one who spoke was the brother of the royal concubine who shoved Lu Cang on the slope. Because of his sister's issue, ever since he was extremely loathed Lu Cang. Now, in his drunken state after downing more than 2 cups of wine, he was unwilling to let go the good chance to mock and taunt his enemy.

With his staggering and swaying condition, he stood up. Walked with his faltering steps, he came to Lu Cang's seat. Looking down on him : "But in this world, there is no lack of strange things. There is actually a man who relies on the ruler's favor and wishes to attain the highest level position in one step! Don't know when will they get their turns to sorrowfully cry, right? Ah.. Lord Lu, what do you think?"

Lu Cang, suffered this kind of grave provocation, unwilling to be insulted furthermore, put down his wine cup heavily on the table. Initially, he wanted to stand up, but there was a sudden stinging sharp pain from below his waist and caused him lost his strength at once. He had no other option than to sit back.

The sound of the music in the imperial palace's hall gradually became softer and slowly faded out. Lu Cang could felt the countless curios looks and the despising eyes on himself. They were looking forward to the amusing things ahead. His face became hot and uncontrollably heated up.

He shot a glance at Jing. Unexpectedly, Jing's was wearing this mischievous kind of expression as if he was enjoying and wondering how would Lu Cang deal with the bold and reckless challenge by this scoundrel.

That bastard!! Deep in his heart, he was cursing Jing inwardly. Lu Cang made an effort to gather his physical strength to stand up, he coldly open his mouth : "Sir, pardon me, who do you mean by the man who relies on the ruler's favor and wishes to attain the highest level position in one step?"

"Hehehe.. Who do I mean, in your heart you must clearly understand."

That outrageously brainless man fearlessly approached Lu Cang. He made a face like he wouldn't give a damn even he was about to flare up and caused commotion in this hall.

When he entered this imperial palace, he was disarmed from his weaponry, otherwise, the bad tempered Lu Cang absolutely would already draw out his sword and showed this prick a few tricks of his skill.

However, this kind of circumstances in this grand occasion, he better not to start a fight. Nonetheless, it was asking too much for Lu Cang to settle this kind of provocation in this big hall depending merely on his brain. To be honest, it was extremely the utmost caused of difficulty for him.

As the result, he could only resort to utilize his eyes to show his wrath. He fiercely glared at the man in front of him.

Looking at the furious Lu Cang, as angry as a bull, fiercely confronted people with his severe eyes, also his unspoken refute words, Jing couldn't help but smile for he felt that Lu Cang was so adorable in that way. He knew that if he didn't help Lu Cang at once, the one who would feel better was only him.

"Minister Zhang, you don't require my favor as the emperor so you can be the government official, do you?"

Jing's voice and expression was solemnly stern. That man he called out to jumped high out of terror. He turned around to face Jing and knelt down :

"Your humble subject wouldn't dare. Your humble subject earlier had spoken rudely, beg for Your Majesty forgiveness."

"Everybody is receiving my utmost favor to gain the chance to reach the sky. Minister Zhang, there is no need for you to pester Lord Lu and talk further about this matter, isn't it? Why don't you quickly return to your seat."

"Your humble subject obey."

Zhang Zi Dong gritted his teeth and silently retreated to his seat. Before leaving, he shot Lu Cang a meaningful glance.

End of chapter 12

and i don't really sure how to translate Xi Yan's poetic song, but... well.. you have been warned before.. LOL

Chapter 13

Lu Cang understood the meaning behind those eyes, it was saying : hmph, His Majesty won't be always favoring you this way.

But Lu Cang could do nothing about it. He could just gracefully back to sit and elegantly continue to dawn his wine in order to drown his sorrow.

This also wasn't the very first time that Zhang Zi Dong openly offended Lu Cang. It was just because Jing as the emperor had clearly divided between his personal matters and the public affairs. --- He would depose or dethrone the royal concubines who offended Lu Cang, as well as, If the royal courtiers, regarding Lu Cang's issue, ridiculed and mocked Lu Cang with their sarcasm speech, Jing would either admonished them or just conveniently solved the issue with a win-win solution.

Although he wanted the both of them to be happy together, after all, since young Jing had received the education to be an emperor. There was no way for him, because of his affection and sentiment for his male lover, clouded and affected his overall judgement. --- All and all, it was his predicament as the supreme ruler.

Lu Cang understood that it was the privilege of Jing's status. Deep in his heart he felt that the status of his lover was in the way, made him unable to recklessly protect himself. Thus he couldn't help but suffer the unspeakable loneliness.

Perhaps, for other people, the honorable status of their lover would make them happy, proud and arrogant. But in Lu Cang's heart, he would rather like if Jing was only a commoner.

His expectation about his love life was two people lived happily together by merely relying on one another, there wasn't any need to fight for Jing's attention, between his duty and his lover, and he wouldn't be troubled by their future.

"Lord Lu, what do you usually do to pass your time?" Beyond all expectations, even after witnessing all of this commotion, Liu Zhong Tang still willingly came to talk with him. Lu Cang who had suffered many of the officials supercilious look, simply felt overwhelmed by this extremely flattered unexpected favor.

Without caring for the astonished look from the official beside him, Liu Zhong Tang as if had bond a very good relationship with Lu Cang, all through the banquet, would frequently talk with Lu Cang. By accompanying him, he had brightened up Lu Cang's pride whose self-esteem was decreased by the insult just now.

The unpleasant banquet finally over. Lu Cang and Liu Zhong Tang made a promise to pay a visit to each other next time. Dragging his tired and sleepy body back to his mansion, Lu Cang was surprised to see Jing unexpectedly already sitting in his bedroom.

"What's the matter?" Lu Cang carelessly took off his outer robe as he asked.

He wasn't the least bit angry at Jing. It was because he fully aware the handicaps of their relationship and he couldn't voice out his disappointment so he behaved this way. It was also to be obvious about his rather unwell condition.

"Today, I didn't dispose that Zhang Zi Dong, do you feel that I have wronged you?" Jing fixed his brilliant shining eyes on Lu Cang.



"How's that possible? I am not a girl. As if I would get angry if a man didn't come to my rescue."

As he took off his formal attire which he wore to enter the imperial palace, Lu Cang put his sleeping robe on his shoulder. He went to sit on the chair in front of Jing.

"Cang.... I know you weren't happy. But I also have my difficulties...." Jing walked over, he put his hands on Lu Cang's shoulder.

"I know."

Lu Cang's tone was as gentle as a sigh, but in Jing's ear, it felt more like a sulking tone.

"No, I know you are being angry...." Jing gently caressed and stroke Lu Cang's neck with his hand. His leg also lightly rubbed against Lu Cang's

buttock. He would put on this kind of attitude every time he had this guilty conscience towards Lu Cang.

"I really am not."

Lu Cang brushed off Jing's hand : "And also, getting on the bed won't solved the problems. Today we had already done it too many times. It was way too much for my body and my body won't be able to stand it. Today, you go back to sleep at the palace."

"See, You are indeed angry. Do I not understand you enough? Look at you enthusiastically chatted with that Liu Zhong Tang, I just know that you are angry. You looked like intentionally wanted to make me jealous."

Jing was wearing a coaxing smile. Lu Cang who initially wasn't angry, because of his teasing words, almost explode from anger.

"I warn you, Xuan Yuan Jing! You as the emperor is your own business. But please do not apply those royal concubines harem manner and logic on me. Who do you think I am? You don't protect me, so I

would just have another man to make you jealous? You bastard, what kind of rubbish are you uttering!"

He was like a dog whose tail got burnt. He charged and shouted at Jing. He was extremely furious. --- Confined in this mansion the whole day had depressed him enough to drive him crazy. And now Jing was taking him as a man who would sulk and squabble like a woman. He couldn't hardly believe that his value had decreased to the extreme.

Upon hearing his angry bark, Jing immediately realized that he had wrongly accused him. He hurriedly hugged Lu Cang to calm him down.

"I am sorry, I am sorry, I was truly had been pestered by those royal concubines in the back court for too long. Unconsciously, I have mistaken our big hearted broad minded Xiao Cang Cang as one of those people. I am really sorry, Cang Cang, please forgive me."

Jing actually was an arrogant person who held the highest self-esteem thus adopted this high and mighty attitude. In this half year, since he was in relationship with Lu Cang, he would occasionally tear down his noble façade and apologize to Lu Cang. Made Lu Cang unable to keep on being angry. He could only secretly laugh up to his sleeve behind Jing's back because of Jing's sudden change of behaviour.

"Even the good husband and wife will quarrel occasionally. It is because you are too adorable so I want to tease you."

Seeing Lu Cang's had calmed down a bit, Jing jeered to ridicule him. It was as if he had completely forgotten the guilt he had for wrongly accused Lu Cang.

"Forget it, I'm not in the mood to fight with you. Next time, you mustn't regard me as your back court royal concubines. Today was a tiring day. I want to turn in earlier."

Lu Cang got in the bed and lied down. He put on a tired and sleepy face. In no time, Jing had have him pressed down under his body.

"I really don't want to... today I'm... Today I really feel unwell!" Lu Cang struggled, he gripped Jing's hand that had been groping all over the place of his body.

"Unwell? Which part feels unwell?" Jing thought that Lu Cang was still angry because of his previous accusation. While questioning him, his hand was forcefully tantalizing the lower part of Lu Cang's body.

Lu Cang tried hard to evade Jing's pressing near lips. : "....Stomach... My stomach hurts....Today I really don't want to... " "How come?"

Upon seeing Lu Cang's pale face, as if there was really a problem, Jing was forced to stop his aggression and take a look at him carefully.

"Last night.... Last night without washing up, I fell asleep...." Lu Cang's voice was so soft, his face blushed and turning red.

"AH.... That thing was still remain inside so that your stomach hurt?" Jing suddenly hit by realization. Look at the shy Lu Cang nodded his head in his bosom, he realized what had happened.

"Alright, Today just sleep earlier!" Jing was a little bit disappointed. He got up and took off his outer garment. He climbed back to the bed and hugged Lu Cang. Just like that, both of them just cuddled together and went to sleep.

This matter originally had been settled, however, people couldn't imagine what will happen tomorrow. The next day, their relationship would be faced with a severe hardship that would truly put their feeling on a trial.

It was peaceful like usual. When Lu Cang woke up, Jing had already left to attend the morning court. After the breakfast, he had to thought of a way to pull through this entire day.

He recalled that he hadn't been able to meet Cao Xin and the brothers for a long time. Lu Cang ordered Xiao Sang to prepare them horses. Together they hurried went out from the inner city, to the mansion where Cao Xin and the rest resided.

Jing was really a scheming person. He assigned Lu Cang's olden days brothers on the capital garrison duty. Furthermore, he arranged them to be at the same post and rank, let them lived together in the courtyard that close to the city gate. Not only it made them easier to be managed, it was also to keep them maintain a considerably distance from Lu Cang.

Even though in warring period, performing garrison duty on the capital was considered as an elite job, but during this peaceful time, they had to handle many trivial matters, such as deal with the scuffles, renovate and fix the surrounding, for the whole full day until they returned to the quarter, they would be busied with load of works. Even to the point they didn't have the time to present themselves in front of Lu Cang and nagged on Jing's ears.

It was almost noon when Lu Cang arrived at Cao Xin and the brothers place.

Since they resided in the back side of Yamen gate, Lu Cang's olden days brother were gathering at the backyard to have their lunch.

Following the direction shown by the young doorkeeper, from the rather poetic lotus hall, Lu Cang already could see his brothers having meal in the circular table. They were very lively and bustling with noise and excitement.

"Ai ya! Long time no see, my brothers have become so refine, they even have meal in the outstanding lotus pavilion."

Meet with his long separated brothers, Lu Cang was unable to hold in his jolly and delighted feeling. From still quite a distance, he shouted to greet them in a loud voice.

"Good Heaven!! Is that really Big Brother?" Cao Xin was the first to find out Lu Cang's arrival. He sped out of the pavilion, raising a gust of wind.

He also didn't care for his greasy mouth and hugged Lu Cang tightly.

All the brothers simultaneously pouring out, they hugged and laughed together. Making noise. They were at it for quite sometimes before calming down.

"Have you eaten yet, Big Brother? Come here quickly, let's eat together. Everybody also, sit down. Let's have a great time with our Big Brother."

The strategist, Liu Cuo, was rather cool and quiet compared to the rest of the brothers. He reminded everyone to behave from their excitement and calmed the situation.

Everyone was taking their seat. Somebody was getting Lu Cang a bowl and chopsticks. They all eating and talking all the while when serving each other to have the meals.

"All of you have been living well?" Admits the greatly disorder talk about their daily life, Lu Cang pulled a topic to ask while they were at it.

Basically, he thought everybody would laugh out loud and said they had been well, but all of them suddenly fell silent. The atmosphere felt cold it almost dreadful.

"What?" Lu Cang couldn't help but feel nervous. "Don't tell me that you haven't been well?" The youngest of the brothers, the seventh in command, Ge Qing looked as if he couldn't contain his feeling anymore : "Big Brother, you didn't know...."

From the side, Liu Cuo pulled him to promptly stop him for telling Lu Cang. "Brother Qing, Big Brother already having enough trouble, don't you...." Lu Cang stretched out his hand to prevent Liu Cuo from talking. He eagerly stared at Ge Qing : "Brother Qing, tell me, what happened to you guys?"

Stay by Jing's side was his own decision. Hence he was deserved all the hardship and had to bear with all the unpleasant things. Such thing was his own doing. --- But if because of his decision he caused his brothers unhappiness, Lu Cang absolutely wouldn't be able to forgive himself.

"Exactly what has happened, you all hurry and tell me! You just told me the conclusion without telling me the cause, this way you make me worry to death! " Lu Cang grabbed Cao Xin. His eyes had become red out of worry.

"It was that newly appointed Capital Governor!" Ge Qing resolutely said the sentence.

"True, true.. He didn't see us as human being. Every day he forces us brothers to work 12 hours a day, going on night patrol. If there are any casualties in the capital, even the smallest trivial matter,

he would forfeit our salaries. Just a little yawn, he would abusively curse us. He frequently punishes us by beating us up. We still can bear with this all, but he had to go so far as bad mouthing Big Brother in front of us at any given time. We really have enough of it!" One by one of the brothers were pouring out their already piling up grievances for the longest time.

If there were people insulting him, he could let them off, but given Lu Cang's bad temper, how the hell would he let the people who bullied his brothers off.

"Two days ago, he said that brother Cao had failed his job, he hit brother Cao with a plank 20 times!" Ge Qing's making a face that he was about to cry.

"What!!" Lu Cang jumped up from his chair. He grabbed Cao Xin : "There was actually someone who braved enough to beat you!? Let me see the wound, it was a serious one or not?"

"Don't be so tense up, don't be so tensed up, Big Brother. I have the toughest skin and the thickest flesh..."

"Ai you..." Even if Cao Xin had been an obstinate person, when Lu Cang stubbornly rolled up his trousers and accidentally came in contact with the wound, he still couldn't suppress his cry out of pain.

On those sturdy big leg, the obvious stripe lined bruised spread all over his leg. There were also area with the torn skin, blackish red with trace of fresh blood. It delivered the pain straight to Lu Cang's heart and made his eyes red like it was gushing out blood.

"Bastard! Who did this! Quick, Xiao Qing, take me to this whatever capital governor!"

To see the wound on his brothers body, compare to his own wounds, it was more excruciating. The air of the fierce mountain bandit had returned to him. His whole person as if had regained the fierceness of the olden days, when he was a man who made a living out of fighting and spilling blood.

"Big Brother. Please calm down first. That Capital governor ..... that capital governor is Zhang Zi Dong! Big Brother, if you go, you would only invite trouble upon yourself!" Liu Cuo grabbed Lu Cang to hinder him acting out on impulse.

His heart was also hurt to see his brothers suffered this kind of torment, but he clearly could comprehend Lu Cang's sensitive status. He wouldn't be willing to let their Big Brother suffered the humiliation from that deserve to die Zhang Zi Dong.

"What!?" To heard that 3 words, Lu Cang shocked and fell down to his chair.

His intention was to ask this capital governor about the way he treating his subordinates, but now everything had come to light. ---- The brothers suffered this kind of distress was because of his personal affairs. They were suffering in his place. Zhang Zi Dong unmistakably vented out his resentment on his brothers.

Everything was his fault.

End of chapter 13

## Chapter 14

Everybody was actually living happily at Mount Lu Cang. Leisurely and carefree, unrestrained and unrestricted. Because of he willfully wanted them to come with him to Dong An, he had caused them to forfeit their freedom. In his heart, he knew, to be this despicable man subject was....

"Bastard!"

Overwhelmed by hatred made Lu Cang unable to ponder further over the consequences. :

"A tooth for a tooth, blood for blood! Today, I, Lu Cang, will let that Zhang know that my brothers are not someone he can mess with. Before, I let him off was only because I took him as a well educated dog... Hmph! But since this dog had bitten people, don't blame me if I screw and twist this dog's head!"

Once he made up his mind, he also was no longer hesitating :

"Brothers, you all quickly get things ready. Everybody head to south first, find a place to hide yourselves. I will go settle things with this deserve to die dog before I join up with all of you. This son of bitch noble title, I quit!" (t/n : Lu Cang called himself 老子 (Lao Zi) literally means : father. Lu Cang used this to indicate that he is the leader (a father figure) of the gang.)

To emphasis his determination, he ripped off his official apparel which had an exquisite embroidery of flowers and plants pattern on it from his body and threw it to the ground. From his waist, he pulled out a seven feet long green sword. His eyes had resumed its wildness radiant just like the former days.

" Big Brother! Good! Since long ago, I couldn't stand to see you being pushed around by that damned emperor. Looking at you bending down and compromising, it makes me unable to recognize you.

Today, I finally understand. Big Brother is still Big Brother. Still our excellent leader. Big Brother is going to sacrifice himself, how come we brothers let you go alone. We naturally will go together with Big Brother to find that little dog Zhang and settle our accounts with him. After that, we can go south



together. Who cares about the emperor! Who cares about the nobility! Wherever our Big Brother go, we will follow forth. If he wants to go wild, then just go wild. If he wants to flattened people, just beat them to pulp, right?!"

Cao Xin laughed out loud. He also ripped off his upper layer of official robe and held it in his hand. The brothers followed his example and one after another they busily ripped off their official robes.

Immediately, this entire backyard as if had become the Mount Lu Cang's brethren stronghold and that unfortunate Zhang Zi Dong was their target to be the prey.

Soon all of the brothers gathered up their possessions. Ones who held sabre would draw out their sabre, they who used sword would raise their sword. Emitting the menace aura, they were following behind Lu Cang, headed to that Zhang Zi Dong's mansion with fierce looks.

For generations, the Zhang family had served Datong's Empire as high official. Even though for now Zhang Zi Dong position wasn't that high at all, but his mansion was resided in the inner city, among the high officials mansion. Not far from Lu Cang's Marquis' residence.

" Little dog Zhang! You bastard! Come out!" Lu Cang charged in to the guest hall (t/n : guest room – they had a hall like large room for receiving the guests). One of his feet was stepped on the old fashioned wooden chair. He swung his sword and swept down most of the arranged ornament on the display in the guest hall. Howled in rage, demanding Zhang Zi Dong to come out.

" In this high midday, which pig is making this noise here?!"

Zhang Zi Dong wasn't someone who was easy to deal at all. His family had a powerful influence in Datong for generations. Jing also didn't desolate him at all, despite he didn't get along well with Lu Cang. There was no way he would let this insignificant male pet of the emperor to look down on him.

" So it's Lord Lu! Make such a noise like this. I thought it was our backyard pigs in heat."

Zhang Zi Dong put on an act like he was affected by waving his fan. He leisurely strolled out from the back yard.

He obviously had read five cartloads of books, - very well educated indeed, and also came from the number one scholar family. But upon hearing Lu Cang's way of speaking, he reduced himself to the same level as the downtown civilian who quarreled with the vulgar words. (He was not different with the downtown people who used rude words to quarrel.)

" Zhang Zi Dong, you bastard! Who do you think you are!? You dare to beat my brother, you won't live for long!" Upon seeing the splitting image of concubine Zhang on him, Lu Cang let the disgusted feeling surged up from the depth of his heart. He pointed his sword at Zhang Zi Dong's nose and shouted out his curses.

" Who do you bastard think you are?! Don't you just sell your ass to be fucked by the emperor? Now you are putting on airs and get cocky. Get out now before His Majesty find out! Or do you think His Majesty will casually shield you? Dream on! His Majesty is the supreme ruler. It is impossible for him, just because of you, a mere male pet, to put the blame on us, the influential officials of the Zhang's family....."

" Also, your glorious days won't be that long anymore, His Majesty male pet never last for a year. I advise you to quickly go back to your marquis residence, learn properly how to pleasure His Majesty on bed, at the least, you will be granted a bit silver for that!" (t/n: silver is the currency they used at that time.)

Zhang Zi Dong went all out to harass Lu Cang using his mean speech. Due to his provocation, the handsome face in front of him flushed bright red and distorted.

Since he chose to stay by Jing's side, Lu Cang already had the awareness that he would have to face them and swallowed their sarcastic comments. However to be humiliated in front of his brothers, Lu Cang couldn't stomach this ruffled feeling of being insulted by that filthy mouth after all.

With his air kung-fu, he flew to Zhang Zi Dong. Wield his sword to cut the still unstopping swearing mouth of him.

Zhang Zi Dong dodged to avoid it. The sword barely past the crown of his head, making his official hat fell down.

" Pei!! (spitting sound) To kill you will be too easy on you. Brothers, come here!" Lu Cang trampled on that hat and smashed it to rag while waving his hand, signaling the brothers to come all together to beat up this person.

All the brothers from long ago had been piling up their resentment towards Zhang Zi Dong. They all charged at him and strove to be the number one to beat him. Having him surrounded, they all launched their sudden and violent attack.

Zhang Zi Dong was just a single scholar man. He wouldn't have the strength to withstand the brutal assault of these barbaric men joint attack. He screamed and shrieked just like a slaughtered pig.

The whole Zhang's family's men who immediately came out to persuade them when they heard the noise were also being cornered and got the beating together. They all wailed like ghost, howled like wolves, turning the whole mansion into a completely horrible noisy place.

" Hit me!! Quick, give me a hard beating!!"

Looking at the high and mighty face of Zhang Zi Dong, covered by tears and snivel from his running nose, reduced to a pitiful and begged for mercy state, Lu Cang felt as if he had found a place to vent off his innumerable suffer of humiliation since he came to Dong An. --- He excitedly let the brothers to carry on the beating. He also cuffed and kicked the nearby victims who tried to get away.

Everyone was happily beating up Zhang Zi Dong when suddenly, from the entrance, an army of heavily armed imperial guards were rushing in.

" Put down all of your weapons!" The leader of the army was the commander of the imperial guards, Ding Peng. In the past, when Lu Cang was still the inner palace imperial bodyguards, Lu Cang was his subordinate.

Although they were outlaws from the mountain (mountain bandits) , but these days they spent to serve as the government official, more or less must have unconsciously affected the brothers behavior.

Upon hearing Ding Peng's order, everybody actually stopped their action at once, holding their weapons and dumbfoundedly looking at the imperial guards who unsheathing their swords.

" What is happening here!" The thing (matter) that Lu Cang's most afraid of, finally happen – on their way, the imperial guards were guarding Jing who fully dressed in his court dress (formal attire). Jing must have received the report that made him hurriedly came from the palace.

" Your Majesty, please help! Please help!" Zhang Zi Dong, the object of their beating, once aware of Jing's arrival, immediately cry out and crawled to Jing's foot with his badly battered face. He wept and sobbed sorrowfully.

" Hmph!! Shameless!!" Looking down at Zhang Zi Dong whose appearances resembles a dog, Lu Cang forgot that he was afraid of Jing. He folded his arms and spat at Zhang Zi Dong.

" Your Majesty, Please help your humble subject! Your Majesty, Your humble subject have served the palace (court) for 5 generations, but never had been insulted to this kind of humiliations. Your Majesty, You must help and bring justice to your humble subject!"

The man who was kneeling and crawling towards Jing was Zhang Zi Dong's father. He was formerly the ( court imperial academy's chief.) {t/n : not sure how to translate his job – LOL. } Even though he was already retired now, He was still considered as one of the court highly respected figures.

Following the father and son vented of grievances, the whole Zhang's family weeping altogether. In addition of having the black and blue faces suffered from the badly beaten up, they wept and cried miserably, seemed like a hell on earth had appeared.

Jing obviously couldn't stand this kind of noise, his brow was tightly knitted in a frown, glaring at Lu Cang :

" Lord (Marquis) Lu, can you explain what is going on here?"

Even though Lu Cang was a little bit nervous upon seeing Jing's bad facial expression, he couldn't let himself softened his own resolution and showed any weaknesses in the present of his enemy.

" This person called Zhang is bullying my brothers, so I must teach him some lessons!"

Jing happened to have a clear look at Lu Cang's appearances. – He had disposed his official's robe. His upper body only covered with a piece of thin under robe layer. His outer robe was pulled open from the tussle just now. His clothes also torn in several places, exposing more than half of his upper body.- This kind of sight sank in his eyes. Jing frowned, utterly annoyed.

" Lord Lu, Where is your official robe? With an incomplete clothes you run all over the place, What a scandal!" Jing completely had forgotten that under his feet, the weeping and sobbing father and son was still mourning sorrowfully. Instead, he noticed and took care of Lu Cang's clothing first.

" Your Majesty...." Zhang Zi Dong and his father called out in unison.

" Khe..." Jing busily made a coughing sound to cover up his mistake, and then : "Lord Lu, do you realize that beating up and violating an official officer under this broad day light is considered as serious crime?"

" Bullshit!" Lu Cang was agitated and he had long forgotten that he had to respect Jing. He rushed over to Cao Xin and lift up Cao Xin's trousers.

"It was him first who tormented my brothers! Beat him to death is still too easy for him!"

The crisscross wound appeared to be a shock even to Jing, he slightly frowned at the sight.

" Report, Your Majesty. That was because Cao Xin did not respectfully fulfill his duty as a guard so that your subject punished him!" Zhang Zi Dong quickly announced his innocent with a loud voice.

" Cao Xin is Minister Zhang's subordinate, Minister Zhang did have the rights to punish him." Even in his mind, Jing clearly understood that Zhang Zi Dong was abusing his authority in order to avenge his personal matter with Lu Cang, but because of his status, Jing could only speak of accordingly to Da Tong laws and decrees.

" Rubbish rights! What kind of rubbish rights! Didn't you let this bastard little dog Zhang to manage my brothers? You.. You.. You.. You intentionally did that! Xuan Yuan Jing, you bastard are not a human being!"

Lu Cang was furious, he didn't even give a damn to Jing's position. He unexpectedly charged verbally at Jing in public.

" Shut up! You lowlife, such great nerve you have! To have the impertinence to boldly call out the emperor's forbidden name... You.. Have you not the manner!"

Zhang's father clearly astonished by Lu Cang's extreme rudeness, "Your Majesty! Your Majesty, this Lu Cang had offended Your Majesty. It's such a grave sin. Your Majesty mustn't be tolerant and let him off easily. According to our Da Tong rules and decrees, he must be punished."

Jing, who was overwhelmed by Lu Cang's guts, started to lose his facial color. In private, he didn't mind Lu Cang called his real name. Nevertheless, in the present of the crowd, to receive Lu Cang's such curses, made him difficult to step down. He couldn't help but feel a surge of anger raising up.

That so called Lu Cang still hadn't sensible enough, he forgot the place and loudly made an uproar : "Xuan Yuan Jing, it's good that you are here! You won't speak, will you? I just know that you did this intentionally! At any rate... you don't..."

Even though flustered by his own emotion, Lu Cang was still being considered, he promptly halted the 'You don't love me' sentence.

However, to be subjected to such inconvenience and recalled all the suffering from the past, made him suddenly be on the verge of tears.

Actually, it was exactly like what Lu Cang had guessed.

Jing promoted Zhang Zi Dong as the Capital Governor and had him manage Lu Cang's brothers as his subordinates was indeed served the meaning to control them, this was also his drastic measure to make sure Lu Cang was under his control and stayed in the capital.

He wouldn't have thought that Zhang Zidong was actually dare to be this bold. He was clearly abusing his power and bullying his subordinates. He also let Lu Cang seized him, resulting to this kind of conflict. Jing had failed to predict this kind of outcome.

Seeing Jing went silent, Lu Cang knew that what he had said was true.

He was very angry, to the point he couldn't speak and almost vomiting blood. His rushing blood made him practically unable to breathe.

After struggle for a while, he resolutely pointed his finger at Jing. His voices couldn't help but trembling and shaking greatly: "Xuan Yuan Jing! You are very great! Today, I, Lu Cang can finally understand your true self! The way you treated my brother now, there is no guarantee that you won't treat me the same way someday! I can totally understand..."

" Xuan Yuan Jing, you just take care of your grace, the lowly me has no rights to complaint! From now on, you walk your open road, I'll cross my wooden bridge. One no need to be in the way of each other!" {t/n : basically Lu Cang refers to the separation.}

Lu Cang grabbed the vase which beside him and tossed it in front of Jing. He waved his hand at his brothers, asking them to move. He was about bringing them to leave this Zhang's residence.

There was no way Jing would let him go just like that. He took a deep breath then immediately drew his sword from his waist. Facing his imperial guards with killing aura : "Are you all dead?! Still not quickly capture all those involved?!"

He himself carefully move back, using his very self to block the entrance door. The imperial guards were joining up together blocking him and the entrance in front of him, not letting Lu Cang's group to pass through.

" You... " Even with Jing's skill alone, it was almost impossible to get through with Lu Cang and his brothers combined powers. And now, surrounded by Jing's highly skilled guards, the way out was completely blocked.

At the moment, Lu Cang was busily cursing this damned man in his heart. He had numerous curses for him. But there wasn't any suitable cursing word to speak out loud in this kind of situation.

He left with one and only option, to glare angrily at Jing. He was dying to mouthfully snap at the willful and unreasonable Jing.

The imperial guards, without waiting for what Lu Cang had to say, had begun to act. – With only a little effort, they already cornered Lu Cang and his brothers. They all surrounded in the middle. Cao Xin and the other, with their bad temper, drew their weapons and charged vigorously to make way. Soon, the both party engaged in a chaotic fight.

Initially came to make this damned Zhang Zi Dong learnt his lesson, but the outcome was his and Jing's great fight.

While holding down the imperial guards assault, Lu Cang was annoyed to the extreme.

They were outnumbered, not to mention these imperial guards, who were Jing's personal bodyguards, were the capital best of the best fighters. Obviously, this was a one sided fight for them from the start and they couldn't hold out for long.

In only a short while, Lu Cang's brothers were successfully seized. They all were strongly bound up on the spot.

Lu Cang was the only one remained. Deep in his heart, he clearly understood that Ding Peng was considering his relationship with the emperor so that Ding Peng deliberately didn't want to hurt and kill him.

Jing evidently had lost his patience.

He strode to the tied up Cao Xin and pressed him on the floor, putting his sword on Cao Xin's neck, facing towards the still struggling with Ding Peng's Lu Cang, then shouted :

" Lu Cang! How long do you intend to prolong this commotion?! Quick put down your sword, otherwise, I will cut down his head!"



Knowing Jing was a wicked and ruthless person, if he didn't obediently heed to his words, he would regret it for all his life for it was hard to say that Jing wouldn't actually kill Cao Xin.

In his heart, he cursed Jing with all the foul words he had ever known. He stopped all his action at once.

The imperial guards were rushing to him and bound him tightly.

---- end of chapter 14 ----

## Chapter 15

"Except for Lord Lu, Bring all these men to the Government Office to be interrogated!" Even though Jing was extremely resentful towards Lu Cang's brothers who stirred up the situation between him and Lu Cang, he still had to stand in control and put them in order.

To let Cao Xin and the others handled by Zhang Zi dong, was like serving a lamb to a tiger , - A very dangerous and helpless state . Lu Cang wouldn't have approved to this.

"To beat up that dog, Zhang was my idea. What is the relevance with Cao Xin and the others? If you want to convict someone, that person will definitely be me! Just let them go, otherwise, I will never let you off!"

The Imperial guards of course didn't have the guts to tightly hold him. The bind on him was not even a little bit tight.

The shouting and struggling Lu Cang eventually freed himself from the loosely bind rope. He charged straight at Jing.

"You are such a daredevil!" Jing stopped and captured him, using his both hands firmly bound and held Lu Cang. "Looks like I haven't disciplined you well enough. You still bear this little mountain bandit behavior. Now, you tell me how you would like me to educate you, so that I can make you have your satisfaction."

Ignoring Lu Cang who desperately tried to resist from his embrace, instead, he bound Lu Cang to himself even stronger, he turned his head to give order : "Ding Peng, be quick to send Cao Xin and the rest to Hang Zhou's prefecture!"

"Your Majesty, how come there is such as send to Hang Zhou serve as punishment?" Zhang Zi Dong who was still very pleased with himself, when he learnt of such absurd punishment, being totally ignorant, complaint loudly from the side.

Before, for this kind of crime, they would have been sent to do hard labor at the border region. In any case, there wasn't anything as to send the prisoner to Suhang (Hang Zhou ).

Zhang's father was about to open his mouth to help his son reasoning, but upon seeing Jing glaring at them, he held back his tongue in fear. – Jing's eyes was severely strict and cold. Jing was obviously displeased towards this father and son duo who stirred up the conflict between him and Lu Cang. If they didn't being tactful and insisted on interrupting, who know, it might be their turn to have the bad luck. (The next one Jing's wrath would fall upon might be them.)

"Alright, so now you are satisfied!" Jing coldly walked out the door while pulling the still in his bosom Lu Cang. Ding Peng was dumbfounded for a while. Yet, with a not knowing whether to laugh or cry face, he instructed some of his subordinates to take Cao Xin and the others away. Straightening his facial expression, he went after Jing.

"You bastard! Go Die! You didn't even the least love (like) me. You let that dog Zhang Zi Dong to handle my brothers, I will never want to speak to you anymore...."

His hurling fierce rail at the top of his lungs dissolved to a groan in Jing's palm. Jing tightly covered his mouth. The Lu Cang who was consumed by his anger, bit that hand.

"Would you stop already!" Jing who stung by the pain, threw Lu Cang to the ground.

Taken by surprise, Lu Cang fell flat down. Because of the shock he received from Jing's howl of rage, he was unable to immediately crawl up to stand. He could only use his eyes to glare at Jing as the presentation of his own rage.

"Haven't I been protecting you enough?" Jing put on an extreme irritated looks.

"With no cause, beating up a government official is an unforgiveable crime. Do you want me to order the slaughter of all of you on the spot to make you happy?"

"To die is more honorable!" Lu Cang recalled all the suffering since he met Jing. All of his bitterness was pouring out at once. Flustered by his emotion, he shout out his exasperation at Jing : "There wasn't anything good to stay with you from the beginning. I'm not like your concubines, confined in the room all day long waiting for you. On top of that, received the insults from your court members. Do you think that I live happily? I would rather leave. Go far-far away. Never want to see you again for all my life."

"Never want to see me again?!" Jing narrowed his eyes dangerously. His eyes emitted a piercing cold cruel light.

Each time Jing displayed this kind of facial expression, most people would tremble in terror. Lu Cang was no exception. Lu Cang couldn't help but intimidated to the point of a little bit afraid to speak.

He could only watch Jing slowly squatted down by his side. Jing with distinct ill intention stretched out his hand to Lu Cang's lower region. Lu Cang couldn't even have the chance to scream for his lips was tightly covered by Jing's.

"Ngh... ngh... " No matter how desperate he struggled, he still couldn't free himself. Jing's lips, carried the intention to punish, raided on Lu Cang's. Jing cruelly bit Lu Cang's tongue, made him cry out in pain.

His private part was gripped firmly by Jing. This wasn't anything like the usual gentleness he shown when making love. --Jing was using his real inner strength (chi), making the place that he touched hurt like hell. The pain was the same as being cut by knife.

"Wuu.." At long last, Jing finally loosen up his mouth. Lu Cang could sense the scent of blood. His mouth was filled with blood. – His tongue must have been wounded. And the wound must be very severe. He could tell by looking at the amount of blood that seeping out from the corner of Jing's mouth.

His inner mouth hurt so much like he could die. He didn't even have the strength to open his mouth, let alone to curse people. His numerous grievances were pouring out at once, even his eyes had become wet.

"Admit that you are wrong then I will let you off!" Looking at Lu Cang who covered his mouth while eyes brimming with tears, Jing felt a sting of pain in his heart.

But who would have thought, compare to a mule, Lu Cang was more stubborn. He stubbornly shook his head: "I wasn't wrong. Even if I have to die, I still won't admit!" Because of the painfully wounded tongue, he couldn't properly move his tongue, thus reduced him to an unclear articulation speech.

But Jing could clearly understand him. Jing's eyes became severe: "You have been flaunting your courage! Looks like you haven't been taught well enough. You just want to step on my head!!"

Jing didn't care that they were still in his subject's mansion. He didn't even give a damn to the imperial guards' bright red faces. Now, his whole heart was filled with the intention to give Lu Cang his lesson.

The method, it was no other than --- "Ding Peng, get your men back to the hall. And watch over the Zhang family. Not even a single person is allowed to go out!"

He pulled his belt and firmly tied the kicking and shouting Lu Cang's hands on his back. He shoved Lu Cang to the stone bench on the corridor and held him down.

Even though for this past half year, Jing's had changed a lot and had become more gentle on bed, But how could Lu Cang, who had tasted countless bitterness from Jing, forget that in the past Jing used to use this kind of brutal sex to torment him.

Although his mouth was hurting like hell, Lu Cang still couldn't give up the swearing at Jing. In fact, his fear even encouraged him. He was frightened to death that he would be disgraced. (t/n: not sure how to translate this part.)

Jing of course wouldn't pay attention to his mouthful foul language, instead he pressed Lu Cang on the bench with his back on the corridor's pillar to make him sit on an upright posture. Jing pulled down his trousers altogether with his underwear.

"You... You actually dare to... under this broad day light in the open, do you even have a moral!!?" His naked buttocks was pressed to the icy cold stone bench. Lu Cang felt the utmost uncomfortable and spoke without caring for his words.

"You are teaching me about moral? Are you kidding me?" Jing let out a smirk to ridicule Lu Cang.

Straddle on Lu Cang's body, he tore open Lu Cang's front robe. He fiercely bit Lu Cang's upper body....

Everybody in the Zhang's family hall could hear the horrible shrieking scream. --- The Zhang family, on one side was perspiring cold sweat due to the emperor vicious method, on the other side was curious to the method. On the contrary, Cao Xin and the brothers were worried to death. All they could see was two kind of expressions on the imperial guards. Either their whole faces were turned bright red, held their own hand, or making a face like they didn't know where to aim their sight.

The two people on the yard of course didn't aware of the complicated feelings inside the hall. ---

Because it was to serve as a punishment, Jing had long forgotten about gentleness. He was like a hungry wild beast. He tore and bit everywhere, leaving teeth marks all over Lu Cang's body. The skin with the teeth marks was torn to the point of seeping out trace of blood.

Lu Cang's most vulnerable part was being gripped tightly. He couldn't help but loosened up his gritted teeth to scream out in pain.

The hurling rail wasn't a little bit effective for this man so Lu Cang could only endure the torture on his body. Not only unable to resist, he didn't even have the least bit chance of escaping from this man clutch. To writhe his body was his only option to convey his protest.

The coarseness of the stone bench rubbed against his back and tore his skin. The weight of the man on his body worsened the injury and made him tremble in pain. Jing completely didn't have the intention to cease his assault.

"Properly enjoy this, the best has yet to come!" Stopped his hands movement, Jing pulled Lu Cang's long hair, which was damped by the sweat caused by the pain. In front of Lu Cang's very eyes was the Jing's filled with evil deed eyes. Through his gaze, Lu Cang could feel the malice all the way to his heart.

"Why don't you just go to hell!" Lu Cang was overly stubborn. Initially intended to avoid his gaze, instead having Jing tightened his grip on his waist and vigorously thrust in.

Granted that he was being stubborn, he still couldn't hold in his moan when his innermost was being penetrated...

"I will never forgive you..." His body was shaking greatly on the sharp stone bench. Lu Cang's whole back area was bruised and lacerated. It was too horrible to look at. Even though he had fallen to the semiconscious state, he still didn't forget to cursed between his teeth.

An hour later....

Tossing the unconscious Lu Cang in front of Zhang's father and son, Jing casted them a sideway look. His stern and piercingly cold eyes didn't show his emotion at all. His cold voice simply could freeze someone to death.

"Lord Lu has received his punishment by me. Both minister won't mind my method, will you?"

The father and son looked at the Lu Cang whose whole clothes soaked with blood stain. Lu Cang's appearance resembled a broken doll. Due to Jing vicious method, their heart was terrified by the terror, didn't even have the courage to speak, they could only bowing and nodding to show their gratitude.

"Big brother.... It is our fault... It's us who caused you harm..."

The youngest among the brothers, Ge Qing already couldn't hold back his tears. He threw himself at Lu Cang's side, he didn't dare to touch the badly injured body of Lu Cang. He just knelt beside him and wept bitterly.

Affected by him, the sensitive ones of the brethren began to bawl while the bad tempered ones shouted abusive foul words at Jing. They charged at Jing readily to put their lives on the line. The imperial guards were occupied to keep them on check. The whole big hall fell into a chaotic noisy place.

Jing couldn't help but knitted his brows. : Even though Lu Cang might seem badly wounded, but in reality he only suffered from the bruises and light wound on his skin. It wasn't anything fatal at all. As to why he fell to this unconscious state, half of it was due to the unbearable pain from the wounds, and the other was because of his temporarily weakened body as the result of receiving the highest pleasant sensation from the center of his body. --- This group of people just had to make him seem as good as dead.

"Commander Ding, I leave the matter over here for you to handle. I will deal with Lord Lu myself. Minister Zhang, hope you do not publicize this affair to the outsiders." Jing strictly warned them through his eyes. He contently looked at the father and son who reduced to only can bowing and nodding.

He picked Lu Cang up and carried him in his arms (bridal style), then walked out just like that. Cao Xin and the others cried out loudly and about to chase after, but they were being held back by Ding Peng and his men.

"Lord Lu isn't in a dangerous situation... "

He clearly witnessed the emperor "bestow favor" (making love) on Lu Cang, though he couldn't comprehend how could Lu Cang lose his consciousness upon being "dote" (loved) on. But he knew for sure that this kind of "punishment" wouldn't go as far as causing death. He busily whispered to comfort this Mount Lu Cang's brethren.

"Nonsense.. Just now I could see Big Brother, even his penis was bleeding.... Big Brother must have been dying! Wuu... Wuu... Wuu.."

Ge Qing's words astonished the people. Despite they were all men in this hall, hearing Ge Qing words still made them red to the ears. Cao Xin who clearly understood the relationship between Jing and Lu Cang, stopped his tears at once. He turned to Ge Qing : "What? What did you say?"

"Even that part of Big Brother was seriously injured!! Just now, I could see that under his long robe, Big Brother didn't wear anything. I secretly gazed on it, I saw Big Brother's upper thigh.... And that part... It was bleeding!! On top of that, there was something I don't know what kind of white fluid mixed with blood, flowing down from his thigh. He must have gravely wounded!!" The more Ge Qing thought of it, the more his fear overwhelmed him. He wept and bawled loudly again.

"He he he...." Cao Xin laughed out loud foolishly like losing his mind. : "Brother, don't cry anymore! Big Brother is alright!"

"What the !? Brother Xin, don't try to deceive us! Big Brother must be dying!" Of course Ge Qing wouldn't believe him.

"Haiii...." Ding Peng let out a sighing voice. Actually, Ding Peng who had been listening from the side couldn't stand to listen anymore. Their talk about the state of the Royal family member's body had to be stopped.

"Since Lord Lu is alright, everybody should come with me to Hang Zhou prefecture office now!"

What the hell with this affairs! Thinking back about this His Majesty the Emperor fantastic tale of royal judgment, Ding Peng could only complain bitterly for he had to clean up this messed up affairs.

He pointed some of his subordinates to carry out his orders. Putting up a 'not knowing what kind of expression he should make' on his face, Ding Peng went back to the palace. Leaving behind the Zhang's father and son, staring blankly at each other :

"What with that part was also bleeding... " Zhang Zi Dong was an honorable scholar. He couldn't bring himself to say 'penis' out loud.

"..... White fluid... flowing down all over the thigh?" Zhang's father was totteringly repeating these words. Afterwards, he felt like fainting.

"My son, for your sake, it's better if you don't annoy this Lord Lu anymore!" After considering for a while, Zhang's father spoke through his teeth and advised his son.



.....

"Don't want!! Don't want!!" Perspiring profusely, cold sweat was flowing down from his forehead. Lu Cang as if being pestered by his nightmare, randomly writhed on the bed. His mouth was shouting vague words.

Jing helplessly wiped his constantly dripping sweat with a silk handkerchief. There were water seeping out from the corner of his eyes too. Jing nursing Lu Cang like this, it had been for about 6 hours long already. (t/n : it was stated 3 hours, but the writer was using the ancient measure of time in which the time was divided in 12 part, thus make the 3 hours in the story 6 hours in the present.)

He initially thought that because of Lu Cang's strength and his ability to recover, there wouldn't be any problem in waking up. But from the moment he brought Lu Cang to his own Royal chamber until now, a long period of time had passed. The still unconscious Lu Cang hadn't shown any sign of regaining consciousness yet.

The imperial physician had also examined him. He explained that Lu Cang's wound wouldn't put his life in danger, however, his psychological problem, Lu Cang's mental resistance, probably was the cause of Lu Cang inability to regain his consciousness. This kind of explanation only made Jing upset to the utmost.

Although he admitted that he had fallen for this little bandit king, who had nothing so special about him, Jing still had the confidence that he could restrain and control himself. He wouldn't let himself deeply attached to Lu Cang and indulged in this love affair. --- Earlier, when the other children were still playing on the meadow, he had already made to learn the art of (skill of) controlling his own emotion.

In the history, there were countless monarch who fell to this kind of self indulging state and end up being defeated and destroyed. --- Because he didn't want to repeat the same mistakes, Jing absolutely wouldn't tolerate himself, to be the same as the historical self indulgent rulers, wallowed in the sensual pleasures.

Holding onto this kind of principles, Jing never gave Lu Cang any kind of actual active participation and authority. He was thinking that at the time Lu Cang committed a crime, he could always personally punish him. --- But this time, the punishment had it strong reason. Lu Cang had behaved aggressively against him in front of a crowd of his subjects. He didn't let Jing, the emperor, had the

chance to extricate from an awkward situation. Lu Cang's insolence had greatly hurt his pride, which was far exceeding any ordinary people.

After the 'punishment', he had thought of a strategy to win over Lu Cang. --- Lu Cang, despite of having a bad temper, in reality he wouldn't bear any grudges.

Precisely because of this fact, Jing was taking advantage on Lu Cang. He relied on his stick and carrot policy ( punishment and rewards counter measure) to counter balance his dignity as a ruler and to preserve his relationship with his lover.

But this time, it seemed likely there would be a little troublesome.

To mistreat Lu Cang, this wasn't the first time. But the so called Lu Cang had never before uttered the 'never forgive you' sort of words.

And in addition, at the moment, Lu Cang was mentally refusing to wake up. Even Jing who always held this utmost confident over his charm in Lu Cang's heart, was being slightly anxious.

While pondering on his feeling, the corner of Jing's eyes caught the sight of the slightly fluttered eyes of Lu Cang. The next moment, those pair of big eyes was suddenly widely opened. --- Jing hurriedly himself to move closer : "You have waken up..."

Unconsciously, he let out a little display of warmth.

End of chapter 15

Chapter 16

But Lu Cang clearly didn't appreciate his kindness. After being in dazed for a moment, he quickly got the clear understanding of the circumstances. --- He got up and sat on the bed. His eyes didn't even want to spare a glimpse at Jing, rather, he changed his focus to look at the bed interior.

"Where are Cao Xin and the others?" He asked.

"I have them sent to Hangzhou." It was rare for Jing to be this honest, probably because he could clearly see the weary look on Lu Cang's face.

Lu Cang grabbed the tossed on the bed side's clothes and put them on. Without even looking at Jing, headed to the door was all he cared for.

"Where do you go?" Jing lost his temper and got angry. He was fully aware that his patience was already pushed to the limit. He stood and blocked the way to the door, asking with a rigid tone.

"I want to go back to Hangzhou." Lu Cang went straight to the door, without caring that Jing blocking the way, so he ended up bumped against Jing's bosom.

Jing quickly used both of his hands to hold and hug Lu Cang : "You are not allowed to go anywhere. Behave and obediently stay here."

His hands busily stroke Lu Cang's back to comfort him.--- This was Lu Cang's favorite. Everytime Jing did this to him, he couldn't help but groan happily.

However, this time, Lu Cang was disgusted, he dodged and moved sideways, slid and freed himself from that bosom.

"Don't touch me! Just go and hold on to your crown."

Jing, who had never seen this kind of disgust on Lu Cang's bright eyes, stunned for a moment. Unconsciously, he let Lu Cang slid from his embrace.

Both of them were staring at each other eyes as if looking at a stranger. At long last, Jing sighed and softened his tone : "Xiao Cang, don't be senseless, alright? I realize that my punishment earlier was a little bit too far, I can't blame you if you are angry. But you really did make me lost face, made me unable to back down with good grace in front of my subject. Please, don't be like this, okay?"

If only not because of his mouth was hurting like hell because of the tongue broken skin, since long ago Lu Cang would have let loose a torrent of abusive words.

But for now, he could only pick the pithiest word to utter : "Get lost!"

His eyes was very frigid. Jing suddenly missed and yearned for the former Lu Cang from these previous days : From the days that no matter how angry he was at Jing, his eyes that gazed at Jing would always have this un-extinguish blaze.--- His eyes that filled with love blended with longing desire could always make Jing certain of his love.

But at this very moment..... Lu Cang's eyes was all sober and calm, clear and bright, as if that small seed of fire had died out.

"No!!" Jing started to panic. He was flustered. However, he still restrained himself, not to profess an apology.

He charged at Lu Cang and pressed him on the bed. His hand was groping and caressing Lu Cang's sensitive buttocks.

"If you want to do it, then just do it! But don't imagine that it's possible for me to forgive you!" Lu Cang was laying down, straight, cold and all stiff. Jing lost his interest at once to see Lu Cang acting all cold and stiff.

"What exactly do you want?!" Jing finally exploded. He yelled and crawled up from Lu Cang's body. --  
- Although Lu Cang supposed to be doing his utmost to restrain himself, nevertheless, the caressing action just now evidently had stirred up the pain on his mouth wound. Even if he resisted with great difficulty not to cry out, his eyes was turning white as if cying out the pain.

"Don't want anything. Let me go, we are through!" this two words just served as a knife that severed the connection between the both of them. Even Jing felt like stabbed by this words and quivered all over from head to toe.

"Bullshit!! Who allowed it!?" Regardless his upbringing, Jing unexpectedly roared out loudly in a vulgar language. He was consumed by his anger already.

"You told me yourself! Using that action of yours, you told me! I could be careless however you treated me, but I definitely won't forgive you for treating my Brothers this way! From the beginning you've never taken me seriously, but I've have always been convincing myself that it's because of your special status. It's my own stupidity! For a person like you, there is no way you will be able to love anyone! Not to mention to love me... In your eyes, I am merely a little plaything. Just that compared to those royal concubines, I'm just a little bit fresher and more unique....."

Talking too much, the wound in his mouth began to split open again. Fresh blood been dripping and flew down from the corner of his mouth. Lu Cang harshly wiped the blood stain. Closed his mouth tightly and fell silent.

"That was... That was only....." Jing didn't know how to provide an explanation to defend himself. In this world, there was no such problem he would care about. ---- He basically needn't have to explain himself to whoever. So that when it was necessary for him to offer an explanation, he couldn't figure out the words.

"Handsome men are many in this land. In fact, Zhang isn't so bad himself." Lu Cang stared at Jing, the couldn't speak Jing agitated him even more. He began to carefully choose the accusing words that he knew would hurt him : "Or did you two already sleep together? But of course, he is Concubine Zhang's older brother, they look so much alike like they were carved from the same mold. He hates me, but it's more because he's jealous of me. Hmph, why should he.. -- I was nothing more than an insignificant male pet. In one month, you'll get tired of me...Hmph...What do you considered me as? Not more than whatever refined peach, an accessories to whatever king, to be..... "

Lu Cang had no chance to finish his speech. Jing, whose whole face was turning red turning pale because of his harsh speech, swung his palm and landed on Lu Cang's face.

"Shut up!!"

Jing couldn't stand to hear Lu Cang insulting his love towards Lu Cang like that. On the other side, Lu Cang thought that Jing was flying into a rage because of shamed by his mindful words. --- The heat from his cheek felt like burning. He inclined his head for quite sometimes, without an expression.

Jing also regretted his actions a little, but his high self-esteem didn't allow him to utter the three words, "I am sorry."

He could see the rage in Lu Cang's eyes accumulated and grew deeper. His breathing uncontrollably became loud and heavy, the heat gradually burned and formed a flame. --- He suddenly jumped out of the bed, grabbed a porcelain washing bin by his side and threw it at Jing. "Fuck you. Go to hell!"

---- Like a living corpse, the stunned Jing couldn't move and unable to avoid the washing bin, which speed actually was not that fast at all, from directly hit his head.

Looking at the fresh blood gushing out from the snow-whited forehead, flowing down to the whole face, together with the frightening dreadful looks in Jing, Lu Cang was shocked to the point he involuntarily fell back several steps before tumbled and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Your Majesty...."

"You Majesty, are you alright?" The loud, terrible noise attracted the imperial bodyguards. Witnessing the entire face covered with fresh blood, standing blankly, Jing, they all stupefied at once.

Jing looked like the spirit envoy from hell. Waved his hand to order : "Come, arrest Lu Cang!" The imperial bodyguards rushed to the still dumbfounded Lu Cang and tied him up tightly.

"Your Majesty, How to deal with Lord Lu?" Given the circumstances at the present, the injury Lu Cang subjected Jing to was worth at least 10 deaths penalties and exposed the corpse under the sun then cut into thousand pieces to rot in the wilderness.

Jing seemed to be unable to thoroughly think over it at the moment. After a long while, he ordered with his deep voice : "Take him to Dali Si judicial prison custody. Deal with it later."

After being stupefied by the order, the dumbfounded imperial bodyguards took the order. Left Jing behind, alone, sitting devastated in his bedchamber. He let the blood from his forehead kept on dripping.

.....

"Lord Lu...." In Dali Si judicial prison, --- This place, since the ancient time had been the place to put the relatives of the Emperor under detention. Locked up in this deep, dark and damp prison cell, for who knew how many of the Emperor descendants had been shedding tears for this wrongful treatment in this lonely place.

Leaning on the mottled wall, Lu Cang blankly stared at the bean-shaped light. He turned a deaf ear to the call from outer side of his cell.

"Lord Lu!" Liu Zhong Tang had no other choice but to helplessly smile. He opened the prison door and invited himself in.

Indeed, as the minister of Dali Si judicial officers, Liu Zhong Tang, as much as his post as the minister allowed him, within his range of power, had been showing his consideration to the greatest extend towards Lu Cang who he had met once, regardless, just because they hit it off on their first meeting.

He also heard of this Lu Cang predicament on committing disaster of the nation sin. Other than sighed with regret for 'being close to the emperor is like being close to a tiger' phrase, he could only secretly worried for Lu Cang future and be anxious about how his fate would be.

The whole kingdom had been restless because of Jing's slow and tardy way to punish the criminal who committed this grave sin. All sorts of comments and rumors had been spreading like wild-fires. Jing, as if completely forgot about this issue, despite having his head wrapped in bandage, carefreely went in and out the palace as usual, discussing the government affairs as usual, so much that.... He began his royal visit to the long not visited royal concubines.....

"Lord Lu. There is a visitor from the palace...." There was still someone following behind Liu Zhong Tang. That was the hadn't seen for a while, commander of the imperial guards, Ding Peng.

"Ah.. Sir Ding...." Lu Cang clearly surprised, he sat up-straight right away.

Ding Peng didn't show any emotion on his face. He sat on the bench by Lu Cang's side. Looking back at Liu Zhong Tang : "Sir Liu....."

"Ah. Then I will withdraw first." Liu Zhong Tang was really sensible. He raised himself slightly and left them alone.

"His Majesty let me come to see you." Ding Peng went straight to the point.

Lu Cang open his mouth slightly to say something. --- Even though he could guess that if not ordered by Jing, who would have the guts to come and visit him in this prison. Nevertheless, to hear Ding Peng bluntly said it out loud, an immeasurable sorrow made him sigh.

"He... How is he?" Lu Cang lowered his head and asked softly.

"His Majesty is very well. Concubine Jiang from the rear palace just add a new prince for His Majesty. " Concubine Jiang's pregnancy was something happened even before Lu Cang entered the palace, but nonetheless, to heard this kind of information, Lu Cang still couldn't help but crooked and twisted his mouth.

He must have started his royal visit to his royal concubines again.--- This kind of thing already had nothing to do with him.

"His Majesty wanted me to ask you, are you still intending on going back to Hangzhou?" The next moment, the words that Ding Peng told him was like an explosive news.

"What?!" The surprised Lu Cang blurted out in shock.

"His Majesty decreed, I must guard lord Lu back to Hangzhou to catch up with your brothers." Ding Peng stood up, cupping his hand to show his respect.

That was all he ever wished for---- But now, having his wished granted under this kind of assigned order, he couldn't feel even the slightest shred of happiness. But did he had any other better options for now?".

He couldn't go back! --- Already became the talk of the town after creating such sensation, he could no longer be able to go back and stay by that honorable person's side anymore.



Since it had come to this, wasn't it the best option to return to his hometown.

He silently nodded his head. Lu Cang asked Ding Peng softly : "What about here...."

Ding Peng shook his head : "Lord Lu need not to worry. His Majesty has arranged a scapegoat who resembles you, taken from the sentenced to death's convict....."

It was so like how Jing would deal with matters. --- Lu Cang couldn't contain his bitter laughter.

Jing was this kind of man, valued his position as well as having the highest self-esteem, but also wouldn't forsake his romantic feeling. ---- Was it fortunate or unfortunate for Lu Cang to love him the way he was?

He already had no time to drown himself in self-pity. How could Lu Cang think deeply over this trivial matter. He hurriedly tidied up his upper body clothing, together with Ding Peng, he walked out from the prison which he had been locked in for almost a month.

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Under his constant and persistent pressure, Ding Peng finally told him the place of his brothers that Ding Peng had arranged for them in Hangzhou, thus they parted way at the outside of Hangzhou city.

According to the direction that Ding Peng gave him, Lu Cang finally found the house where his brothers dwelled in while in Hangzhou.---- A common large building of a landlord house-hold, with it wide courtyard. Looked like Jing wasn't completely ill-treated his brothers.

Unable to hide his excitement because very soon he would meet his brothers, Lu Cang, as soon as he saw the coated with black paint big gate, dashed and flied, entering the mansion without even noticing that on the gate, there were some kinds of white lanterns hanging on, --- That was to symbolize the family of deceased.

Not after he landed on the big guest hall that he finally faintly sensed something was off.--- From the middle of the guest hall, the faint crying sounds came through, a miserable weeping voice at that. That was the way to weep for the deceased family members.

His entire self froze from head to heel. He couldn't figure out a way to step in to the guest hall. --- He saw that Cao Xin and every of his brothers were wearing the mourning apparels. Knelt down, facing a portrait of a figure on the wall. They were crying their heart out, so miserably.

Heaven!! Lu Cang's eyes became fuzzy. He couldn't even clearly see who was the person on that picture. He flew in, grabbed a seize on Cao Xin :

"Brother Xin, Who?! Who's dead?!"

That Cao Xin was looking at him with both blood-shot eyes. All of a sudden, as if looking at a ghost, his eyes widened, then unexpectedly screamed out loud before fainted.

Lu Cang truly was at a loss. He was surrounded by all the brothers, --- His clothes was pulled by the baffled Ge Qing. After pulling his ears, Ge Qing finally shivered and said : "Good heaven, Big Brother, weren't you killed by that fatuous and self-indulgent ruler? We all thought about going to the imperial capital and avenge you."

At last, Lu Cang could clearly see the picture of a person holding a double-edged sword, it was no other than himself. He was stupefied at once : "What?! Who said I'm dead?"

"Marquis Lu Cang, hold the intention to condemn the monarch, Executed!" Ge Qing showed him the back of a yellow notification paper with the words about Lu Cang on it.

Lu Cang immediately realized that it was the scapegoat. Busily telling his brothers about the complete story from beginning to the end. After that, the brothers believed that he wasn't a vengeful spirit who came back to living realm to revenge. They immediately ripped off their mourning apparels, came to Lu Cang and surrounded him, asking about this and that endlessly.

"Then, Big Brother, Are you going back to the palace again?" The one who finally regain his consciousness, Cao Xin, couldn't help but asked this when he heard that Jing was willingly let Lu Cang returned to Hangzhou.

"How could I ?" Lu Cang laughed for a bit. "Now I am a dead man. He could be relieved and peacefully manage his throne. Everybody is completely through this. How would it possible to think about going back? Thinking back, it was a really stupid thing to do, for me, who is unknown and have no merit, to be with him. Looking at other men taking a wife and having children, looking at others

who is deeply in love and together to a ripe old age. I, at this point, am still left behind, with no family nor property. Like this, how can I consider my own self as a man?"

"I have a full understanding now. From the start, I had been entangled in this kind of messed-up relationship. If not taking this opportunity to break it and come clean, --- I also don't have to live that stuffy boring life anymore. He also doesn't have to worry that I will ruin his Emperor's Majestic. Everybody can be at ease!" Lu Cang placed himself among the brothers who sincerely cared for him. He couldn't restrain himself from pouring out all he had to say at once.

"Yes, it's true. Big Brother's nick name is The Eagle after all. So you ought to live freely!" "What the deal with stranded by that annoying foul Emperor?"

"It is good that our Big Brother is back. Together, we can find a mountain stronghold to settle down. The hell with the emperor! The hell with the nobility! Big brother, as long as you are together with us, it will be more than enough!"

In a blink of an eye, the big guest hall broke into a burst of hail and cheer sound. Everyone was talking at the same times, Cheering for Lu Cang's return.

Finding himself in the midst of this warm friendship, thinking back again, because of the love he had for Jing, because he stayed by Jing's side, there was the kind of compromising. Lu Cang couldn't refrain for having an immeasurable bitterness surging from his unlimited thoughts. He almost let his tears rolling down.

Cao Xin was aware of his severe mood fluctuation. He raised his hand to stop everybody from going on with their boisterous talk : "Alright, alright! Big brother was travelling all the way from the imperial capital to join up with us. He must have worn out.

"You all also tired from crying, Now let's go to rest. This night.... In the town, we'll have dinner and find some girls to have some fun!" Everybody was cheerfully shouting out "Wa!" thus clear off the recently misfortune event.

End of chapter 16

## Chapter 17

..... Without even noticing, the season had changed from late autumn to early winter. Since Lu Cang left the Imperial Capital, it had been a full month.

Within this month, Lu Cang spent his time to play around with his brothers to his heart content. The time he spent with them patched and mended his heart and soul, and the thoughts about Jing also desolated and left out in the cold.

The city of Hangzhou was really the land of all feasting and revelry. Every and each day was a peaceful life filled with fine wine, delicious food, and many more entertainment. Lu Cang as if had regained his long lost pride as a man. He restored his heroic spirit from the former days and resumed his status as the king of the mountain bandit. Regarding that Jing, who would be happy to explore his fragile heart, he buried him deeply in the depth of his heart. So deep that as if he had already forgotten about him.

Thanks to his brothers' persistence in playing matchmaker, Lu Cang had met some of Hangzhou's renowned beauties, but for the time being, Lu Cang honestly didn't have any intention to get married and set up a family. Instead, comparing to that, he was actually very happy to be acquainted with several famous courtesans and enjoyed drinking with them. They had a bold and uninhibited living disposition, they also esteemed and revered a fine average person like Lu Cang. At the arrival of him, they would always have a hundred thousand zeal of warmth value. Slowly, all of Lu Cang's once trampled and shattered male pride and self-respect was being restored by their enthusiasm.

Compare to the warm winter in Hangzhou city, the winter in the Imperial Capital apparently was much more colder and rigid. Because of the nonstop falling snow since last night, the freezing icy cold air had been somewhat increasing. It made the whole occupants inside the forbidden city curled up and endlessly shivered with cold.

However, even way colder than the winter air outside, was the mood of all of His Majesty the Emperor daily attendants.

"How is His Majesty today?" The next eunuch in duty secretly asked the one he had to take over from on the corridor passage.

With his face ashen and defeated, the eunuch shook his head. He spoke in a lowered voice, : "Last night the Emperor threw another fierce temper tantrum in Lady Li bed chamber and drove her away, out in the great snow. This morning he's barely eaten his breakfast again..." (Lady is a bit higher status than a concubine)

The eunuch that asked suddenly turned to a deathly pale face. --- Due to Jing's terrible temper, in just this one month, three eunuchs were severely punished for their tiny mistake.

Now all of the servants who were tasked with serving the Emperor duty would have to put their head on the line. Having heard that today's Jing's mood was particularly bad, he began to worry. Would this be the last day he stayed in the human realm?

Concerning the reason why His Majesty's state of mind was so bad like that, there had been lot of hearsays passing on and plenty of rumors been flying about. The most talked theory among those was because of the execution of the Marquis. But judging by Jing's weird behavior, - regularly in the middle of the night, he would order to prepare a sedan chair and visited the already unoccupied mansion of the Marquis-, this point of speculation was certainly the closest to the fact.

"Already knew it would be like this, why did it in the first place?....." Seeing the Emperor's face with each day passing by gradually had become haggard and irritable, the commander of Imperial guards Ding Peng, could only secretly heave a big sigh.

Two of his own subordinates, in the course of Jing's bad temper, had met the unfortunate events. Been hit severely, even until today, they still couldn't crawled up from bed. If this kind of condition was to continue, he afraid that the palace would be very soon out of servants who could wait on His Majesty daily life.

"GET OUT..."

Just arrived at the big audience hall's entrance, Ding Peng already encountered an eunuch ran out all the way from inside the hall trying frantically to escape, followed by a loud noise of ting ling tang lang , --- That was from a thrown out appliance, must be of gold or silver, like a pile of garbage, rolled down the steps and tumbled on the ground, give out a clear and melodious sound.

Shaking his head, if not because he was confident that the Emperor unlikely to vent his anger on his closest and trustful subject, he would have turned around and ran away.

Betting on the Emperor who had been particularly trusted him, Ding Ping entered the hall.

Jing, even not wearing his outer robe, was sitting in front of a pile of official documents. His hair rolled up like it was not enough time to comb it. On the table, the bronze mirror and the comb were still there, looked like the eunuch just now was shoed away while helping him with his washing, combing and dressing routine.

If Jing was not the Emperor, with his glamorous beauty, he would definitely be the target of innumerable rich people who would fall over each other in their eagerness to groom him. ---- Jing disliked his subjects to have a clear look upon his appearances. Ding Peng was one of the few officials who could come in contact with Jing's true colors.

A man with such special facial features as well as an honorable status like him, would unexpectedly be infatuated with a man, in addition, : Lu Cang's facial features wasn't even up to par with Jing's, less to say his kung-fu, his status, his ability and wisdom, and so on and so on and so on.... ----- For an experienced and knowledgeable Ding Peng, he truly a little couldn't understand what exactly that made Jing this infatuated with Lu Cang. By losing this very man, he went as far as to losing his self-control that he was so proud of.

But since everything had already happened, as a humble loyal subject, he could only give the Emperor the most possible advice on how to best resolve the problem. "Your Majesty....." Ding Peng moved forward to approach Jing.

Hearing a footstep, Jing angrily lifted his head. When he saw clearly that it was Ding Peng's, his face calmed down a bit.

"What's the matter?" Jing's facial color was very bad. It was caused by the sleep deprived in a long term and irregular meals.

"Your humble subject pleads on behalf of Your Majesty's 72 concubines, 2000 palace maids, 2000 eunuchs, and 1000 of my imperial guards subordinates for a request. " Ding Peng knelt down with his eyes looking on the ground.

As he expected, Jing took the bait and surely enough be confused. Lifted his head, He asked with a hint of baffled : "What kind of request?"

"Request that your Majesty decree to hold a procession for inspecting the Jiangnan area."

Hearing the words "Jiangnan", there was a sudden slight change in Jing's face color.

"The Jiangnan area is fine. Why should I go the rounds?" Jing faintly could already guess a bit of Ding Peng's intentions, but he deliberately assumed an air of completely didn't notice.

"Report Your Majesty. Since the last time Your Majesty inspected the Jiangnan area, it has been 3 years long. About the Jiangnan's general affairs, they have been neglected. It will cause a disadvantage for our Datong's vast territory to leave it un-ruled....."

To provide the Emperor with a high-sounding excuses to do what he wanted to do, was the most important task as an official. ----Ding Ping even almost praised himself for his own loyalty.

"Of course, this is considering the 5000 courtiers sake,.... "Ding Ping added on a line.

Jing stood up, a not easy to perceive smile appeared from the corner of his mouth.

"Minister Ding, to have you as a subject to be this troubled about our national affairs, you honestly make me ashamed! Indeed I have been neglecting the Jiangnan area affairs. Now is precisely the good opportunity to go the rounds. Alright! 3 days from now, I will go to Jiangnan to inspect."  
(though Jing called him a minister, this is actually a way to address his subject by an emperor.)

"Minister Ding, then must trouble you to take the command from today on, be sure to carry through the arrangements of welcoming the Emperor in Hangzhou prefecture!"

"Yes" Ding bowed down, "Your subject obey."

When he lifted his head, there was an impressive smile on his lips. He came in contact with Jing's eyes. Both of them were wearing this smiling expression. Ding couldn't endure to contain the laughter. He simply let the ha ha laughter escaped.

Because of his laughter, Jing was a little embarrassed, but also unable to hold in his, he ended up joined in the loud laughter.....

Hearing the laughter which hadn't been heard for this past month coming out from the chamber, the eunuchs outside the door looked at each other in a loss. : What happened? Sir Ding really is a skillful person. How can he get the recently worst-tempered Emperor to laugh like that?

-----

3 days later, ----- The snow stopped, the weather was fine, the grandest scale of southern inspection procession since Jing ascended the throne set off from Tongan.

This tremendous procession consisted of 500 glorious flags that stretched for than one li long. Wherever they went, numerous people and government officials kneeled before the Emperor in welcoming greeting. ----However, the southern procession was a bit strange. Although it was said the procession was to inspect the southern, Jing went straight to the south without inspection. Passed through big prefectures without ever stopping on the way to rest nor to experience and observe the condition of his people. Instead, they advanced all the way as if in a hurry to enter the capital of Hangzhou.

The day, exactly at the dusk time. With a party of his brothers, Lu Cang was situated in the middle and having the game of chess at the backyard. He caught sight of Ge Qing, hastened to enter the backyard with a face looked like his ass was burnt.

"Big Brother...Big Brother...Not good!" He panted for breath, talking in a broken sentences.

"Brother Qing, don't be impatient, say the matter slowly?." Lu Cang smiled gently.



Ever since he came back to Hangzhou, the comfortable life had made him a bit fatter. Lu Cang felt as if his whole-self had become gentler.

"The Emperor...the Emperor, he..." The more Ge Qing wanted to speak, the more he gasped for air. Ge Qing had been suffocated for quite sometimes, yet couldn't tell the reason.

Hearing this two words, Lu Cang blanked on the spot. The chess piece he held in his hand dropped to the board, produced a loud noise, but he didn't even notice.

"What? What? The Dog Emperor is what?" Just by simply hearing Jing's name, From Cao Xin's top of the head, smoke was rising, he got angry. He still couldn't forget that time in Tonghua House, when he was wickedly done by the celestial flowers.

"The Emperor is...The Emperor is in Hangzhou!"

"What?!"

Suddenly, the backyard was loud with the shouting in terror noise. After all, they grew accustomed to this city peaceful, happy life and the arrival of Jing brought the possibility to disrupt their happiness and everything.

"Everyone don't panic! Ge Qing, I ask you, do you know Jing...the Emperor, why on earth is he here?" To be the first to calm down was Lu Cang.

Ge Qing scratched his head. "looks like it is something about a southern inspection..."

Lu Cang raised his head. His facial color became bright and clear. : "The Emperor's inspection, it is just performing a necessary government affairs. There is no need for us to be panicked. We'll continue accordingly with what we originally plan to do. Do not pay any attention to other people's business."

"So tonight are we going to Gao Zhuang Zhu's Wulin (Martial Artists) feast ?" Cao Xin was a little bit hesitant to believe Lu Cang was as calm as he seemed, but after staring at him for a long time, he was still unable to find any indications of flaw nor weak points.

This Gao Zhuang Zhu was Hangzhou's city renown Wulin's Godfather figure. He was Lu Cang acquaintance from Mt. Lu Cang. This Wulin's feast was his grand ceremony to wash his hands in a gold basin ( to abandon the life of an outlaw ). He invited all the Wulin's figures who had their names and reputations well known.

"Of course we're going! Gao Zhuang Zhu has promised to introduce beautiful women to me." Lu Cang waggled his eyebrows flirtatiously, causing Ge Qing and the rest to laugh.

Lu Cang's abnormal behavior made Cao Xin even more worried. ---- Big Brother has never been fond of women, but after he heard that Jing is in the city of Hangzhou, he suddenly is fascinated by them. This is all the more proving that Jing's person influence on him.

Despite being worry, Cao Xin didn't have the heart to saying out loud what's on his mind for afraid of making everyone spirits dampened.

The night in Hangzhou city, its lively and excitement degree was not to be inferior in any aspects compare to the imperial capital.

With his band of brothers, they walked through the hubbub voices of the street. Looking at the both side of the road decorated with exquisite festive lanterns, under those lanterns, a row of young man and woman walking by in a fashionable clothing and make up. Lu Cang and the party's mood to enjoy the night had been elated.

Gao Zhuang Zhu held his Wulin's feast in the Hangzhou's most extravagant Wine house (restaurant) - -- - Tianxiang house.

Arrived at Tianxiang House's entrance, the noise and excitement from the inside could be heard all the way to the outside. Obviously the majority of the guest had arrived. ---- This Gao Zhuang Zhu had reserved the whole building of this Tianxiang house, made him deserved the name of the head of the wealthiest family in Hangzhou.

Seeing that Lu Cang and the party had arrived, Gao Zhuang Zhu greeted them from still a far away distant. : "Sir Lu.. (Lu Da Xia, basically mean Lu Hero.) Welcome, My honored guests. Why come so late? Please, go upstairs."

Upstairs was the seated for honored guests, the VIP. Being welcomed in such a way by the host, everybody felt like an important figure, happily and elated went upstairs.

They didn't see the downstairs behind the screen : Gao Zhuang Zhu after made sure that Lu Cang and the party had gone upstairs, he secretly pulled a young servant to the side, whispered to him :  
"Quick, Go to Hangzhou's government office and find the prefect. Tell him that the honored guest has arrived."

Like a streak of smoke, that young page boy ran very quickly. Gao Zhuang Zhu upon seeing his back's figure helplessly made a wry laugh. : Really! A commoner shouldn't fight the officials. ---- His grand ceremony to wash his hands in a gold basin unexpectedly became someone else earthen jar to keep a turtle. Somewhat ended up being used to cover someone's else deed.....

Really! Too late to preserve, it's too late to preserve! (basically he's saying this in regard of his honor and status. He is referring to be the laughing stock for a long time and it's too late for him to preserve his pride. He can't fight the higher official after all.)(and it must be Ding Peng who arranged this.)(but again, I am not so sure about how to translate this line.)

On the upstairs, Lu Cang and his brothers picked the seat by the window. Looked around to all four sides, the room was filled with familiar faces of Wulin skilled artist.---- Nodding their head to show their respect. They poured the tea that was prepared on the table and drank it.

"Big Brother, Really doesn't matter?" Still concerned, Cao Xin asked Lu Cang in a lowered voice.

"What kind of matter?" Lu Cang's eyebrow knotted in a frown. "He, himself, allowed me to leave, why would he ask me to come back? Even if he is going to, I won't agree..."

Lu Cang said that, but in his heart he knew for certain. : Given Jing's arrogant nature, he wouldn't agree to revoke his command. Lu Cang was afraid the both of them would never have the chance to meet again in this lifetime.

To think that the person he yearned for day and night was in the same city with him now, despite already having a peace of mind, he still had the thoughts of countless regret and sorrow.

He lifted his head and gazing out the window, ---- Tonight, the moon was round. Shining brightly, Coldly illuminating the whole street, with its beautiful light. ---- The moon, even sometimes lack its roundness, but eventually would be able to reunite and became round again. For human to be separated from one another, to see each other again in this life time, was a difficult thing.....

In the middle of this excitement and lively burst, Lu Cang felt that in the depth of his heart, a solitary gradually enveloping him. The smile on his face also slowly disappeared.

"Honorable guest arrived!!" From downstairs the hailing greeting for guests resounded. Followed by the the loud noise of footsteps on the stairs. Everyone was fixing their line of vision on the direction of the ladders entrance. All were curious to see what kind of important figure that had arrived.

Those were not a small party. Approximately about ten people gathered around a person in white who was ascending the stairs.

"Ah....." Lu Cang was annoyed because his train of thoughts was interrupted by Cao Xin. Cao Xin violently pulled his sleeve.

Turning his head, his eyes directly aimed at that person in white. ----

Though it was only for a moment, it seemed as if a thousand years had passed...

End of chapter 17

Chapter 18 - full version

That person in white had this graceful brows, and beneath them were limpid eyes like autumn water. Skin so fair like the brightest white jade. In the weather so cold, wore a merely thin piece of unlined

garment, --- For who knows made of what high quality material. The white garment was gently fluttering and floating in the tender cold wind. Setting off a celestial being presence.

Seemingly wasn't aware at all at the attention of the innumerable eyes that pouring on him. His eyes as if binding Lu Cang, who could only foolishly gaze at him and stood up-right in shock.

.....

The people with embroidered uniforms by his side, suddenly all kneeled down and shouted out in unison : "His Majesty request Lord Lu to come back to capital!"

Jing also stretched out his pair of hands, "Cang, come back please? 'I' really missed you." His gentle voice was something that Lu Cang had not heard before, carrying the beauty of hypnotizing and mesmerizing illusion. (Jing used the royal I here.)

Everyone was looking at Lu Cang with theirs surprised eyes. Multitude of people, more or less, had heard the story about the Marquis. They all knew that because of his attempted at regicide, he was executed.

Who would expect that Lord Lu was not only still alive among them, but it was actually someone in front of them and well known by not only a few people, known as the "Eagle" Lu Cang.

Yet, compared to that fact, the most shocking one, so astonishing that everybody couldn't react at all, was actually the fact that he was a couple of homosexual with this amazingly beautiful person who used the royal 'I' thus professed himself as the Emperor Jing Zong.

Lu Cang, from the beginning, could only stand still at his spot, as if he had long forgotten the way to speak.

Anxiously, Cao Xin poked and urged him to look out the window. Still in his daze, Lu Cang absentmindedly turned his head to look outside. He was greatly surprised at once.

The originally empty street, didn't know since when, both side had been filled with multitude kneeling people who dressed like imperial palace bodyguards. When they saw Lu Cang stick his head out the window, they all bowed and hailed out in unison, "Respectfully welcome Lord Lu's return to the palace!"

The voices pierced the sky and resounded throughout the city of Hangzhou.

Lu Cang's face grew taut at once. --- By now everyone in the whole city would know about his and Jing's affair. In most likelihood, it'll be difficult or close to impossible for him to gain a foothold in his hometown anymore. For the rest of his life, he would have to shoulder the shameful reputation as the Emperor's male favorite.

"Xiao Cang, come here, please! I've come for you! So, come back."

Jing's both stretched out hands remained, waiting for Lu Cang to come to him. His whole face smiled with such gentleness, produced an indescribable beautiful distinctive countenance.

"Really! Giving me such an excessive honor....." Lu Cang suddenly laughed out loud.

The next moment, he did something that unexpected by anybody.

Lu Cang stretched his hand to his head and untied his hair bun. ---- Immediately, his waist length long hair fell down in a rush like a waterfall. Fell on to his body. --- Datong's men grew and kept their hair in a show of filial piety towards their ancestors. For men to have hair this long was nothing special.

While the crowd was still having an unclear mind for what he just did, he abruptly drew out a dagger from his waist. At a lightning speed, he raised his dagger and without hesitation he cut off his long hair. He held the severed stands in his hand.

The whole room reigned by silence at once. Everybody secretly glanced sideways at Jing's direction. Unable to make a guess about the development of the situation.

They could only see Jing's face lose its color and become deathly pale. The warmth in his eyes dissolved, replaced by a piercing cold radiance, rigidly glared at the calm-faced Lu Cang.

Lu Cang stepped forwards. He stopped at a ten steps distant from Jing's standing point.

His stretched out his hand and loosened it. The long black hair carried by the wind fell and swirled like silk at Jing's feet.

"For you! Henceforth, we both owe each other nothing." The corner of his mouth actually leaked out a smile. Slowly, he retreated and stood in front of his brothers.

Cao Xin and the others were stupefied, agape and tongue-tied while seeing the scene, didn't know what the best to say in this situation.

"Go back, Your Majesty."

Lu Cang spoke again. : "As you can see, I've cut off my hair, that means ---- In this lifetime, I will never go back to Tongan. But you can rest assured, I will definitely never have anyone else! So ---My only wish is that you let me go."

Having said the words, as if concluded his wishlist, from the depth of his being, he breathed out a long relieved sigh.

Jing was biting hard on his lips, unable to control the muscles on his face from trembling.

He locked his eyes at the black hair on the floor without shifting. It was as if only if a hole appeared from the ground would he be satisfied.

"Let our Big Brother go..." Ge Qing wanted to stand out from behind Lu Cang's back, but Lu Cang blocked him from doing so.

"Quickly forget about me..... The world is big, A man like me, no way there isn't any..... Given Your Majesty's appearance and status, is there anything can't be obtained? There is needless to make an effort for a person who's heart has done and over with like me, isn't it?"

Lu Cang cut his hair, but it was as if he cut off all of his desires and worries. His whole self felt so light and relaxed at once to the extent that the manner he spoke at Jing had become so warm and composed.

"NO! I DON'T WANT!" Jing was staring fixedly at Lu Cang. The next moment he was suddenly yelled out like mad and caused the crowd in the hall startled and all jumped out of their skin.

"Tell me what will it take to make you change your mind? Whatever it is, tell me!" He took a step forward and then another, gradually, step by step, he closed in to Lu Cang.

Lu Cang tried to force back his desire to retreat, but in the end he couldn't help but step back until he hit the windowsill.

Looking at the never seen emotions as rich and as apparent on Jing's face, Lu Cang knew if he wavered, he would only put himself through yet another painful experience, into the abyss of misery, a hellish struggle about being loved or not, forever, without a way out, not be allowed to spare.

No one could save him. --- He could only rely on his own determination.

Hardened his heart, Lu Cang proudly raised his head. "My apologize! Never in this life will I go back!"

The expression on Jing's face was like hearing someone had sentenced him to death. No one dared to look directly at his face, afraid that his grief would affect them.

In the next moment, it was Jing's turn to do something that no one ever expected.

He rushed to stand in front of Lu Cang. When everyone thought that in his extreme rage, Jing would reach the sword to blindly kill Lu Cang for rejecting him, Instead, with a "thump" he knelt down on the ground, his eyes fixed on Lu Cang's shocked eyes' pupils and spoke word by word with sincerity, :



"Come back! I'm begging you..." Everyone was dumbfounded. Lu Cang was also dumbfounded. ---- He felt Jing hasten forward and hugged his legs. He even forgot to dodge and step aside. He just stiffly stood there, like a stone pillar.

"OUT! GET OUT!"

Jing suddenly roared with rage. Everyone as if waken up from a dream upon hearing the order from the Underworld Ruler, scrambled about to be the first to escape to the outside, their whole face was of a face that unable to fathom. Having run up to two li outside the wine house, their faces were still wearing the same expression, the face that unable to believe that they had seen such an unbelievable strange thing.

"Come back...Come back...please come back..." Jing was like having his nerves snapped and broken, desperately crying loudly while holding Lu Cang.

It wasn't until he felt a large wet patch on his trousers did Lu Cang finally realize Jing was actually crying.

Jing is...crying... For a moment, Lu Cang thought he was dreaming, and then he thought he'd been killed and was hallucinating on his deathbed right before he died. He couldn't help but lift his finger to his mouth. Hard as he could, he bit it.

But facts were facts.

Jing really was hugging his legs tightly, refusing to let go, even to the extent that he began to whimper like a child, he started sobbing loudly. "Wuu ...Come back, Cang...Come back..."

Between the both of us, one must have been crazy.

Lu Cang was at a loss, he bleakly thought ---- The world had crumbled and fallen.....

Jing actually is hugging him and shedding tears for him. ---- That very person who likes to play and cruelly treated him as a beloved plaything, Jing? That proud and consider himself as unexcelled in this world yet have the qualification to be arrogantly act all high and mighty Jing? That very same person who always dons himself in white while laughing evilly Jing?

I can't.... I can't anymore – Lu Cang thought. He didn't realize that he had said it out loud.

In the next moment, Lu Cang was like a cloud of cotton candy that floated down into the embrace of the man who was crying like a child.....

From the beginning, even if I have to die, I am already unable to escape from his clutch. --- Pitying himself who thought that by cutting off his hair and by vowing that he would remain unmarried, would be able to break away from Jing. --- He was actually so pitifully too naïve.

Lu Cang's last thought was like a knife that delimited and betrayed his determination. He weakly leaned close to snuggle in Jing's chest. And just like that, he fainted.

Carrying Lu Cang in his arms, Jing emerged from Tianxiang House. He stepped into his magnificent chariot. Then yelled out, "Hurry and by this very night, let's head back to Tongan!"

Looking at the standing blankly by the side, who stared at him with eyes filled with disbelief, Cao Xin and the brothers, Jing raised an eyebrow, spoke as a matter of fact at them : "Why still in a daze? Quick get your horse, back to Tongan together!"

The vast and mighty procession headed back to Tongan in that very night. All of the people were still wearing their bewildered expression. Obviously, they still unable to figure out what kind of terrifying method did their master use to forcefully get back his lover.

Slowly Lu Cang opened his both eyes to pleasantly behold a pair of eyes as beautiful as the bright moon. ---- Lu Cang could feel that the Jing at this moment was particularly different.....

Like a moon that had torn away the yarn of clouds that masking its face, He cast aside his pride as well as his self-esteem, baring all of his feeling and exposed it in front of other people--- Lu Cang then knew: from this moment on, they truly are together.

———— End of book 2

## Chapter 18 – epilogue

This year, Tongan bid farewell to the spring earlier. It's only May, but the weather condition was extremely hot like June, no, July heat. The high officials and nobles who were unable to endure the summer heat, together with the whole family, moved to the northern part of the nation, the secondary capital, Tongde. Formerly, they had to wait until half of June before they could hold the northern inspection, however, there was the internal affairs officer who request to shift it to an earlier date.

The Northern inspection was one of Datong annual grand occasion every summer. Though, ever since the Emperor Jing Zong reigned, the unrest in northern area had excessively decreased, yet, they still conducted the inspection as a rare chance to escape the summer heat as well as to leave the miscellaneous rules in the imperial palace. The Northern inspection was a once in a year revelry festival that the multitude of the palace courtiers been looking forward to.

Lu Cang who was used to live in the moist and humid southern area, Hangzhou, since his childhood, in reality, it was about an equal to cope with the heat of summer in Tongan.

So that, on a certain night, while he was boringly turning and tossing aside the petitions in his royal study room, Jing happened to unexpectedly discover the petition for special purpose from the internal affairs administer who requested to move up the Northern Inspection schedule. He picked it up and spread it flatly on the writing desk, the extremely bold petition that suggested Jing to grant his approval.

He cast aside the already read in all earnestly pile of petitions on his table. Mostly, there weren't anything important nor pressing matter.

Jing made a wry smile as he recalled the audacious in the extreme and brazenly commit an intervention, Lu Cang. But thinking about the certain someone that sweating profusely, as if overcome by the summer heat, underneath his body last night,

He braced up his writing brush and scraped a very large character by the bottom of the petition. He put on an "Urgent" stamp on that official document.

Assuming that Jing, who had consistently taken care of the national affairs, decrees and regulations, which normally was stressing, wouldn't alter the Northern Inspection schedule at will again, all the palace courtiers was overjoyed upon hearing this good news. Under the command of the internal affairs administer, they began to prepare all the required supplies and appliances for the Northern Inspection all night long. The next morning, after finishing the morning court, Jing found out that the back court palace's attendants were excitedly prepare the outfits for going on a long journey all along with the vehicles and the luggage of the articles of daily use as if they were carrying the new year's cheerful spirit.

"Report, Your Majesty. Your subject has carried out Your Majesty's order and already conducted the preparation for the Northern inspection at top speed. By tomorrow, the procession can already smoothly set out." With his immensely proud expression, the internal affairs administer who sent the petition to request for the earlier schedule of the Northern inspection, Yang Zhong reported to Jing.

With his stoic face, Jing rigidly stared at Yang Zhuo. Until he successfully completely wiped off the smile from that face, then he turned his body to sit on the imperial carriage that had been waiting behind him. Indifferently, he ordered : "To the Marquis' mansion."

The Marquis mansion was located at the outside of the imperial city's inner part. It was at an hour distance by foot. When the imperial carriage entered the Marquis's mansion's gate, as expected, Jing could see the Marquis' attendants were preparing for the supplies that needed for a long journey. A warm and gentle smile immediately bubbled up from his stretched taut mouth.

Although Tongde wasn't as flourishing as Tongan, Situated in the northern area and surrounded by 3 mountains, the temperature was as lukewarm as spring all year long. Tongde also abounded in hot springs. The secondary palace was built in the southern area of Tongde, the wealthiest suburbs with a great reputation for it hot springs.....

In his head, Lu Cang's solid body supposed to be pressing close to him in the hot springs. And of course they would rub and grind at each other and had a sexual intercourse mood. The highly privileged His Majesty Emperor leaked out an unsightly impatient smile.

Leaving the Imperial guards to stay on guard, without losing his graceful, he hurriedly rushed to the back yard where Lu Cang's chamber located. But he was disappointed to find only Lu Cang's personal attendant, who constantly glued close to Lu Cang, Xiao Sang. He was in the middle of sorting out the clothing and supplies in the room.

"Where's the Lord?" Although his tone held the elegance and sophistication reserved for the Emperor, in truth Jing was gnashing his teeth in forbearance, patiently held in the raging flame of lust within his body.

Jing's murderous aura scared Xiao Sang so much that he jumped. Stupefied for a long while before he could muster up a greeting. "The Lord is in his study room receiving the messenger from Hangzhou."

Jing frowned with displeasure. Under his meticulous arrangement, he dispatched Lu Cang's formerly outlaw sworn brothers to hold the post as official in the southern area. Although regarding this matter, Lu Cang had wrangled fiercely against him, but in the end, with his still worried apprehension, Lu Cang had no choice but accepted his brothers' wishes to settle in the southern area.

Within these four to five years, although Lu Cang kept up his correspondence with his brothers, the distance between Jiangnan and Tongan was very far. Meeting each other every 3 months slowly changed to every 6, and then to only once a year. This year in March, Cao Xin already made use of his official report to the capital to visit Lu Cang. It hadn't been that long and yet, another person had come again. It really made Jing unable to help but anxious if something complicated would come out of this.

Pondering the situation, Jing already found himself standing in front of the study room's door. Not knocking at all, Jing directly pushed open the door and stepped inside.

Inside, two men who had their back facing him jumped. The two faces that turned to face him at the same time looked unfamiliar. They weren't from the brothers that he had known well.

Perhaps it was because since long ago he already had accustomed to Jing's undeclared intrusion, Lu Cang was only a little startled, but quickly calmed down. Lu Cang had been the Marquis for 5 years. The passing years didn't leave any trace of hardship on his dashing face. Instead, the tip of his ripened eyebrows had matured his eyes and increasing his charm even more.

"Your Majesty." A calm voice but filled with respectful manner from Lu Cang. Once Jing heard this kind of tone, he came to understand that the visitors were really not Lu Cang's former acquaintances.

On the court, whether it was a private or a public occasion, Lu Cang would use this kind of not too close but not too distant tone to address Jing. Even he was fully aware that his and Jing's affairs since

long ago had been the public secret, he still restrained himself to not overstep his authority in the presence of other people.

Facing with more matured and more sensible Lu Cang, Jing could not help but miss those years ago, that crying and running wild little mountain brigand Lu Cang. However, he understood that to continue to live in royal court, that kind of lawless Lu Cang was incapable of coping from the people words, which was even more dreadful than any regulation.

The conscience stricken caused Jing to be more and more doted on Lu Cang. Also, after he had severely punished several of high officials who dared to offend Lu Cang, hence majority of the officials sensibly recognized that by poking into the Emperor's personal matters could bring them closer to the doorstep and banished. Besides, with Lu Cang's restraining conduct, everybody could pretend that they didn't know about Lu Cang and Jing's relationship as well as turned a blind eye. The both of them never engaged in a huge conflict anymore, and had been living peacefully until now.

Jing nodded his head, then seated himself on an old fashioned wooden armchair by his side. The two visitors who had been gaping and dumbstruck finally came to their senses and hurriedly knelt down and paid their respect. "Long Live Your Majesty."

Lu Cang introduced them, : "These two are merchants from Hangzhou. Second brother entrusted them to bring me the letter from Hangzhou." On the small table beside him, there was an unopened letter, looked like they were engaging in a chat so he had no time to open the letter.

Gloriously waved his hand signaling the two men to raise : whilst in his heart, he had been secretly wondering when will the time for them to leave so that he and Lu Cang could have their sexual intercourse.

Most likely, they could see His Majesty the Emperor's displeased expression, the never met with the highest figure merchants were frightened to the point they could only hurriedly bid Lu Cang farewell. In the end, it was when they were by the door and about to leave that they saw Jing's finally relaxed face.

so, once again, Lu Cang gracefully faint and bridal-styled carried by Jing. well, by the eyes of others, Jing is kidnapping Lu Cang.. lol.. XD

## Chapter 19

"Xiao Cang....." After Lu Cang hurriedly sent the insignificant people off, Jing called out to him sweetly, subtly suggesting his desire. Without even checking for Lu Cang's reaction, he already kissed him fiercely.

"No! I still want to read the..." There was still a "letter" word he hadn't said, Lord Lu's upper body's thin and flimsy summer clothes was already being shamelessly torn to rags. Jing used a strong force that made Lu Cang unable to revolt and pushed Lu Cang down on the long, old-fashioned narrow table in the middle of the room. One of his hands had started to untie the knot on the belt.

Though he still felt unclear himself, how could the just now still a refined and elegant noble, brimmed with Emperor demeanor, Jing, in a mere moment became this of a hungry ghost countenance. Lu Cang could only dumbfoundedly watched Jing as he hoisted Lu Cang's both legs and put them on his shoulders. A second later, he could feel Jing's blazing with passion, hot and stiff-erected sex organ arrived at his lower body entrance.

"No....." Even if this kind of posture since long ago, over the years, had become a normal behavior, but Lu Cang still had this mentality of couldn't bear the moment he was being penetrated by another man. Though his body already accustomed to the soreness ache : it was still impossible to get rid of his mental mortification. Thus he couldn't help but resist with a low voice.

Knowing that any sound of resistant he made would only increase Jing's desires, Lu Cang held in his breath, gritted his teeth, and waited for the indescribable shape of pain to begin.

"Don't put this meat on the chopping block gesture, between husband and wife, what's there to be afraid of...." Jing didn't let Lu Cang hold his honor to keep on spoiling the fun, "Within these years, we've done this until we lost count, why do you still carry on with this first rain and dew grace?" (still so pure and innocent).

"Pei!! Who is husband and ....." Lu Cang was embarrassed to say the word "wife" out loud. Lu Cang firmly summed up his fist, fiercely pounded on Jing's back.

"Ai Yo!" (Ouch!!)

The one who cried out of pain was not the person that got hit, instead from the person that did the hitting, Lu Cang. ---- The entrance to his lower body was mercilessly pried open widely. No matter how he restrained himself, he still couldn't hold the cry out of pain sound.

Jing paid no attention to his pained-shout. On the contrary, he vigorously twisted his waist in a swift thrusting to slide in and out. Slowly, the sound of their heavy panting intertwined and blended together. When they were close to reaching their peak of ecstasy, the absent-minded Lu Cang unconsciously gripped the unopened letter on the table. He grasped it tightly, harder..... until that piece of letter became like a wrinkle of worn out paper.

Lu Cang's whole body was meekly enduring Jing's entire body weight. The moment he heard that Jing's panting suddenly became loud and sonorous, he firmly shut his eyes close.

At the very same time, in the depth of his body, a spasm of unexplainable hot and humid feeling burst in. He muffled a groan and held on tightly to the male body on top of him.

A thread of brightly shone sunlight streamed through the window lattice into the study room and reflected on their bodies. It made the beads of sweat on their bodies glistening with the golden color. Lu Cang shifted the pressing body on top of him a bit and slowly opened his eyes.

"Do you know, the beauty that came from the Western region is now pregnant..." Most likely, Jing randomly chose a casual topic to talk about. But the Emperor who listlessly caressed Lu Cang's sweaty body chose the worst topic possible.

Lu Cang was speechless.

He didn't know why Jing would bring this matter up. Although as time went by, Jing's love towards him had never faded nor withered, Jing also had never been a loyal lover. ---- The imperial harem's concubines within these 5 years had never ceased their pregnancies. Even though none of the concubines was able to have more than one child and no one was crowned to fill the void place of the Empress, Jing was already the father of five children.



"Tell me! Say that you don't like me touching other woman, say that you don't want to see my children being born!" Jing with a childish expression, shook Lu Cang who laid beneath him. He seemingly wanted to see Lu Cang expressed his jealousy so that he would be pleased.

Lu Cang opened and closed his mouth to say something, but in the end, he couldn't say anything. From the very start, he had realized that if he wanted to stay by Jing's side, he had to accept the reality of Jing's position as the Imperium supreme ruler. Though, once, he secretly wished for Jing to reserve himself and be loyal to only him, that wishful expectation, three years ago, when the second prince was born, was shattered and evaporated.

Lu Cang was almost 30 years. When he was alone, he thought about every possible circumstances when he aged and his appearance waned. No matter what he thought, he could never portray the image of Jing loving an old man. And the historical records also couldn't give any references to such matter. ---- It was written in the record that if not the male favorites died in their youth and young ages, It would be the ones who loved and valued them who died first in their young ages. ; Either, they were out of favor or left before they grew old. There was no such precedent as an over 30 years old male favorite still could monopolize the favor of the Emperor.

Only Heaven knew for another 5, 10, 20 years in the future, what he and Jing would become. Perhaps within the next two years, he would have become part of the past that Jing desperately wanted to forget.

If this love was destined not to be eternal, Lu Cang didn't want to provide whatever reasons for Jing to leave him. He was willing to compromise and sacrifice, he would give everything within his might to lengthen their times together in each other company, no matter how long it would last, even for a little short while, or a moment was fine too.

"Say something!" Jing seemed like he greatly disliked seeing the looks of Lu Cang who endured and submitted to the humiliation. He was fixed to urge Lu Cang to lose his temper by provoking him.

To tell the truth, in accordance to Lu Cang's nature, only after a great difficulty in restraining himself from emitting a grievance in his mind could he talked about such topic with Jing. There were also many times he seriously wanted to have a fit of anger, but he was afraid that Jing would break the relationship just like that. However.....

Breathed in deeply and absorbed what he actually meant, Lu Cang finally opened his mouth . :  
"Congratulations!" His tone was calm and even, completely couldn't be heard of any hint of his heart's intense undulating, like a furious billows of the wind.

Jing's face became cold and rigid. Without saying a word, he got up and began to put his clothes in order.

Lu Cang slowly dragged his clothes over to cover his own naked body. Cocking his head, he bit his lips hard. He always doubted himself on how to get along with Jing. He was afraid if the situation was allowed to develop any further, the two of them would inevitably part ways.

To cover up his own unbearable misery and melancholy, Lu Cang unconsciously unfolded the letter in his hand, which had reduced into a crumpled ball. He swiftly swept his eyes on the line written in the letter, but then suddenly froze.

"Ah!" Lu Cang's cried out in alarm voice made Jing who was just about leaving without saying anything, halted his step to the front door.

"What's wrong?" Jing did not turn his head to look back, one of his hands already coldly placed onto the doorframe.

Lu Cang's voice sounded at a loss. "Third Brother...Cao Xin, he's seriously ill. He wishes for my quick return to Hangzhou to visit him."

"The Northern Procession departs tomorrow." Jing muttered and pondered for a moment and remembered the initial purpose as why he wanted to seek out for Lu Cang.

"But..."

Lu Cang once again rolled the letter in his hand into a ball. It wasn't like he didn't know that Jing expected him to come along with him up North. And it wasn't like he didn't aware of the peril from a crack which appeared in their relationship during this separation. But he couldn't dissolve the bond he shared with the brothers he spent so many years with. In his final analysis, if he did not follow Jing to the north, it didn't mean it would be the last time he would see him. However, according to how the letter described the state of Cao Xin's illness, if he did not hasten south to visit his brother, Lu Cang was afraid he wouldn't be able to even see him one last time.

Jing let out a chilled groan. : "Go with me to the North inspection or travel alone to the south, You decide! The lucky time for tomorrow departure has been decided. If you can't make it, assume that I want to wait for you, yet it can't be held back to wait for you!"

Without waiting for Lu Cang's reply, Jing waved his sleeves and left the room where the heat of their bodies intimately intermingled and mixed together only a short while ago.

-----

Years of Emperor Jing Zong's reign was accomplished by the flourishing and peaceful life. Datong dynasty's once a year routine's procession to the Northern inspection was shifted to an earlier date this year, to May 15. Along with the chime of the bell which rang by the ritual officer to signal the most prosperous time to depart, the vast and mighty procession officially marched out. Following forth behind the dragon carriage, which symbolized the emperor, were a stretch long steady and unbroken line of various imperial phoenix carriages and chariots. With an unusual occurrence. Among those hundreds of chariots, the chariot of the Marquis wasn't there. Also, His Majesty the Emperor's face was stretched tight as if he was participating in funeral instead of a once a year northern up to away for summer holiday.

Several days after the grand ceremony of the Northern procession, two travellers, rode on fine steeds, stopped at the Hangzhou's military governor's big gate with their travel-worn and weary looks from enduring the hardship of a long journey. ---- They were of course, one who gave up to go along with Jing to the Northern inspection and chose to travel south to visit his close friends instead, Lu Cang and his personal attendant, Xiao Sang.

All along during the journey, Lu Cang's poor mood was in a mess, so bad that it couldn't get any worse. Although Cao Xin's health condition indeed made him worry endlessly, but with Jing went Northward, and he went Southward, with both of them ran to the opposite direction he could have anything but a reassuring premonition.

Putting aside all sort of bothersome train of thoughts that related to Jing, Lu Cang decided to give his complete concentration to solely focus on visiting the sickly Cao Xin. He spent a whole full day preparing a consolation speech, yet the moment he saw Cao Xin and the other brothers, the speech was reduced to ashes.

"You guys..."

Entering the back courtyard, the first thing he saw was his brothers laughing, playing and arguing noisily amongst themselves like the olden days. Playing chess on the stone table against their great military adviser in the middle of it all was the person the letter described as gravely ill and on the verge of death, Cao Xin!

Cao Xin's face was of a ruddy complexion as well as full of laughter. Even a fool could see that that was absolutely not a condition of someone who just recovered from their serious illness.

"Big Brother!"

Lu Cang immediately rushed over to question them when Cao Xin lifted up his head and saw him coming. A sudden burst of pleasantly surprised surged out from his eyes' pupil. He pushed aside the chess game and took large strides to greet him a welcome. Lu Cang was about to open his mouth to speak when Cao Xin hugged him.

All the brothers that were on the sidelines watching the chess game, came over one after another to surround them. Everyone seemed to be happily surprised.

"Third Brother, didn't in the letter say that you were bedridden with illness? How.....?" Lu Cang, no matter how angry he was, did not let his anger to break out, but chose to use a low voice to ask for explanation.

Cao Xin let out a righteous air, perfectly bold and assured, like it was a matter of course. "If I did not write to Big Brother, would Big Brother be willing to come visit us, the brothers? Ever since, you've been bewitched by that Emperor Jing until you've completely forgotten about us!"

"True! True!"

"It has been a really long time since Big Brother came to Hangzhou! Not only do you always stay in Tongan that's so far away, the Marquis mansion is also heavily guarded. So secured to the point that we don't have the audacity to go and see you at all!" The brothers by the side were also echoing one another as if accusing Lu Cang despite he was the one who was actually being deceived.

Being told like that by everybody, Lu Cang naturally would understand that he was in the wrong. Besides, he couldn't afford to spoil the happiness of this sudden meeting with the brothers after separated for long good years. He also could no longer push the blame on them. He yielded to their wishes and sat by the stone table, together with everyone chatted to fill the gap and removed the sorrow of separation.

While the brothers were having a lively conversation, a woman, married one, was hugging a swaddled baby and walking with deliberate steps by the edge of the winding corridor. Once Cao Xin laid eyes on her, he took her hand and pulled her over.

"Hong Er, come quickly to meet Big Brother! This person here is the one whom I told you about, Lu Cang the Big Brother Lu."

"Big brother, this is your brother's wife."

Three months prior, during his visit, Cao Xin did mention that he recently had taken the daughter of a wineshop's owner as his wife. But he said nothing regarding having a child. Looking at Hong Er's baby, seemingly it was already about two or three months old. Obviously not long after their marriage, the baby was born. No wonder, when Lu Cang blamed Cao Xin for not inviting him to drink his wedding wine, Cao Xin offered every kinds of excuses. Saying that a daughter from a poor family couldn't afford to arrange a wedding ceremony nor a wedding banquet. Saying that a Jiang hu man couldn't be so particular about any customs or ceremonies. So, actually it was because they were engaged in a relationship for a while until became pregnant then hurriedly enter the household.

This Cao Xin!

Unable to hold back the smile that threatened to spill, Lu Cang received the baby from the wife's hands.

The baby was soft and fair. Its rosy face was a bit wrinkled, clearly indicating that it was just recently born. Smelling the scent of a stranger, the tiny body slightly curled up. That small and delicate impression put Lu Cang at a sudden loss about what to do.

After thinking for a moment, he slipped off his hand a golden bracelet and wrapped it around the baby's foot, smiling as he did so. "This is the first time we met and Big Brother could only give you something that's of a little value. Can only request that this little nephew here will kindly accept it anyway!"

"Big brother, what are you saying? You are the emperor's man. There is no such as invaluable things on your body! On the behalf of my child, I thank you!" The outspoken Cao Xin said whatever in his mind straight out loud. But what he said was the truth. This golden bracelet indeed was given to him by Jing when he was in a particular good mood. The bracelet was inlaid with precious stones rumored to be unique and matchless. Also, it was used to be the possession of the Empress from the past dynasty. Jing gave such thing to Lu Cang made Lu Cang feel awkward and uncomfortable. Thus he was more than happy to find an opportunity to quickly give it away.

"Isn't my son cute?" Seeing Lu Cang's face blushed at his words, Cao Xin became cautious. He picked up his child and changed the subject of the conversation.

"Big Brother, when will you have your own children so that my family will have some companions?" Yet, the immediate words Hong Er said without any intention had made the atmosphere tensed again.

Sang Er (Xiao Sang) was the first one whose face color changed. He silently stole a glance at Lu Cang to measure his reaction. He saw that he looked completely embarrassed and presumably, he was also at a lost on how to handle the situation.

Seeing that Lu Cang declined to comment, Cao Xin handed the baby back to his wife. Then he used a deep and dignified tone to speak. : "Big Brother, it's not me lecturing you, but at any rate, you should think about your plan for your own future. Day by day you grow older. Do you really intend to go on like this for your whole life, without reputation, without anything? The other party has his imperial harem, filled with women and children. Wait until you are old, useless and thrown away, at that time you will have no wife no child. Do you really mean to spend the rest of your life alone and lonely, without anyone to attend to your old days and send you off when you pass away?"

Cao Xin's words was like a heavy hammer hitting Lu Cang's heart and he couldn't help but tremble from it. ----- This kind of matters, of course he has thought about it countless time, but every time he thought of letting go, Jing's honey sweet words embraced him and the thought would dissolve like a puff of smoke. It allowed him to indulge in the current happiness and refused to face the troubles might come ahead in the future.

"Yes, Big Brother! Dragging it on like this day by day is not a solution! The reason Cao Xin pretended to be sick in order to make you come is because of this! Big brother, all the brothers are worried on your behalf! " The brothers that stood on the sidelines one after another added and echoed the same opinion.

Lu Cang smiled bitterly, "This kind of problem..... This can only be your anxiousness."

"Who said we can't be anxious?! For this kind of matter, we still can assist Big Brother." Cao Xin came to his side and patted his chest to ensure Lu Cang. Then he dragged Lu Cang. "Big Brother, come with me, together we go to see the great present we brothers have prepared for you."

"What great present?"

"You don't need to ask, just go with me." Cao Xin's dark face showed some sort of mischievous smile.

Lu Cang, half-puzzled, half-curious followed Cao Xin and sat in a carriage parked in the back courtyard. Starting from the backdoor of the town hall, they took turns into a few quiet streets and a few curves, before they stopped in front of a secluded courtyard with green roof and white walls and got off.

"Big Brother, come on!" Seeing Cao Xin took out a key, unlocked the padlock, and turned his head back to call out to him like he wanted to show him a precious treasure expression, Lu Cang was even more puzzled.

"Mei Yun, hurry and help your lady to come out!" The moment Cao Xin stepped into the parlor, he yelled out.

"Where is this...?" Lu Cang was puzzled and uncertain.

After a few moments, they saw a young maid hold onto the arms of a lither and graceful beautiful lady walking out. The face of this beauty was like the dawn of spring, Her pair of watery and stirring eyes were like the sheepish deer. From time to time she lifted her head up to look

at Lu Cang, and when their eyes met, she would quickly lower her head again with a shy smile gracing her lips.

"Big Brother, allow me to introduce you. This is the Hangzhou's government famous beauty, Luo Rong Rong. Because of her family financial predicament, she was sold into a brothel by wicked people. I could see that she is pure and from a proper upbringing, so I paid her ransom and brought her back here for the sole preparation of giving her to you, Big Brother!" Cao Xin's words were as blunt as ever. He saw the young woman's face turned instantly red.

"What do you mean you prepared her solely for me...This is a foolish act!!" A flash of fear stoke Cao Xin's face. Lu Cang found it both irritating and funny, yet he couldn't loudly reprove him.

"Who says that I'm foolish! We Brothers have specially prepared this small courtyard. No one would be able to find out that inside lives your woman. If fortunate enough and a baby is born, it will be our, your brothers, responsibility. I don't believe the Emperor could find out about such a hidden secret."

"The problem is not whether he finds out or not..." Seeing Cao Xin's expression, Lu Cang got the rough idea that Cao Xin really wished for him and Lu Rong Rong to become a several nights husband and wife, and had male heirs.

"Then what's the problem? Big brother, don't tell me that you intend to guard your chastity for the sake of that beautiful emperor!"

"This..." Lu Cang was suddenly unable to utter a word due to his anger. Although he never admitted that he seriously thought over whether he wanted or did not want to guard himself for Jing's sake, the truth was, ever since for his very first time, with Jing slept with him, he never had another partner.

However, on the contrary to himself, Jing had never ceased to spend a romantic amorous night with many beautiful and elegant women either sent by other country as tribute or the ones that were selected to enter the palace. Then the unstoppable birth of the Emperor's sons and daughters was a concrete proof that he did not monopolize Jing's favor.

"Big Brother—" Most likely he could see that Lu Cang's face was overcast by his wavering feelings, Cao Xin dragged Luo Rong Rong and pushed her to Lu Cang, with his loud voice he said , "Big Brother, What are you hesitating for? This is a good opportunity for a man to manage it with Miss Luo. If you



just stay like usual in Hangzhou for a half to a month, I'm afraid that next year you won't be able to hug a big fat baby!"

("Big Brother, why are you hesitating? Men would take advantage of such a good day and take care of business with Miss Lu. Even if you only stay in Hangzhou for half a month to a month, by next year you'll be holding a big, fat baby!") (not sure how to translate Cao Xin's words, so I left SilverBlossomBells translation as it is.. XD)

Lu Cang felt like an old man, that his skin and flesh had grown older. Also, he hadn't the face to do as Cao Xin said. But for him to desperately saying that as an excuse to refuse them, his brothers certainly would ridicule him. ; however, even if he just half-heartedly yielded to their wish and took advantage of the situation, who knew what kind of terrible bad luck would fall upon them if Jing happened to find out about this matter.

The awkward Lu Cang could feel that Luo Rong Rong's face blushed red, similar like a piece of red clothes. She kept on secretly stole glances at him. When their line of sight came in contact, she would sheepishly lower her head, a mild and roundabout flirtatious bearing that a virgin would possess.

End of Ch 19

## Chapter 20

"Mei Yun, hurry and go make the bed for your lady."

Seeing that Lu Cang was no longer resolutely rejecting the idea, Cao Xin conveniently took it as he accepted it. Happily watching the little maid cheerfully ran to the bedroom, he crammed Lu Rong Rong's hand hard into Lu Cang's and pushed the both of them inside.

Entering the bedroom, Mei Yun had already prepared the mattress accordingly, —Beneath the bright red silk and satin, a corner of a snow-whited silk scarf exposed. It was meant to be used to test the virginity on the wedding night. Lu Cang's face couldn't help but suddenly heated up.

"Big Brother, you take your time and enjoy yourself. I'll excuse myself!" Seeing Lu Cang's red face, Cao Xin of course would know how to be sensible and prepared to leave. He gave Mei Yun a meaningful glance and together they left the brimmed with hidden warmth and ambiguous atmosphere bedroom. He didn't forget to close the door for them.

The ambiguous atmosphere in the air suddenly reached a boiling point. In the room that overflowed with the thought of intimacy, Luo Rong Rong, with her blushed crimson red face sat on the edge of the bed. Lowered her head, without any words, rather revealing her bashful delicate bride appeal.

Lu Cang was flustered and already at a loss of what to do. Even if he had a very strong feeling for his beloved Jing, he knew that this alluring night would serve as a fatal enticement. --- After all, as he gradually getting older, he actually no longer able to pretend that he wasn't in the least envy of other people satisfactory household.

No matter the case, during any imperial palace grand ceremonies, he could only be standing among the crowd of Royal Ministers. Even if the place beside Jing which belongs to the Empress was left unoccupied, the crowd of imperial concubines behind him had continuously increased steadily, without decreasing.

Every time he saw the Jing who held the concubines with his both hands and played with the crowd of concubines that surrounded him, Every time he saw the palace maiden either carefully held in their bosom or led by their hands the prince and princess, saying that he never suffered the lonesome desolate feeling was a total big lie.

And in front of his eyes was the greatest opportunity to change his situation. He only needed to spend a few nights with Lu Rong Rong and by the same time next year he would have in this world a child of his own blood. ---- For Lu Cang, a man without no relatives nor family members, by any means, this was the most absolute temptation.

Inwardly, his conscience was at a fight. In his mind, Jing appeared with his smile, yet not a smiling face, the most beautiful unworldly appearance. In a spell, his mind and soul became soft and pliable. But when he was about to step backward, he recalled that Jing coldly told him about the pregnancy of the beauty that came from western region with his rigid and indifferent expression. It made him stably stand on his place and halted his foot step.

"Big Brother Lu, it's getting late. Let's have a rest." Lu Rong Rong perhaps saw that Lu Cang's expression seemed strange so she called out to him in a gentle voice.

Lu Cang gritted his teeth and finally took a big step forward...

---

"Big Brother, are you up? It's already noon! The brothers are waiting for you to treat you to some welcome wine!"

Around noon, Cao Xin appeared in the small courtyard. He called out a few times, but when no one answered, he hesitated before pushed open the bedroom door. Inside, he found only Lu Cang sitting by himself on the bed, as if thinking about something in a daze.

"Ehh? Where are Mei Yun and Miss Lu? What's going on here.....?" His sharp eyes were drawn to the white silk sheets that were laid out on the bed last night. ----- The white sheet was still as snow white as before, without any hue of beautiful color.

"That woman..... She actually has the audacity to pretend to be a pure and decent to deceive people!" Cao Xin first reaction was that he had been deceived by Luo Rong Rong. He gripped the white silk cloth firmly and was ready to rush out to search for her.

"What nonsense are you spouting?!" Lu Cang pulled Cao Xin back. "Last night I gave her some travelling expense so that she could take Mei Yun back to her hometown and go live with her relatives. What about pure or not pure! You may not groundlessly make an uproar and ruin a young daughter's reputation!"

Cao Xin was dumbfounded at once, the white silk cloth in his hand fell onto the ground.

"Big Brother!" He sorrowfully whined in a loud voice.

At the mansion, just like before, on the same stone table by the winding corridor, like usual, Lu Cang was together with his olden days brothers. But the atmosphere was substantially different from the former days. Everybody was wearing a worried look as they looking at the ever calm and unperturbed face of Lu Cang.

"Big Brother!" It was still Cao Xin who was the first one to speak up. "I am not lecturing you! Isn't it truly because of the lingering effect of the drug from that emperor! He only cares for himself and his imperial harem. Right now, he is in Tongde, unrestrained in spirit and behavior. There is no need for you to guard your chastity like a woman and stay faithful for him!"

Lu Cang lowered his head upon this speech. After a long while, he said : "Third brother, I am sorry for the trouble and pains that I caused you! I really can't cross over my own barrier. You all can just laugh at me. I.... I only think to be with Jing as long as possible, it is enough for me. If he..... If we ever separate, either a child or a wife that is waiting for me , what's the point of it! I would rather come back to Hangzhou and be together with all the brothers!"

His words said in a mild and roundabout way, but the meaning was clearly understood. ---- Cao Xin knew, Lu Cang really didn't consider of his own self, leaving only a way out for his and Jing's feeling.

Biting his lips, Lu Cang continued in a lowered voice, "If you guys are really worried that I will be neglected after my death, please ask your descendants to bury me beside you. So, at the time when your later generations come to hold a memorial ceremony for you, they can help me to sweep and pluck the little weeds."

"Big Brother!" Cao Xin could listen no more. He cried to the point that tears came falling from his eyes in a non-stop rush. "Big Brother, Big Brother, how come it's only you? How is it that it's only you to have such a bad luck?!"

Cao Xin used his strength to rush over and hugged Lu Cang. He began to loudly weep and wailing. "Why must you to encounter that damn Xuan Yuan Jing?! Why is it you...If only I had known earlier, even if I have to die, I would never let the brothers kidnap beautiful women for you....."

"Wuu...Wuu...Wuu....." Having said that, even before completing his words, Cao Xin had unstoppably cried loudly, cried his heart out.

While they were in the state of confusion, the on door duty servant run in and quickly went straight to them in a hurry. His finger pointed towards the outside door with a shocked face. Panting and gasping for breath, he didn't even have enough time to speak, the uninvited guests already rushed in by himself.

His clothes was white as the snow, the cuffs of the sleeves decorated and stitched with the most exquisite embroidery --- The emperor Jing Zong was just the same as before, with his noble bearing as well as his overwhelming beauty. But beneath the golden crown, the white porcelain face was filled with rage. The brothers from Mount Lu Cang who were initially crying noisily instantly shut up and became all quiet at the moment.

"Jing..." Among the crowd that Jing scared silly with his powerful aura, Lu Cang was the first one to sober up. He stood up and with a look of disbelief walked over to greet him and got pulled by Jing into his embrace.

There was a light and warm fragrance spreading out from Jing's body. The familiar scent of the fragrance stirred up the feeling within the enamoured Lu Cang, made him almost burst into tears. Although he already knew that this man was his lifelong bad luck star, but if he never experienced the ordeal of Luo Rong Rong's case, Lu Cang would have never realized that his regret at parting from Jing was actually this deep.

"Shouldn't you be at Tongde right now..... " Obviously, he shouldn't feel touched. Obviously, he shouldn't feel touched just because this man, who already had him but still fooled around with another women, showed a little display of tender feeling. But Lu Cang couldn't hide nor restrain the happy joyous tone in his voice. He only felt that the whole world as if because of Jing's appearance had become clear and brightened up.

After all, Jing had come, leaving behind his government affairs, all of his imperial harem concubines, as well as the royal prince and princess, to come to his side. Lu Cang really couldn't portray the happiness in his heart. He could only obediently snuggle close to his man who intimately hugged him. So much so that when Jing took advantage of this favorable situation and kissed him deeply, he did not reject and push him away.

Cao Xin had stopped his tears. Together with everyone, he dumbfoundedly gazed at the two men in front of them as they wrapped around in a deep kiss.

Although at the brothel there were men and women who improperly played around, but Lu Cang's mountain bandits never saw a same-sex couple act intimately out in public. In front of them, Jing and Lu Cang didn't give them any sense of obscenity.

The tall, slender and extremely beautiful Jing with the tall, big and strikingly handsome Lu Cang blended and mingled together as if they were the perfect match created by nature. They made the audience feel that they were born for each other.

After a long while, so long that it felt a good ten thousand years had passed, Jing finally released Lu Cang.

Lu Cang's face was already red like he was burned by fire. Most likely, he actually was embarrassed by his exhibition of passionate love, so he dropped his head and buried it on Jing's bosom. But unexpectedly, he was plundered on to the horse's back by Jing.

"I'll be borrowing Lu Cang away first!" He faced everyone and bestowed them a devastatingly beautiful smiling countenance, lovely enough to cause a downfall of a state. Jing did not look back to see the impact of his lethal smile had. Bringing along his beloved one that had been separated for a long period, he urged the horse and left the military governor mansion.

End of Chapter 20

Book 2 – Epilogue

Originally, he thought Jing would take him to a Royal residency built somewhere in Hangzhou, but in the end, Jing chose the closest inn from the Military Governor mansion and rushed straight inside.

"Haven't seen you for too long, I can't wait anymore!"

His lover undisguised language made the place under Lu Cang's belly grow tight at once. Without having the time to be bashful, Jing had pulled him and dragged him to the slightly slanted bedroom upstairs.

"Heaven!! I thought about your XX until It drives me crazy!" Maybe because of their distress over the long separation that made them yearn for the love so much. Jing, while not in the least cared to cover up his vulgar language, had swiftly removed his own and Lu Cang's clothing from their bodies. The moment when their bare skins and muscles overlapped, the two of them couldn't refrain from the bit of trembling. Soon after that, they intensely intertwined and toppled on the mattress on the bed.

With little to no lubrication, Jing smoothly entered the inner part of Lu Cang's body.

The kind of crisp and numbing action brought forth feelings that was a bit of pleasure and pain that pierced straight through to Lu Cang's brain. It allowed him to unconsciously open his body to an even greater extent to accept the long-awaited Jing and the stimulation of excitement he could give him.

"...Ng...Ah..."

Because it was still daytime, Lu Cang desperately restrained his moans with all his might, but in the end he was unable to endure Jing's vigorous and energetic rocking waist that brought forth an overflowing stimulation. "Plea... Please.... Slow..... ahhh....." The most sensitive spot in his inner part was continuously stimulated by the hard and firm sexual instrument. Even a reserved person would also not be able to restrain the wail and twitch.

Both of his thighs were spread wide open to both side and being pressed by Jing's hands. Lu Cang already had no unnecessary energy to waste on managing his own posture however shameful it might be.

Fully aware of the extremely distinct feeling from a man's sex organ which was coming in and out of the narrow entrance on his lower body, the only thing Lu Cang could do was conveniently pressed closer and tightly embracing Jing. It allowed them to be overwhelmed and drowned in the moment of pleasure.

Didn't want to make things too difficult for the lover that laid beneath him, Jing after a few more vigorous thrust in and out finally released his desires inside of Lu Cang's body. However, with almost no pause at all, he very quickly became stiff and hard again within Lu Cang's body. Even though he was being penetrated to the point that he lost his senses, yet, Lu Cang was still able to feel that today's Jing compared to how he usually was, was more passionate and more erotic. ---- Deep inside his body, a certain part of Jing kept on twitching. He could clearly feel himself wrapping around Jing's xxx and its tactile feverish impression.

He did not know how many times they had the sexual intercourse, all Lu Cang knew was the two people that silently mixed together in a messy mass upon a bed. His entire lower body had already become numb as if losing all the feeling. ----- He could feel his backside entrance temporarily unable to close itself. Also, Jing's inner body fluid that he shot in Lu Cang's body had spilled out from that unable to join together place.

This kind of awkward yet incomparable intimacy feeling rendered Lu Cang to only peacefully recline. In the silence, both of them listened to the sound each other's breathing. The atmosphere was overflowed with the warmth of harmonious intimacy.

After a good while, Jing gently stretched out a hand to set aside the sweat-drenched hair that lingered on Lu Cang's forehead. Fixed his beautiful pupils, so beautiful that could not even be described by words, on Lu Cang.

"Do you regret it?" His voice was very tender, it held a trace of uncertainty that he had never revealed to anyone before.

"Regret what?" The lingering charm that still remain inside his body made Lu Cang a little bit embarrassed to exchange words with Jing. He pulled the satin quilt beside him intending to cover his body, but he was held down by Jing.

"Don't...Let me look at you!" Today's Jing seemingly changed into a different person that revealed tens of thousands forms of tenderness. The fine, slender fingers seemed like they were touching the most precious jewelry as they slid over Lu Cang's body. For Lu Cang, he only felt that wherever Jing touched, that part would instantly heat up like he was being touched by fire.



Although many years have passed since their first time together, Lu Cang's body was still like the first time when Jing embraced him, tense and awkward. Jing's fingers repeatedly caressed him while he recalled with nostalgia, until Lu Cang, because of the erotic caresses, couldn't endure it anymore and moaned out loud.

"Do you regret staying by my side, to give up the hopes and rights of ordinary people in having a wife and family?" Jing gently stroked Lu Cang's long disheveled hair then suddenly softly asked, "Why you didn't embrace Lu Rong Rong?"

"You!" Hearing that name, Lu Cang instantly shivered a bit. His body immediately stiffened up and he pushed Jing away. "How did you know?"

Jing smiled, a beautiful radiant smile like a brilliant light. : "Silly boy, don't forget that I am an Emperor! There are a lot of things that I don't want to know, yet there are people who would come and tell me. It's needless to say about matters that I do want to hear and know about. You guys thought you could hide the truth from me?"

Lu Cang heaved a sigh. --- Of course!! With Jing's status as the Emperor, how come he wouldn't have his ear in the military governor of Hangzhou. He knew every act and every move of Lu Cang and Cao Xin like the fingers on his palm. No wonder he was so gentle today.

"Then didn't you already know that Cao Xin's illness was fake?" He suddenly thought about this matter and couldn't help but ask it aloud.

Jing laughed. "Are you stupid? For me this was like a godsend great opportunity to see if you are willing or not for my sake preserve your body!"

Lu Cang was stunned. Although he already knew the dark side of Jing's nature, he still couldn't help but irritated.

"What if I did embrace Lu Rong Rong? What would you do then?"

"Originally, I wanted to say that if she became pregnant, I would keep the child, but not the mother. If there was no child, she still would not be pardoned and sentenced to death..." Jing stated calmly. His cold and cruel tone made Lu Cang shivered. "However, I changed my decision again. Whether she's pregnant or not, as long as you lay a finger on her..." Jing very slowly raised his right hand and

made a "kill" motion with it. His eyes were so serious that Lu Cang believed that Jing would absolutely, by any means, sentenced a love rival to death at once.

"What if she is really pregnant? That could be my child, right?!" Although, he knew that in this lifetime, he probably and truly never again would have the chance to have a child of his own, Lu Cang still did not want to give up knowing Jing's answer.

"Your child..." Jing's response was to use an extremely erotic expression as he very slowly sucked and licked Lu Cang's fingers. Gradually, bit by bit, the color of his eyes deepened. "If you truly want this kind of thing, then only me can help you bear your child."

Lu Cang dumbfounded for a while, looked at each other in the eyes. ----- He could read the dangerous signal in Jing's eyes. His intuition made Lu Cang's body instantly stiffened all over and unable to make a move.

Feeling Jing's fingers touched the most sensitive part of his body, Lu Cang couldn't help but curl up a little bit. In a daze, he stared at Jing's unusual and unfathomable actions. He could only hold his breath and quietly lied there. ----- Jing's pair of eyes were exuding a never seen before seductive expression. His long hair hung down loosely and brushing against his creamy, fair and glossy skin. With a slight shake of his head, just like that, he flipped over and straddled on top of Lu Cang's body.

"You..."

Lu Cang cried out in surprise when his lower body suddenly was blocked and soaked. He gasped for air and grabbed Jing's long hair which was close to the lower part of his body, like he had lost his senses inside this extreme bliss.

Jing didn't work hard for long, soon afterwards, he lifted his head. Lu Cang, who had to shoulder the heavy feeling of the approaching peak of pleasure was already unable to endure it. He only felt in his chest a sense of irritability that was hard to describe with words. He constantly and unendurably twisted his body around, wanting to find release in Jing's hands, but he was held so tightly in his hand and couldn't have his will fulfilled.

Seeing Jing who was in front of him let out a seductive and charming smile. Jing stretched out his bright red tip of tongue and gave him an incomparably provocative lick on the tip of Lu Cang's sex organ.

After that, he positioned his body to sit on Lu Cang's thigh. He began with a great difficulty the attempt to bring Lu Cang's desire and put it in the right course of his inner body.....

It felt like he was struck by lightning. Lu Cang dropped blank. ---- He had lived with Jing for over five years, but in all that time, he only had the part of being penetrated. Although, in the beginning he had tried to make his move on Jing and intended to reverse their positions, but every time he tried, Jing would mercilessly retaliate and he would end up in an even worse and miserable state. It came to the point where he never dared to act rashly again.

He had never have the thought, for Jing to choose to give his body to him now. This highly-esteemed, highly respected man who held the highest supremacy status would actually take the initiative to submit himself to him. Right now, Lu Cang's chest was swelled with a hard to explain feeling of happiness. Watching Jing slightly knitted his brows and erotically swung his hips on top of his own body, Lu Cang finally couldn't suppress it anymore and shot all of his surging hot fluid into Jing's body.

"Ng—" Jing moaned in a low tone, throwing himself into Lu Cang's bosom. After being in a bliss, he still did not forget to playfully play with his lover's nipple that was laid out in front of him.

"Why did you do this?" A long time later, Lu Cang gently stroked the soft side of Jing's arm as he softly asked this question.

Jing did not answer. He only dawdled and gently moved on top of Lu Cang's body, enjoying it like a favorite pet of an owner would.

"Do you hate it when I sleep with other women? Isn't it true that you don't want to see my children?" Seemingly as if to deliberately diverge the topic, what Jing said was actually irrelevant to the matter that Lu Cang asked.

Lu Cang fell silent for a slight moment before finally slowly nodded his head.

"...Then why didn't you tell me?" Jing tilted his head, showing his wonder for that matter of course thing.

Lu Cang's face flushed red in an instant. After a while, haltingly he spoke. : " I was afraid you'd be angry...I was afraid you'd consider me being too jealous and want me to leave. You have countless beautiful male and female by your side...I..."

"You were afraid you will be out of favor?" Lu Cang was long-windedness saying many sentences, Yet, Jing broke through and exposed the real meaning behind his words with one sentence. It made Lu Cang lower his eyes from embarrassment.

Jing burst out a "pfft" sound and then he laughed out loud. "Are you stupid?! I put in so much effort and attentively not to sleep with the same woman more than once and you still can't see my intentions? I give up!!"

"But..." Lu Cang was rather hesitant, but he still accusingly charged, "How come only you can have other women and I may not? That's completely unfair!"

Jing gave Lu Cang a sideways glare and spoke a matter-of-factly, "Please! If I really don't make a royal visit to a woman, if I really don't have even a single child, among the people who dislike you, certainly there'll be someone who believe that he was doing what fate dictated him to do and assassinate you, alright?! You fool!"

Lu Cang stunned from Jing's words. Indeed, what Jing had said was an irrefutable reason. Even in his current circumstances in the court, there was still a possibility for this kind of act. If Jing was really as he expected, only concerned and favored him without an offspring, perhaps the state would really fall in a great confusion and calamity.

However, despite what he had said, Lu Cang still couldn't believe that Jing would go to this extent for his sake. He could only conclude that Jing's understanding about loyalty or feeling was different from his.

Although there were still a lot of questions he wanted to ask him, like, why did he give up the Northern Procession halfway through and travel south to come find him? Like, was he really willing to stay together with him forever, and so on.....

However, Lu Cang also knew Jing as a lover was not someone you could be with by using common standards. Since that is the case, he could only choose to stay by his side and allow this feeling to develop on its own.

"Are you happy?" Jing's voice was filled with gentleness and tender loving. In this moment of happiness, Lu Cang really thought even if they couldn't be together forever, it was still worth it. After all, right now he was completely happy and blissful.

"Say, we don't need to care about the Northern inspection anymore, let's just travel south and play.... "

"Then...How about the court ....." Lu Cang could already imagine the bunch of old officials and their unsightly expressions.

"In case of emergencies, there is Tong Xin there. I have left a letter for him...."

"But..."

Lu Cang's hesitation was finally sealed in his throat by Jing's enthusiastic hot lips.

He became silent, but very slowly, at the edge of his mouth, leaked out a smile that held no regrets, only happiness...

End of HHYL